



A. Birrell, sculp^t

JAMES THOMSON,

Author of the Seasons &c.

Published as the Act directs, by J. Strachan, & W. Stewart. Nov^r 1. 1792.



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The
SEASONS
by
JAMES THOMSON;
with new and original Notes

Embellished with sixteen elegant Engravings

Designed by C. Ansell and Engraved by A. Birrell,
to which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.



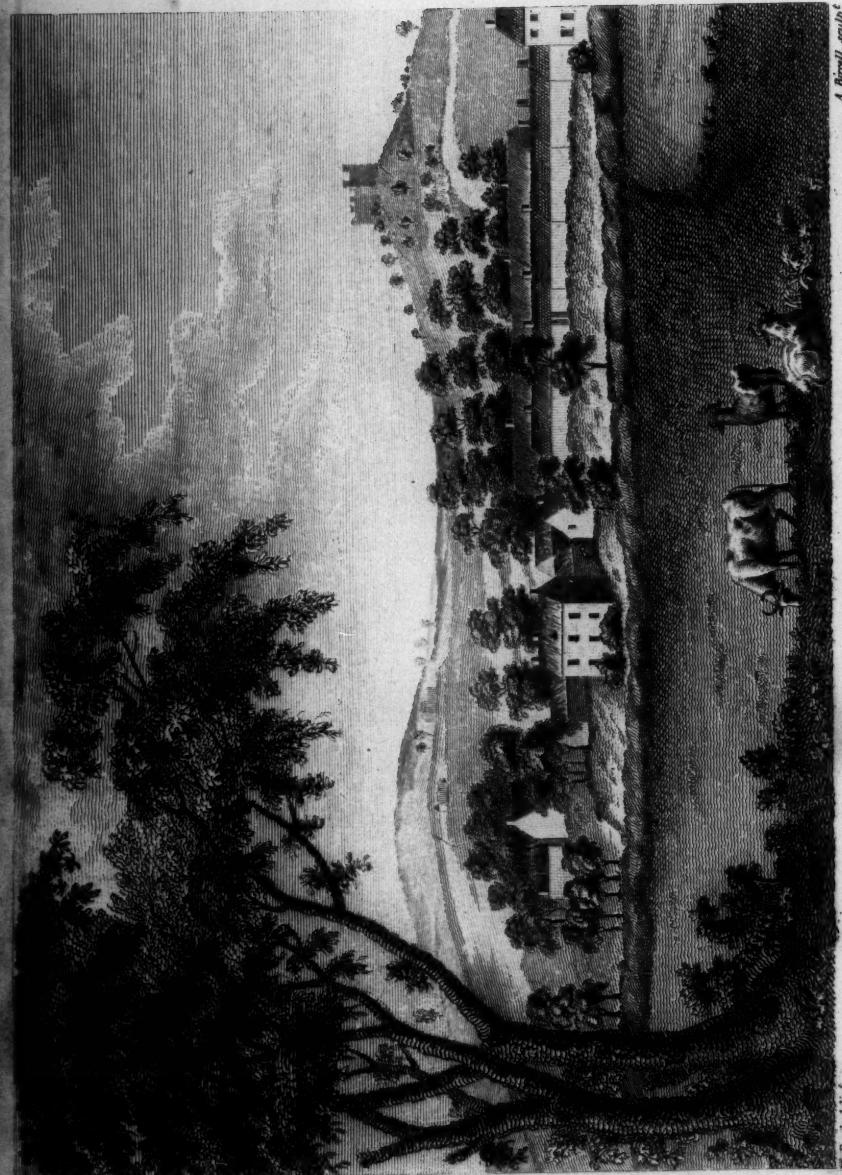
C. A. D. B. A.

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and P. Hill, Edinburgh.

MDCCXII.







South East View of Ednam.

the Home where James Thomson, Author of the Seasons &c. was born.

L I F E
O F
JAMES THOMSON.

JAMES THOMSON, the son of a minister well esteemed for his piety and diligence, was born the 7th of September 1700, at Ednam*, in Roxburghshire, of which parish his father was pastor. His mother, who inherited, as co-heiress, a portion of a small estate. The revenue of a parish in Scotland is seldom large: and it was probably in commiseration of the difficulty with which Mr. Thosmon supported his family, having nine children, that Mr. Riccalton, a neighbouring minister, discovering in JAMES uncommon promises of future excellence, undertook to superintend his education, and provide him books.

He was taught the common rudiments of learning at the school of Jedburgh, a place which he delights to recollect in his Poem of AUTUMN; but was not considered by his

* For a View of which see the Plate.

master as superior to common boys, though in those early days he amused his friends with poetical compositions ; with which, however, he so little pleased himself, that on every new-year's day he threw into the fire all the productions of the foregoing year.

FROM the school he was removed to Edinburgh, where he had not resided two years when his father died, and left all his children to the care of their mother, (a woman who was well educated, of uncommon sensibility, and endowed with sublime affections,) who raised upon her little estate what money a mortgage could afford, and, removing with her family to Edinburgh, lived to see her sons rising into eminence.

THE design of Thomson's friends was to breed him up a minister. He lived at Edinburgh, without distinction or expectation, till, at the usual time, he performed a probationary exercise by explaining a psalm. His diction was so poetically splendid, that Mr. Hamilton, the Professor of Divinity, reproved him for speaking language unintelligible to a popular audience ; and he censured one of his expressions as indecent, and even profane.

THIS rebuke is reported to have repressed his thoughts of an ecclesiastical character, and he probably cultivated with new diligence his blossoms of poetry : but, submitting his productions to some who thought themselves qualified to criticise, he heard of nothing but faults, yet finding other judges more favourable, he did not suffer himself to sink into despondence.

HE easily discovered that the only stage on which a poet could appear with any hope of advantage, was London; a place too wide for the operations of petty competition and private malignity, where merit might soon become conspicuous, and would find friends as soon as it became reputable to befriend it.

HAVING been encouraged by Lady Grizel Baillie, to try his fortune in London, he embarked at Leith in the autumn of the year 1725, bedewed with the tears of his amiable and affectionate mother; the heart-felt recollection of which produced, on her death, which happened not long after, some beautiful verses, an extract of which is here presented, taken from an original, in the Poet's own handwriting, in the collection of the Earl of Buchan.

But ah! that night---that torturing night remains;
May darkness dye it with its deepest stains!
May joy on it forsake her rosy bow'rs,
And screaming sorrow blast its baleful hours!
When on the margin of the briny flood (a)
Chill'd with a sad presaging damp I stood,
Took the last look, ne'er to behold her more,
And mix'd our murmurs with the wavy roar,
Heard the last words fall from her pious tongue,
Then, wild into the bulging vessel flung,
Which soon, too soon convey'd me from her sight
Dearer than life, and liberty, and light!
Why was I then, ye powers, reserv'd for this?
Nor sunk that moment in the vast abyss?
Devour'd at once by the relentless wave,
And whelm'd for ever in a wat'ry grave?---

(a) On the shore of Leith, when he departed for London.

Down, ye wild wishes of unruly woe!—
I see her with immortal beauty glow,
The early wrinkle care-contracted gone,
Her tears all wiped, and all her sorrows flown;
Th' exalting voice of Heaven I hear her breathe,
To sooth her soul in agonies of death.
I see her through the mansions blest above,
And now she meets her dear-expecting love.
Heart-cheering sight! but yet, alas! o'erspread
By the damp gloom of Grief's uncheerful shade,
Come then of reason the reflecting hour,
And let me trust the kind o'er-ruling Power,
Who from the night commands the shining day,
The poor man's portion, and the orphan's stay!

FOR the supply of his necessities, his whole fund was his WINTER, which, for a time, could find no purchaser, till at last Mr. Millar was persuaded to buy it at a low price; and this low price he had for some time reason to regret; but, by accident Mr. Whatly, a man not wholly unknown among authors, happening to turn his eye upon it, was so delighted that he ran from place to place to celebrate its excellence. Thomson obtained likewise the notice of Aaron Hill.

WINTER was dedicated to Sir Spencer Compton; but attracted no regard from him to the author, till Aaron Hill awakened his attention by some verses addressed to Thomson, and published in one of the newspapers, which censured the great for their neglect of ingenious men. Thomson then received a present of twenty guineas, of which he gives this account to Mr. Hill:

“ I HINTED

“ I HINTED to you in my last, that on Saturday
“ morning I was with Sir Spencer Compton. A certain
“ gentleman, without my desire, spoke to him concerning
“ me ; his answer was, that I had never come near him.
“ Then the gentleman put the question, if he desired that
“ I should wait on him ? he returned, he did. On this,
“ the gentleman gave me an introductory letter to him.
“ He received me in what they commonly call a civil
“ manner, asked me some common-place questions, and
“ made me a present of twenty guineas. I am very ready
“ to own that the present was larger than my performance
“ deserved, and shall ascribe it to his generosity, or any
“ other cause, rather than the merit of the address.”

THE poem, which, being of a new kind, few would venture at first to like, by degrees gained upon the public ; and one edition was very speedily succeeded by another.

THOMSON’s credit was now high, and every day brought him new friends ; among others Dr. Rundle, a man afterwards unfortunately famous, sought his acquaintance, and found his qualities such, that he recommended him to the Lord Chancellor Talbot.

WINTER was accompanied, in many editions, not only with a preface and a dedication, but with poetical praises by Mr. Hill, Mr. Mallet and MIRA, the fictitious name of a lady once too well known.

IN the year 1727 he distinguished himself by three publications ; of SUMMER, in pursuance of his plan ; of

A POEM

A POEM ON THE DEATH OF SIR ISAAC NEWTON, which he was enabled to perform as an exact philosopher by the assistance of Mr. Gray; and of BRITANNIA, a kind of poetical invective against the ministry, whom the nation then thought not forward enough in resenting the degradations of the Spaniards. By this Piece he declared himself an adherent to the Opposition, and had therefore no favour to expect from the Court.

THOMSON, having been some time entertained in the family of the Lord Binning, was desirous of testifying his gratitude by making him the patron of his SUMMER; but the same kindness which had first disposed Lord Binning to encourage him, determined him to refuse the dedication, which was by his advice addressed to Mr. Doddington, a man who had more power to advance the reputation and fortune of a poet.

SPRING was published next year, with a dedication to the Countess of Hertford, whose practice it was to invite, every Summer, some poet into the country, to hear her verses, and assist her studies. This honour was one Summer conferred on Thomson.

AUTUMN, the season to which the SPRING and SUMMER are preparatory, still remained unsung, and was delayed till he published (1730) his works collected.

HE produced in 1727 the tragedy of SOPHONISBA, which raised such expectation that every rehearsal was dignified with a splendid audience, collected to anticipate the delight that was preparing for the public. It had upon the stage no unusual degree of success.

THOMSON

THOMSON was, not long afterwards, by the influence of Dr. Rundle, sent to travel with Mr. Charles Talbot, the eldest son of the Chancellor. He was yet young enough to receive new impressions, to have his opinions rectified, and his views enlarged ; nor can he be supposed to have wanted that curiosity which is inseparable from an active and comprehensive mind. He may therefore now be supposed to have revelled in all the joys of intellectual luxury ; he was every day feasted with instructive novelties ; he lived splendidly, and might expect when he returned home a certain establishment.

AT this time a long course of opposition to Sir Robert Walpole had filled the nation with clamours for Liberty. Thomson, in his travels on the Continent, found so many evils arising from the tyranny of other governments, that he resolved to write a Poem, in five parts, upon Liberty.

WHILE he was busy on the first book, Mr. Talbot died ; and Thomson, who had been rewarded for his attendance by the place of secretary of the Briefs, pays in the initial lines a decent tribute to his memory.

UPON this Poem two years were spent, and the Author congratulated himself upon it as his noblest work ; but an Author and his Reader are not always of a mind. LIBERTY called in vain upon her votaries to read her praises and reward her encomiast : her praises were condemned to harbour spiders, and to gather dust ; none of Thomson's performances were so little regarded.

THE Poem of LIBERTY does not now appear in its original state ; but when the Author's works were collected
after

after his death, was shortened by Sir George Littleton, with a liberty which, as it has a manifest tendency to lessen the confidence of society, and to confound the characters of authors, by making one man write by the judgement of another, cannot be justified by any supposed propriety of the alteration, or kindness of the friend.

THOMSON now lived in ease and plenty, and seems for a while to have suspended his poetry: but he was soon called back to labour by the death of the Chancellor, for his place then became vacant; and though the Lord Hardwicke delayed for some time to give it away, Thomson's bashfulness withheld him from soliciting, and the new Chancellor would not give him what he would not ask.

THE Prince of Wales was at that time struggling for popularity, and, by the influence of Mr. Lyttelton, professed himself the patron of wit. To him Thomson was introduced, and being gaily interrogated about the state of his affairs, said, *that they were in a more poetical posture than formerly*, and had a pension allowed him of one hundred pounds a year.

IN the year 1738, he published the tragedy of AGAMEMNON, which was much shortened in the representation. It had the fate which most commonly attends mythological stories.

POPE countenanced AGAMEMNON by coming to it the first night, and was welcomed to the theatre by a general clap; he had much regard for Thomson, and once expressed

expressed it in a poetical epistle sent to Italy, of which however he abated the value, by transplanting some of the lines into his epistle to Arbuthnot.

ABOUT this time the act was passed for licensing plays, of which the first operation was the prohibition of *GUSTAVUS VASA*, a tragedy of Mr. Brooke, whom the public recompensed by a very liberal subscription; the next was the refusal of *EDWARD AND ELEONORA*, offered by Thomson. It is hard to discover why either plays should have been obstructed.

WHEN the public murmured at the unkind treatment of Thomson, one of the ministerial writers remarked, that he had taken a liberty which was not agreeable to Britannia in any season.

HE was soon after employed, in conjunction with Mr. Mallet, to write the masque of *ALFRED*, which was acted before the Prince at Cliefden-house.

HIS next work (1745) *TANCRED AND SIGISMUNDA*, the most successful of all his Tragedies, for it still keeps its turn upon the stage.

HIS friend Mr. Lyttelton was now in power, and conferred upon him the office of Surveyor General of the Leeward Islands; from which, when his Deputy was paid, he received about three hundred pounds a year.

THE last Piece that he lived to publish was the *CASTLE OF INDOLENCE*, which was many years under his hand, but was at last finished with great accuracy.

HE was now at ease, but was not long to enjoy it; for by taking cold on the water between London and Kew, he caught a disorder, which, through neglect, ended in a fever that put an end to his life, August 27, 1748. He was buried in the church of Richmond, without an inscription; but a monument has been erected to his memory in Westminster-abbey.

THOMSON was of stature above the middle size, and more fat than bard beseems, of a grave countenance; silent in mingled company, but cheerful among select friends, and by them very tenderly and warmly beloved.

HE left behind him the tragedy of *CORIOLANUS*, which was, by the zeal of his patron Sir George Lyttelton, brought upon the stage for the benefit of his family, and recommended by a Prologue, which Quin, who had long lived with Thomson in fond intimacy, spoke in such manner as shewed him *to be*, on that occasion, *no actor*. The commencement of this benevolence is very honourable to Quin, who is reported to have delivered Thomson, then known to him only by his genius, from an arrest, by a very considerable present; and its continuance is very honourable to both; for friendship is not always the sequel of obligation. By this Tragedy a considerable sum was raised, of which part discharged his debts, and the rest was remitted to his sisters, whom, however removed from them by place or condition, he regarded with great tenderness, as will appear from the following extract of a letter, which gives us an opportunity of recording the fraternal kindness of Thomson.

Hagley, in Worcestershire, Oct. 4, 1747

" MY DEAR SISTER,

" I THOUGHT you had known me better than to interpret my silence into a decay of affection, especially as your behaviour has always been such as rather to increase than diminish it. Don't imagine, because I am a bad correspondent, that I can ever prove an unkind friend and brother. I must do myself the justice to tell you, that my affections are naturally very fixed and constant; and if I had ever reason of complaint against you (of which by the by I have not the least shadow), I am conscious of so many defects in myself, as dispose me to be not a little charitable and forgiving.

" IT gives me the truest heart-felt satisfaction to hear you have a good kind husband, and are in easy contented circumstances; but were they otherwise, that would only awaken and heighten my tenderness towards you. As our good and tender-hearted parents did not live to receive any material testimonies of that highest human gratitude I owed them (than which nothing could have given me equal pleasure), the only return I can make them now is by kindness to those they left behind them: would to God poor Lizy * had lived longer, to have been a farther witness of the truth of what I say, and that I might have had the pleasure of seeing once more a sister, who so truly deserved my esteem and love. But she is happy, while we must toil a little longer here below: let us however do it cheerfully and

* Elizabeth, married to Mr. Bell, mother of the present Dr. Bell, rector of the parish of Coldstream, in Berwickshire.

" gratefully,

“ gratefully, supported by the pleasing hope of meeting
“ yet again on a safer shore, where to recollect the
“ storms and difficulties of life will not perhaps be in-
“ consistent with that blissful state. You did right to call
“ your daughter by her name, for you must need have had
“ a particular tender friendship for one another, endeared as
“ you were by nature, by having passed the affectionate
“ years of your youth together, and by that softener and
“ engager of hearts, mutual hardship. That it was in my
“ power to ease it a little, I account one of the most ex-
“ quisite pleasures of my life.—But enough of this melan-
“ choly, though not unpleasing strain.

“ I esteem you for your sensible and disinterested advice
“ to Mr. Bell, as you will see by my letters to him: as I
“ approve entirely of his marrying again, you may readily
“ ask me, why I don't marry at all? My circumstances
“ have hitherto been so variable and uncertain in this fluc-
“ tuating world, as induce to keep me from engaging in
“ such a state; and now, though they are more settled, and
“ of late (which you will be glad to hear) considerably
“ improved, I begin to think myself too far advanced in life
“ for such youthful undertakings, not to mention some other
“ petty reasons that are apt to startle the delicacy of dif-
“ ficult old batchelors. I am, however, not a little sus-
“ picious, that was I to pay a visit to Scotland (which I have
“ some thoughts of doing soon), I might possibly be tempted
“ to think of a thing not easily repaired if done amiss. *I*
“ *have always been of opinion, that none make better wives*
“ *than the ladies of Scotland;* and yet who more forsaken
“ than they, while the gentlemen are continually running
“ abroad all the world over? Some of them, it is true, are
“ wise

“ wise enough to return for a wife.—You see I am beginning to make interest already with the Scots ladies.”—

“ Remember me kindly to your husband, and believe me to be

“ Your most affectionate brother,

“ JAMES THOMSON.”

THE benevolence of Thomson was fervid, and he would give, on all occasions, what assistance his purse would supply; but he could not be troubled with the offices of solicitation or intervention.

As a writer, he is entitled to one praise of the highest kind: his mode of thinking, and of expressing his thoughts, is original. His blank verse is no more the blank verse of Milton, or of any other poet, than the rhymes of Prior are the rhymes of Cowley. His numbers, his pauses, his diction, are of his own growth, without transcription, without imitation. He thinks in a peculiar train, and he thinks always as a man of genius; he looks round on Nature and on Life, with the eye which Nature bestows only on a poet; the eye that distinguishes, in every thing presented to its view, whatever there is on which imagination can delight to be detained, and with a mind that at once comprehends the vast, and attends to the minute. The reader of the *SEASONS* wonders that he never saw before what Thomson shews him, and that he never yet has felt what Thomson impresses.

His is one of the works in which blank verse seems properly used; Thomson’s wide expansion of general views,

views, and his enumeration of circumstantial varieties, would have been obstructed and embarrassed by the frequent intersections of the sense, which are the necessary effects of rhyme.

THOMSON having passed his infancy and early youth in the picturesque and pastoral country of Tiviotdale in Scotland, which is full of the elements of natural beauty, wood, water, eminence and rock, with intermixture of rich and beautiful meadow: the horizon being bounded by the Cheviot, a land of song and heroic achievement; and the venerable ruins of Jedburgh, Dryburgh, Kelso, and Melrose, were at hand, to add suitable impressions to the whole:—he was the better enabled to give beautiful descriptions of extended scenes, the effects of which bring before us the whole magnificence of Nature, whether pleasing or dreadful. The gaiety of SPRING, the splendour of SUMMER, the tranquillity of AUTUMN, and the horror of WINTER, take in their turns possession of the mind. The Poet leads us through the appearances of things as they are successively varied by the vicissitudes of the year, and imparts to us so much of his own enthusiasm, that our thoughts expand with his imagery, and kindle with his sentiments. Nor is the Naturalist without his part in the entertainment; for he is assisted to recollect and to combine, to arrange his discoveries, and to amplify the sphere of his contemplation.

THE great defect of the SEASONS is want of method; but for this we know not that there was any remedy. Of many appearances subsisting all at once, no rule can be given

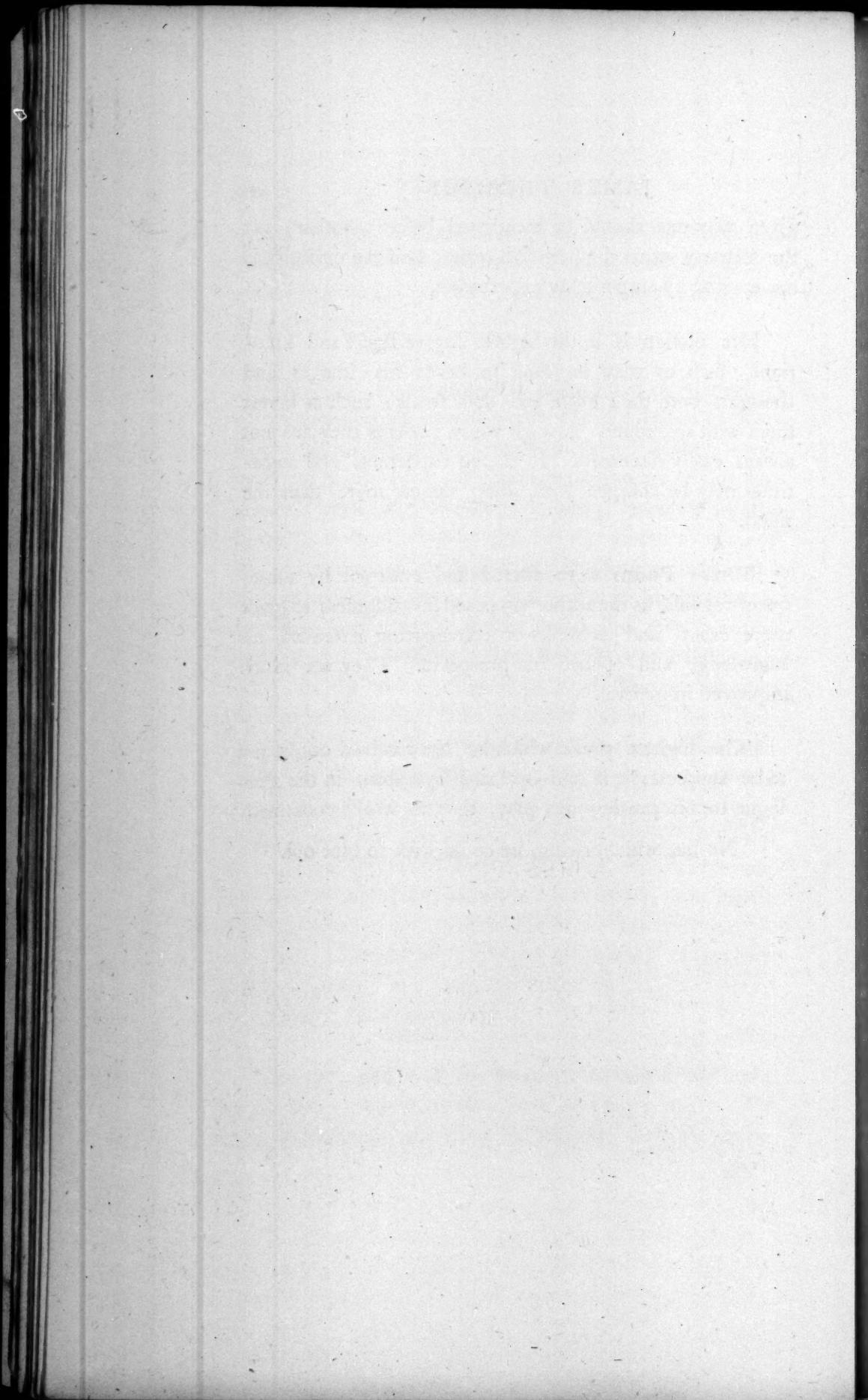
given why one should be mentioned before another ; yet the memory wants the help of order, and the curiosity is not excited by suspense or expectation.

His diction is in the highest degree florid and luxuriant, such as may be said to be to his images and thoughts both their lustre and their shade ; such as invest them with splendour, through which perhaps they are not always easily discerned. It is too exuberant, and sometimes may be charged with filling the ear more than the mind.

THESE Poems were altered and enlarged by subsequent revisals, as the author supposed his judgment to grow more exact, and as books or conversation extended his knowledge and opened his prospects. They are much improved in general.

The highest praise which he has received ought not to be suppress'd ; it is said by Lord Lyttelton, in the Prologue to his posthumous play, that his works contained

No line which, dying, he could wish to blot out.



ODE
ON THE
DEATH OF JAMES THOMSON.
BY MR. COLLINS.

THE SCENE ON THE THAMES NEAR RICHMOND.

I.

IN yonder grave a Druid lies,
Where slowly winds the stealing wave;
The year's best sweets shall duteous rise
To deck its Poet's sylvan grave.

II.

In yon deep bed of whisp'ring reeds
His airy harp * shall now be laid,
That he, whose heart in sorrow bleeds,
May love thro' life the soothing shade.

* The *Æolian harp*.

III.

Then maids and youths shall linger here,
And while its sounds at distance swell,
Shall sadly seem in pity's ear
To hear the woodland pilgrim's knell.

IV.

Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore
When Thames in summer-wreaths is drest,
And oft suspend the dashing oar,
To bid his gentle spirit rest !

V.

And oft, as ease and health retire
To breezy lawn, or forest deep,
The friend shall view yon whitening * spire,
And 'mid the varied landscape weep.

VI.

But thou, who own'st that earthy bed,
Ah ! what will ev'ry dirge avail ;
Or tears, which love and pity shed,
That mourn beneath the gliding sail !

* Richmond church, where Thomson lies buried, without a tablet or memorial to say---Here Thomson lies!

VII.

Yet lives there one, whose heedless eye
Shall scorn thy pale shrine glimm'ring near!
With him, sweet Bard, may fancy die,
And joy desert the blooming year.

VIII.

But thou, lorn stream, whose sullen tide
No sedg'd-crown'd sisters now attend,
Now waft me from the green hill's side,
Whose cold turf hides the buried friend!

IX.

And see, the fairy valleys fade,
Dun night has veil'd the solemn view:
Yet once again, dear parted shade,
Meek Nature's child, again adieu!

X.

The genial meads assign'd to bless
Thy life, shall mourn thy early doom;
Their hinds and shepherd-girls shall dress
With simple hands thy rural tomb.

XI.

Long, long, thy stone and pointed clay
Shall melt the musing Briton's eyes :
O ! vales, and wild woods ! shall he say,
In yonder grave your Druid lies !

A D D R E S S
TO THE SHADE OF
JAMES THOMSON.
BY MR. BURNS.

ON THE EARL OF BUCHAN CROWNING HIS BUST WITH A WREATH OF BAYS.

I.

WHILE virgin Spring by Eden's flood
Unfolds her mantle green ;
Or pranks the sod in frolic mood,
Or tunes *Æolian* strains between :

II.

While Summer, with a matron grace,
Retreats to Dryburgh's cooling shade ;
Yet oft, delighted, stops to trace
The progress of the spiky blade :

A D D R E S S.

III.

While Autumn, benefactor kind,
By Tweed erects her aged head,
And sees, with self-approving mind,
Each creature on her bounty fed ;

IV.

While maniac Winter rages o'er
The hills whence classic Yarrow flows,
Rousing the turbid torrent's roar,
Or sweeping wild a waste of snows :

.V

So long, sweet Poet of the year!
Shall bloom that wreath thou well hast won;
While Scotia, with exulting tear,
Proclaims that THOMSON was her son.



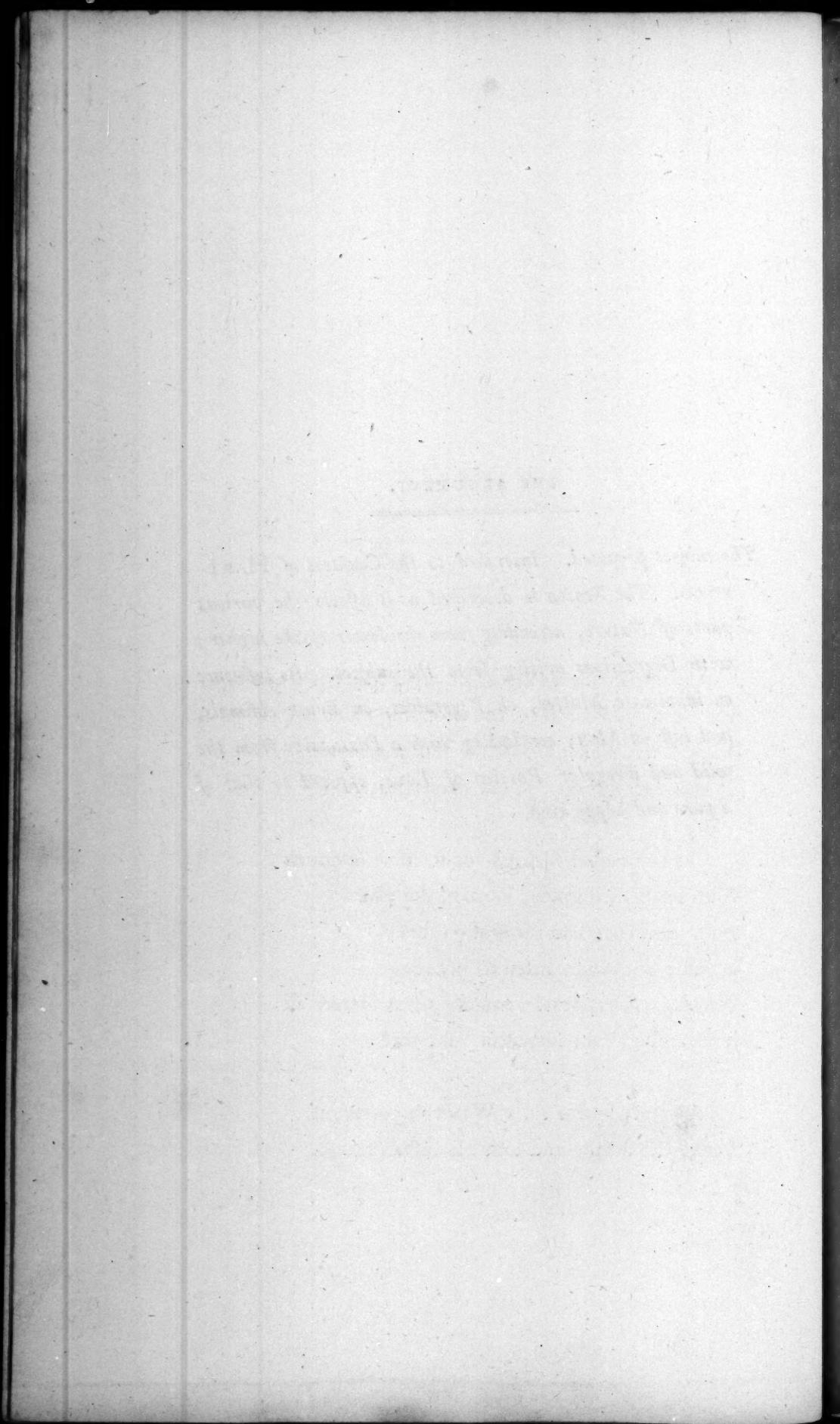
Ansell delin.

Ansell sculp.



THE ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed. Inscribed to the Countess of HARTFORD. The Season is described as it affects the various parts of Nature, ascending from the lower to the higher; with Digressions arising from the subject. Its influence on inanimate Matter, on Vegetables, on Brute Animals, and last on Man; concluding with a Dissuasive from the wild and irregular Passion of Love, opposed to that of a pure and happy kind.



SPRING.

COME, gentle SPRING, ethereal Mildness, come,
And from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,
While music wakes around, veil'd in a shower
Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend !

O HARTFORD ! fitted, or to shine in courts
With unaffected grace, or walk the plain
With innocence and meditation join'd
In soft assemblage, listen to my song,
Which thy own Season paints ; when Nature all
Is blooming and benevolent, like thee.

5

10

AND see where surly WINTER passes off,
Far to the north, and calls his ruffian blasts ;

His blasts obey, and quit the howling hill,
The shatter'd forest, and the ravag'd vale ;
While softer gales succeed, at whose kind touch, 15
Dissolving snows in livid torrents lost,
The mountains lift their green heads to the sky.

As yet the trembling year is unconfirm'd,
And Winter oft at eve resumes the breeze,
Chills the pale morn, and bids his driving sleet's 20
Deform the day delightless; so that scarce
The bittern knows his time, with bill ingulph't
To shake the sounding marsh; or from the shore
The plovers when to scatter o'er the heath,
And sing their wild notes to the list'ning waste. 25

AT last from Aries rolls the bounteous Sun,
And the bright Bull receives him. Then no more
Th' expansive atmosphere is cramp'd with cold;
But, full of life and vivifying soul,
Lifts the light clouds sublime, and spreads them thin, 30
Fleecy and white, o'er all-surrounding heaven.

FORTH fly the tepid airs; and unconfin'd,
Unbinding earth, the moving softness strays.
Joyous, th' impatient husbandman perceives
Relenting Nature, and his lusty steers 35

Drives from their stalls, to where the well-us'd plough
Lies in the furrow, loosen'd from the frost.

There, unrefusing, to the harness'd yoke

They lend their shoulder, and begin their toil,

Cheer'd by the simple song and soaring lark.

40

Meanwhile incumbent o'er the shining share

The master leans, removes th' obstructing clay,

Winds the whole work, and sidelong lays the glebe.

WHITE thro' the neighbouring fields the sower stalks,
With measur'd step; and liberal throws the grain 45
Into the faithful bosom of the ground :
The harrow follows harsh, and shuts the scene.

BE gracious, Heaven! for now laborious man
Has done his part. Ye fostering breezes, blow!

Ye softening dews, ye tender showers, descend!

50

And temper all, thou world-reviving Sun,

Into the perfect year! Nor ye who live

In luxury and ease, in pomp and pride,

Think these lost themes unworthy of your ear:

Such themes as these the rural Maro sung

55

To wide-imperial Rome, in the full height

Of elegance and taste, by Greece refin'd.

In ancient times, the sacred plough employ'd

The kings, and awful fathers of mankind:

And some, with whom compar'd your insect-tribes

60

Are but the beings of a summer's day,
 Have held the scale of empire, rul'd the storm
 Of mighty war ; then, with unwearied hand,
 Disdaining little delicacies, seiz'd
 The plough, and greatly independent liv'd.

65

YE generous BRITONS, venerate the plough ;
 And o'er your hills, and long withdrawing vales,
 Let Autumn spread his treasures to the sun,
 Luxuriant and unbounded : as the sea,
 Far thro' his azure turbulent domain,
 Your empire owns, and from a thousand shores
 Wafts all the pomp of life into your ports ;
 So with superior boon may your rich soil,
 Exuberant, Nature's better blessings pour
 O'er every land, the naked nations clothe,
 And be th' exhaustless granary of a world !

70

75

NOR only thro' the lenient air this change,
 Delicious, breathes ; the penetrative Sun,
 His force deep-darting to the dark retreat
 Of vegetation, sets the steaming Power
 At large, to wander o'er the vernant earth,
 In various hues ; but chiefly thee, gay Green !
 Thou smiling Nature's universal robe !
 United light and shade ! where the sight dwells
 With growing strength, and ever-new delight.

80

85

FROM the moist meadow to the wither'd hill,
Led by the breeze, the vivid verdure runs,
And swells, and deepens ; to the cherish'd eye
The hawthorn whitens ; and the juicy groves
Put forth their buds, unfolding by degrees, 90
Till the whole leafy forest stands display'd,
In full luxuriance to the sighing gales ;
Where the deer rustle thro' the twining brake,
And the birds sing conceal'd. At once, array'd
In all the colours of the flushing year, 95
By Nature's swift and secret-working hand,
The garden glows, and fills the liberal air
With lavish fragrance ; while the promis'd fruit
Lies yet a little embryo, unperceiv'd,
Within its crimson folds. Now from the town 100
Buried in smoke, and sleep, and noisome damps,
Oft let me wander o'er the dewy fields,
Where freshness breathes, and dash the trembling drops
From the bent bush, as thro' the verdant maze
Of sweet-briar hedges I pursue my walk ; 105
Or taste the smell of dairy ; or ascend
Some eminence, AUGUSTA, in thy plains,
And see the country, far-diffus'd around,
One boundless blush, one white-empurpled shower
Of mingled blossoms ; where the raptur'd eye 110
Hurries from joy to joy, and hid beneath
The fair profusion, yellow Autumn spies.

IF, brush'd from Russian wilds, a cutting gale
Rise not, and scatter from his humid wings
The clammy mildew ; or, dry-blowing, breathe 115
Untimely frost ; before whose baleful blast
The full-blown SPRING thro' all her foliage shrinks,
Joyless and dead, a wide dejected waste.
For oft, engender'd by the hazy north,
Myriads on myriads, insect armies warp 120
Keen in the poison'd breeze ; and wasteful eat,
Thro' buds and bark, into the blacken'd core,
Their eager way. A feeble race ! yet oft
The sacred sons of vengeance ; on whose course
Corrosive famine waits, and kills the year. 125
To check this plague, the skilful farmer, chaff
And blazing straw before his orchard burns ;
Till, all involv'd in smoke, the latent foe
From every cranny suffocated falls :
Or scatters o'er the blooms the pungent dust 130
Of pepper, fatal to the frosty tribe ;
Or, when th' envenom'd leaf begins to curl,
With sprinkled water drowns them in their nest :
Nor, while they pick them up with busy bill,
The little trooping birds unwisely scares. 135

BE patient, swains ! these cruel-seeming winds
Blow not in vain. Far hence they keep repress'd
Those deep'ning clouds on clouds, surcharg'd with rain,

That o'er the vast Atlantic hither borne,
In endless train, would quench the summer-blaze,
And, cheerless, drown the crude unripen'd year.

140

THE north-east spends his rage ; he now shut up
Within his iron cave, th' effusive south
Warms the wide air, and o'er the void of heaven
Breathes the big clouds with vernal showers distent. 145
At first a dusky wreath they seem to rise,
Scarce staining ether ; but by swift degrees,
In heaps on heaps, the doubling vapour sails
Along the loaded sky, and mingling deep
Sits on th' horizon round a settled gloom: 150
Not such as wintry-storms on mortals shed,
Oppressing life; but lovely, gentle, kind,
And full of every hope and every joy,
The wish of Nature. Gradual sinks the breeze
Into a perfect calm ; that not a breath 155
Is heard to quiver thro' the closing woods,
Or rustling turn the many-twinkling leaves
Of aspin tall. Th' uncurling floods, diffus'd
In glassy breadth, seem thro' delusive lapse
Forgetful of their course. 'Tis silence all, 160
And pleasing expectation. Herds and flocks
Drop the dry sprig, and mute-imploring eye
The falling verdure. Hush'd in short suspense,
The plumpy people streak their wings with oil,

To throw the lucid moisture trickling off; 165
And wait th' approaching sign to strike at once,
Into the general choir. Even mountains, vales,
And forests, seem impatient to demand
The promis'd sweetness. Man superior walks
Amid the glad creation, musing praise, 170
And looking lively gratitude. At last,
The clouds consign their treasures to the fields;
And, softly shaking on the dimpled pool
Prelusive drops, let all their moisture flow,
In large effusion o'er the freshened world. 175
The stealing shower is scarce to patter heard,
By such as wander thro' the forest walks
Beneath the umbrageous multitude of leaves.
But who can hold the shade, while Heaven descends
In universal bounty, shedding herbs, 180
And fruits, and flowers, on Nature's ample lap?
Swift fancy, fir'd, anticipates their growth;
And, while the milky nutriment distils,
Beholds the kindling country colour round.

THUS all day long the full-distended clouds 185
Indulge their genial stores, and well-shower'd earth
Is deep enrich'd with vegetable life;
Till in the western sky, the downward sun
Looks out, effulgent, from amid the flush
Of broken clouds, gay-shifting to his beam. 190

The rapid radiance instantaneous strikes
Th' illumin'd mountain, thro' the forest streams,
Shakes on the floods, and in a yellow mist,
Far smoking o'er th' interminable plain,
In twinkling myriads lights the dewy gems. 195

Moist, bright, and green, the landscape laughs around,
Full swell the woods; their every music wakes,
Mix'd in wild concert with the warbling brooks
Increas'd, the distant bleatings of the hills,
And hollow lows responsive from the vales, 200

Whence blending all the sweetened zephyr springs.
Mean time refracted from yon eastern cloud,
Bestriding earth, the grand ethereal bow
Shoots up immense; and every hue unfolds,
In fair proportion running from the red, 205

To where the violet fades into the sky.
Here, awful NEWTON, the dissolving clouds
Form, fronting on the sun, thy showery prism;
And to the sage-instructed eye unfold
The various twine of light, by thee disclos'd 210

From the white mingling maze. Not so the boy;
He, wondering, views the bright enchantment bend,
Delightful, o'er the radiant fields, and runs
To catch the falling glory; but, amaz'd,
Beholds th' amusive arch before him fly, 215

Then vanish quite away. Still night succeeds,

A softened shade, and saturated earth
Awaits the morning-beam, to give to light,
Rais'd thro' ten thousand different plastic tubes,
The balmy treasures of the former day.

220

THEN spring the living herbs, profusely wild,
O'er all the deep green earth, beyond the power
Of botanist to number up their tribes:
Whether he steals along the lonely dale,
In silent search; or thro' the forest, rank
With what the dull incurious weeds account,
Burst his blind way; or climbs the mountain-rock,
Fir'd by the nodding verdure of its brow.
With such a liberal hand has Nature flung
Their seeds abroad, blown them about in winds,
Innumerable mix'd them with the nursing mould,
The moistening current, and prolific rain.

225

230

BUT who their virtues can declare? Who pierce
With vision pure, into these secret stores
Of health, and life, and joy? the food of Man,
While yet he liv'd in innocence, and told
A length of golden years; unflesh'd in blood,
A stranger to the savage arts of life,
Death, rapine, carnage, surfeit, and disease;
The lord, and not the tyrant of the world.

235

240





*Or to the cheerful tendance of the flock,
Meantime the song went round; & dance & sport.*

Line 247.

THE first fresh dawn then wak'd the gladen'd race
Of uncorrupted Man, nor blush'd to see
The sluggard sleep beneath its sacred beam :
For their light slumbers gently fum'd away ;
And up they rose as vigorous as the sun, 245
Or to the culture of the willing glebe,
Or to the cheerful tendance of the flock.
Meantime the song went round ; and dance and sport,
Wisdom and friendly talk, successive, stole
Their hours away : while in the rosy vale 250
Love breath'd his infant sighs, from anguish free,
And full replete with bliss ; save the sweet pain,
That, inly thrilling, but exalts it more.
Nor yet injurious act, nor surly deed,
Was known among those happy sons of Heaven ; 255
For reason and benevolence were law.
Harmonious Nature too look'd smiling on.
Clear shone the skies, cool'd with eternal gales,
And balmy spirit all. The youthful sun
Shot his best rays, and still the gracious clouds 260
Drop'd fatness down ; as o'er the swelling mead,
The herds and flocks, commixing, play'd secure.
This when, emergent from the gloomy wood,
The glaring lion saw, his horrid heart
Was meeken'd, and he join'd his sullen joy. 265
For music held the whole in perfect peace :
Soft sigh'd the flute ; the tender voice was heard,

Warbling the varied heart; the woodlands round
Apply'd their quire; and winds and water flow'd
In consonance. Such were those prime of days. 270

BUT now those white unblemish'd manners, whence
The fabling poets took their golden age,
Are found no more amid these iron times,
These dregs of life! Now the distemper'd mind
Has lost that concord of harmonious powers, 275
Which forms the soul of happiness; and all
Is off the poise within: the passions all
Have burst their bounds; and reason, half extinct,
Or impotent, or else approving, sees
The foul disorder. Senseless, and deform'd, 280
Convulsive anger storms at large; or pale,
And silent, settles into fell revenge.
Base envy withers at another's joy,
And hates that excellence it cannot reach.
Desponding fear, of feeble fancies full, 285
Weak and unmanly, loosens every power.
Even love itself is bitterness of soul,
A pensive anguish pining at the heart;
Or, sunk to sordid interest, feels no more
That noble wish, that never-cloy'd desire, 290
Which, selfish joy disdaining, seeks alone
To bless the dearer object of its flame.
Hope sickens with extravagance; and grief,

Of life impatient, into madness swells;
Or in dead silence wastes the weeping hours. 295
These, and a thousand mixt emotions more,
From ever-changing views of good and ill,
Form'd infinitely various, vex the mind
With endless storm: whence, deeply rankling, grows
The partial thought, a listless unconcern, 300
Cold, and averting from our neighbour's good;
Then dark disgust, and hatred, winding wiles,
Coward deceit, and ruffian violence:
At last, extinct each social feeling, fell
And joyless inhumanity pervades 305
And petrifies the heart. Nature disturb'd
Is deem'd, vindictive, to have chang'd her course.

HENCE, in old dusky time, a deluge came:
When the deep-cleft disparting orb, that arch'd
The central waters round, impetuous rush'd, 310
With universal burst, into the gulph,
And o'er the high-pil'd hills of fractur'd earth
Wide dash'd the waves, in undulation vast;
Till, from the center to the streaming clouds,
A shoreless ocean tumbled round the globe. 315

The Seasons since have, with severer sway,
Oppress'd a broken world: the Winter keen
Shook forth his waste of snows; and Summer shot

His pestilential heats. Great Spring, before,
Green'd all the year; and fruits and blossoms blush'd, 320
In social sweetness, on the self-same bough.
Pure was the temperate air; an even calm
Perpetual reign'd, save what the zephyrs bland
Breath'd o'er the blue expanse: for then nor storms
Were taught to blow, nor hurricanes to rage; 325
Sound slept the waters; no sulphureous glooms
Swell'd in the sky, and sent the lightning forth;
While sickly damps, and cold autumnal fogs,
Hung not, relaxing, on the springs of life.
But now, of turbid elements the sport, 330
From clear to cloudy tost, from hot to cold,
And dry to moist, with inward-eating change,
Our drooping days are dwindled down to nought,
Their period finish'd ere 'tis well begun.

AND yet the wholesome herb neglected dies; 335
Though with the pure exhilarating soul
Of nutriment and health, and vital powers,
Beyond the search of art, 'tis copious blest.
For, with hot ravine fir'd, ensanguin'd Man
Is now become the lion of the plain, 340
And worse. The wolf, who from the nightly fold
Fierce drags the bleating prey, ne'er drunk her milk,
Nor wore her warming fleece: nor has the steer,
At whose strong chest the deadly tyger hangs,

E'er plow'd for him. They too are temper'd high, 345
With hunger stung and wild necessity,
Nor lodges pity in their shaggy breast.
But Man, whom Nature form'd of milder clay,
With every kind emotion in his heart,
And taught alone to weep; while from her lap 350
She pours ten thousand delicacies, herbs,
And fruits, as numerous as the drops of rain
Or beams that gave them birth: shall he, fair form !
Who wears sweet smiles, and looks erect on Heaven,
E'er stoop to mingle with the prowling herd, 355
And dip his tongue in gore ! The beast of prey,
Blood-stain'd, deserves to bleed: but you, ye flocks,
What have you done; ye peaceful people, what,
To merit death? you, who have given us milk
In luscious streams, and lent us your own coat 360
Against the winter's cold? And the plain ox,
That harmless, honest, guileless animal,
In what has he offended? he, whose toil,
Patient and every ready, clothes the land
With all the pomp of harvest; shall he bleed, 365
And struggling groan beneath the cruel hands
Even of the clown he feeds? and that, perhaps,
To swell the riot of th' autumnal feast,
Won by his labour? Thus the feeling heart
Would tenderly suggest: but 'tis enough, 370
In this late age, adventurous, to have touch'd

Light on the numbers of the Samian sage.
 High Heaven forbids the bold presumptuous strain,
 Whose wisest will has fix'd us in a state
 That must not yet to pure perfection rise.

375

Now when the first foul torrent of the brooks,
 Swell'd with the vernal rains, is ebb'd away;
 And, whitening, down their mossy-tinctur'd stream
 Descends the billowy foam: now is the time,
 While yet the dark-brown water aids the guile,

380

To tempt the trout. The well-dissembled fly,
 The rod fine-tapering with elastic spring,
 Snatch'd from the hoary steed the floating line,
 And all thy slender wat'ry stores prepare.

But let not on thy hook the tortur'd worm,

385

Convulsive, twist in agonizing folds;
 Which, by rapacious hunger swallow'd deep,
 Gives, as you tear it from the bleeding breast
 Of the weak helpless uncomplaining wretch,
 Harsh pain and horror to the tender hand.

390

WHEN with his lively ray the potent sun
 Has pierc'd the streams, and rous'd the finny race,
 Then, issuing cheerful, to thy sport repair;
 Chief should the western breezes curling play,
 And light o'er ether bear the shadowy clouds.

395

High to their fount, this day, amid the hills,

And woodlands warbling round, trace up the brooks;
The next, pursue their rocky-channel'd maze,
Down to the river, in whose ample wave
Their little naiads love to sport at large.

400

Just in the dubious point, where with the pool
Is mix'd the trembling stream, or where it boils
Around the stone, or from the hollow'd bank
Reverted plays in undulating flow,
There throw, nice-judging, the delusive fly;

405

And, as you lead it round in artful curve,
With eye attentive mark the springing game.
Strait as above the surface of the flood

They wanton rise, or urg'd by hunger leap,
Then fix, with gentle twitch, the barbed hook :
Some lightly tossing to the grassy bank,
And to the shelving shore slow-dragging some,
With various hand proportion'd to their force.

410

If yet too young, and easily deceiv'd,
A worthless prey scarce bends your pliant rod,
Him, piteous of his youth and the short space
He has enjoy'd the vital light of Heaven,
Soft disengage, and back into the stream

415

The speckled captive throw. But should you lure
From his dark haunt, beneath the tangled roots
Of pendent trees, the monarch of the brook,
Behoves you then to ply your finest art.

420

Long time he, following cautious, scans the fly;

And oft attempts to seize it, but as oft
 The dimpled water speaks his jealous fear. 425

At last, while haply o'er the shaded sun
 Passes a cloud, he desperate takes the death,
 With sullen plunge. At once he darts along,
 Deep struck, and runs out all the lengthen'd line;
 Then seeks the farthest ooze, the sheltering weed, 430

The cavern'd bank, his old secure abode ;
 And flies aloft, and flounces round the pool,
 Indignant of the guile. With yielding hand,
 That feels him still, yet to his furious course
 Gives way, you, now retiring, following now 435

Across the stream, exhaust his idle rage :
 Till floating broad upon his breathless side,
 And to his fate abandon'd, to the shore
 You gaily drag your unresisting prize.

THUS pass the temperate hours : but when the sun 440
 Shakes from his noon-day throne the scattering clouds,
 Even shooting listless languor thro' the deeps ;
 Then seek the bank where flowering elders crowd,
 Where scatter'd wild the lily of the vale
 Its balmy essence breathes, where cowslips hang 445

The dewy head, where purple violets lurk,
 With all the lowly children of the shade :
 Or lie reclin'd beneath yon spreading ash,
 Hung o'er the steep ; whence, borne on liquid wing,

The sounding culver shoots ; or where the hawk, 450
High, in the beetling cliff, his airy builds.
There let the classic page thy fancy lead
Thro' rural scenes, such as the Mantuan swain
Paints in the matchless harmony of song.
Or catch thyself the landscape, gliding swift 455
Athwart imagination's vivid eye ;
Or, by the vocal woods and waters lull'd,
And lost in lonely musing, in the dream,
Confus'd, of careless solitude, where mix
Ten thousand wandering images of things, 460
Soothe every gust of passion into peace ;
All but the swellings of the soften'd heart,
That waken, not disturb, the tranquil mind.

BEHOLD yon breathing prospect bids the muse
Throw all her beauty forth. But who can paint 465
Like Nature? Can imagination boast,
Amid its gay creation, hues like hers?
Or can it mix them with that matchless skill,
And lose them in each other, as appears
In every bud that blows? If fancy then 470
Unequal fails beneath the pleasing task,
Ah what shall language do; ah where find words
Ting'd with so many colours; and whose power,
To life approaching, may perfume my lays

With that fine oil, those aromatic gales, 475
 That inexhaustive flow continual round?

YET, tho' successless, will the toil delight.
 Come then, ye virgins and ye youths, whose hearts
 Have felt the raptures of refining love;
 And thou AMANDA, come, pride of my song! 480
 Form'd by the Graces, loveliness itself!
 Come with those downcast eyes, sedate and sweet,
 Those looks demure, that deeply pierce the soul,
 Where, with the light of thoughtful reason mix'd,
 Shines lively fancy and the feeling heart: 485
 Oh come! and while the rosy-footed May
 Steals blushing on, together let us tread
 The morning-dews, and gather in their prime
 Fresh-blooming flowers, to grace thy braided hair,
 And thy lov'd bosom that improves their sweets. 490

SEE, where the winding vale its lavish stores,
 Irrigous, spreads. See, how the lily drinks
 The latent rill, scaree oozing thro' the grass,
 Of growth luxuriant; or the humid bank,
 In fair profusion, decks. Long let us walk, 495
 Where the breeze blows from yon extended field
 Of blossom'd beans. Arabia cannot boast
 A fuller gale of joy, than, liberal, thence

Breathes thro' the sense, and takes the ravish'd soul.

Nor is the mead unworthy of thy foot,

500

Full of fresh verdure, and unnumber'd flowers,

The negligence of Nature, wide, and wild;

Where, undisguis'd by mimic Art, she spreads

Unbounded beauty to the roving eye.

Here their delicious task the fervent bees,

505

In swarming millions, tend: around, athwart,

Thro' the soft air, the busy nations fly,

Cling to the bud, and with inserted tube,

Suck its pure essence, its ethereal soul;

And oft, with bolder wing, they soaring dare

510

The purple heath, or where the wild thyme grows,

And yellow load them with the luscious spoil.

AT length the finish'd garden to the view
Its vistas opens, and its alleys green.

Snatch'd thro' the verdant maze, the hurried eye

515

Distracted wanders; now the bowery walk

Of covert close, where scarce a speck of day

Falls on the lengthen'd gloom, protracted sweeps:

Now meets the bending sky; the river now

Dimpling along, the breezy-ruffled lake,

520

The forest darkening round, the glittering spire,

Th' ethereal mountain, and the distant main.

But why so far excursive? when at hand,

Along these blushing borders, bright with dew,
And in yon mingled wilderness of flowers, 525
Fair handed Spring unbosoms every grace ;
Throws out the snow-drop, and the crocus first ;
The daisy, primrose, violet darkly blue,
And polyanthus of unnumber'd dyes ;
The yellow wall-flower, stain'd with iron brown ; 530
And lavish stock that scents the garden round :
From the soft wing of vernal breezes shed,
Anemones ; auriculas, enrich'd
With shining meal o'er all their velvet leaves ;
And full ranunculas, of glowing red. 535
Then comes the tulip-race, where Beauty plays
Her idle freaks ; from family diffus'd
To family, as flies the father-dust,
The varied colours run ; and while they break
On the charm'd eye, th' exulting florist marks, 540
With secret pride, the wonders of his hand.
No gradual bloom is wanting ; from the bud,
First-born of Spring, to Summer's musky tribes :
Nor hyacinths, of purest virgin white,
Low-bent, and blushing inward ; nor jonquils, 545
Of potent fragrance ; nor narcissus fair,
As o'er the fabled fountain hanging still ;
Nor broad carnations, nor gay spotted pinks ;
Nor, shower'd from every bush, the damask-rose.

Infinite numbers, delicacies, smells, 550
 With hues on hues expression cannot paint,
 The breath of Nature, and her endless bloom.

HAIL, SOURCE OF BEING! UNIVERSAL SOUL
 Of Heaven and earth! ESSENTIAL PRESENCE, hail!
 To THEE I bend the knee; to THEE my thoughts, 555
 Continual, climb; who, with a master-hand,
 Hast the great whole into perfection touch'd.
 By THEE the various vegetative tribes,
 Wrapt in filmy net, and clad with leaves,
 Draw the live ether, and imbibe the dew: 560
 By THEE dispos'd into congenial soils,
 Stands each attractive plant, and sucks, and swells
 The juicy tide; a twining mass of tubes.
 At THY command the vernal sun awakes
 The torpid sap, detruded to the root
 By wintry winds; that now in fluent dance, 565
 And lively fermentation, mounting, spreads
 All this innumEROus-colour'd scene of things.

As rising from the vegetable world
 My theme ascends, with equal wing ascend, 570
 My panting Muse! and hark, how loud the woods
 Invite you forth in all your gayest trim.
 Lend me your song, ye nightingales! oh pour
 The mazy-running soul of melody

Into my varied verse! while I deduce,
From the first note the hollow cuckoo sings,
The symphony of Spring, and touch a theme
Unknown to fame, 'the passion of the groves.'

WHEN first the soul of love is sent abroad,
Warm thro' the vital air, and on the heart
Harmonious seizes, the gay troops begin,
In gallant thought, to plume the painted wing;
And try again the long-forgotten strain,
At first faint-warbled. But no sooner grows
The soft infusion prevalent, and wide,
Than, all alive, at once their joy o'erflows
In music unconfin'd. Up-springs the lark,
Shrill-voic'd, and loud, the messenger of morn:
Ere yet the shadows fly, he mounted sings
Amid the dawning clouds, and from their haunts
Calls up the tuneful nations. Every copse
Deep-tangled, tree irregular, and bush
Bending with dewy moisture, o'er the heads
Of the coy quiristers that lodge within,
Are prodigal of harmony. The thrush
And wood-lark, o'er the kind contending throng
Superior heard, run thro' the sweetest length
Of notes; when listening Philomela deigns
To let them joy, and purposes, in thought
Elate, to make her night excel their day.

575

380

585

590

595

600

The black-bird whistles from the thorny brake ;
 The mellow bullfinch answers from the grove :
 Nor are the linnets, o'er the flowering furze
 Pour'd out profusely, silent. Join'd to these
 Innumerable songsters, in the freshening shade
 Of new-sprung leaves, their modulation mix
 Mellifluous. The jay, the rook, the daw,
 And each harsh pipe, discordant heard alone,
 Aid the full concert : while the stock-dove breathes
 A melancholy murmur thro' the whole.

605

610

'Tis love creates their melody, and all
 This waste of music is the voice of love ;
 That even to birds, and beasts, the tender arts
 Of pleasing teaches. Hence the glossy kind
 Try every winning way inventive love
 Can dictate, and in courtship to their mates
 Pour forth their little souls. First, wide around,
 With distant awe, in airy rings they rove,
 Endeavouring by a thousand tricks to catch
 The cunning, conscious, half-averted glance
 Of the regardless charmer. Should she seem
 Softening the least approvance to bestow,
 Their colours burnish, and, by hope inspir'd,
 They brisk advance ; then on a sudden struck,
 Retire disorder'd ; then again approach ;

615

620

625

In fond rotation spread the spotted wing,
And shiver every feather with desire.

CONNUBIAL leagues agreed, to the deep woods
They haste away, all as their fancy leads,
Pleasure, or food, or secret safety prompts ; 630
That Nature's great command may be obey'd,
Nor all the sweet sensations they perceive
Indulg'd in vain. Some to the holly-hedge
Nestling repair, and to the thicket some ;
Some to the rude protection of the thorn
Commit their feeble offspring : The cleft tree 635
Offers its kind concealment to a few,
Their food its insects, and its moss their nests.
Others apart far in the grassy dale,
Or roughening waste, their humbled texture wave. 640
But most in woodland solitudes delight,
In unfrequented glooms, or shaggy banks,
Steep, and divided by a babbling brook,
Whose murmurs soothe them all the live-long day,
When by kind duty fix'd. Among the roots 645
Of hazel, pendent o'er the plaintive stream,
They frame the first foundation of their domes ;
Dry sprigs of trees, in artful fabric laid,
And bound with clay together. Now 'tis nought
But restless hurry thro' the busy air, 650
Beat by unnumber'd wings, The swallow sweeps

The slimy pool, to build his hanging house
Intent. And often, from the careless back
Of herds and flocks, a thousand tugging bills
Pluck hair and wool; and oft, when unobserv'd, 655
Steal from the barn a straw: till soft and warm,
Clean, and complete, their habitation grows.

As thus the patient dam assiduous sits,
Not to be tempted from her tender task,
Or by sharp hunger, or by smooth delight, 660
Tho' the whole loosened Spring around her blows,
Her sympathizing lover takes his stand
High on th' opponent bank, and ceaseless sings
The tedious time away; or else supplies
Her place a moment, while she sudden flits 665
To pick the scanty meal. Th' appointed time
With pious toil fulfill'd, the callow young,
Warm'd and expanded into perfect life,
Their brittle bondage break, and come to light,
A helpless family, demanding food 670
With constant clamour: O what passions then,
What melting sentiments of kindly care,
On the new parents seize! away they fly
Affectionate, and undesiring bear
The most delicious morsel to their young; 675
Which equally distributed, again
The search begins. Even so a gentle pair,

By fortune sunk, but form'd of generous mold,
 And charm'd with cares beyond the vulgar breast,
 In some lone cot amid the distant woods, 680
 Sustain'd alone by providential Heaven,
 Oft as they weeping eye their infant train,
 Check their own appetites, and give them all.

NOR toil alone they scorn; exalting love,
 By the great FATHER OF THE SPRING inspir'd, 685
 Gives instant courage to the fearful race,
 And to the simple, art. With stealthy wing,
 Should some rude foot their woody haunts molest,
 Amid a neighbouring bush they silent drop,
 And whirring thence, as if alarm'd, deceive 690
 Th' unfeeling school-boy. Hence, around the head
 Of wandering swain, the white-wing'd plover wheels
 Her sounding flight, and then directly on
 In long excursion skims the level lawn,
 To tempt him from her nest. The wild-duck, hence, 695
 O'er the rough moss, and o'er the trackless waste
 The heath-hen flutters, pious fraud! to lead
 The hot-pursuing spaniel far astray.

BE not the Muse ashamed, here to bemoan
 Her brothers of the grove, by tyrant Man 700
 Inhuman caught, and in the narrow cage
 From liberty confin'd, and boundless air.



Ansell del.

Borelli sculp^t

"Amid a neighbouring bush they silent drop,
And whirring thence, as if alarm'd, deceive
Th'unfeeling schoolboy." —

Line 680.



Dull are the pretty slaves, their plumage dull,
Ragged, and all its brightening lustre lost ;
Nor is that sprightly wildness in their notes, 705
Which, clear and vigorous, warbles from the beech.
Oh then, ye friends of love and love-taught song,
Spare the soft tribes, this barbarous art forbear ;
If on your bosom innocence can win,
Music engage, or piety persuade. 710

BUT let not chief the nightingale lament
Her ruin'd care, too delicately fram'd
To brook the harsh confinement of the cage.
Oft when, returning with her loaded bill,
Th' astonish'd mother finds a vacant nest, 715
By the hard hand of unrelenting clowns
Robb'd, to the ground the vain provision falls ;
Her pinions ruffle, and, low-drooping, scarce
Can bear the mourner to the poplar shade ;
Where, all abandon'd to despair, she sings 720
Her sorrows thro' the night ; and on the bough
Sole-sitting, still at every dying fall
Takes up' again her lamentable strain
Of winding woe ; till wide around the woods
Sigh to her song, and with her wail resound. 725

BUT now the feather'd youth their former bounds,
Ardent, disdain ; and, weighing oft their wings,

Demand the free possession of the sky :
This one glad office more, and then dissolves
Parental love at once, now needless grown. 730

Unlavish wisdom never works in vain.

'Tis on some evening, sunny, grateful, mild,
When nought but balm is breathing thro' the woods,
With yellow lustre bright, that the new tribes
Visit the spacious heavens, and look abroad 735

On Nature's common, far as they can see,
Or wing, their range and pasture. O'er the boughs

Dancing about, still at the giddy verge

Their resolution fails ; their pinions still,

In loose vibration stretch'd, to trust the void 740

Trembling refuse : till down before them fly

The parent-guides, and chide, exhort, command,

Or push them off. The surging air receives

Its plamy burden ; and their self-taught wings

Winnow the waving element. On ground 745

Alighted, bolder up again they lead,

Farther and farther on, the lengthening flight,

Till, vanish'd every fear, and every power

Rous'd into life and action, light in air

Th' acquitted parents see their soaring race, 750

And, once rejoicing, never know them more.

HIGH from the summit of a craggy cliff,
Hung o'er the deep, such as amazing frowns

On utmost Kilda's * shore, whose lonely race
 Resign the setting sun to Indian worlds,
 The royal eagle draws his vigorous young,
 Strong pounc'd, and ardent with paternal fire.
 Now fit to raise a kingdom of their own,
 He drives them from his fort, the towering seat,
 For ages, of his empire; which, in peace,
 Unstain'd he holds, while many a league to sea
 He wings his course, and preys in distant isles.

755

760

SHOULD I my steps turn to the rural seat,
 Whose lofty elms, and venerable oaks,
 Invite the rook, who high amid the boughs,
 In early Spring, his airy city builds,
 And ceaseless caws amusive; there, well-pleas'd,
 I might the various polity survey
 Of the mix'd household kind. The careful hen
 Calls all her chirping family around,
 Fed and defended by the fearless cock;
 Whose breast with ardour flames, as on he walks
 Graceful, and crows defiance. In the pond,
 The finely-checker'd duck before her train
 Rows garrulous. The stately-sailing swan
 Gives out his snowy plumage to the gale;
 And, arching proud his neck, with oary feet

765

770

775

* The farthest of the western islands of Scotland.

Bears forward fierce, and guards his osier-isle,
Protective of his young. The turkey nigh,
Loud-threat'ning, reddens; while the peacock spreads 780
His every-colour'd glory to the sun,
And swims in radiant majesty along.
O'er the whole homely scene, the cooing dove
Flies thick in amorous chase, and wanton rolls
The glancing eye, and turns the changeful neck. 785

WHILE thus the gentle tenants of the shade
Indulge their purer loves, the rougher world
Of brutes, below, rush furious into flame,
And fierce desire. Thro' all his lusty veins
The bull, deep-scorch'd, the raging passion feels. 790
Of pasture sick, and negligent of food,
Scarce seen, he wades among the yellow broom,
While o'er his ample sides the rambling sprays
Luxuriant shoot; or thro' the mazy wood
Dejected wanders, nor th' enticing bud 795
Crops, tho' it presses on his careless sense.
And oft, in jealous madd'ning fancy wrapt,
He seeks the fight; and, idly-butting, feigns
His rival gor'd in every knotty trunk.
Him should he meet, the bellowing war begins: 800
Their eyes flash fury; to the hollow'd earth,
Whence the sand flies, they mutter bloody deeds,
And, groaning deep, th' impetuous battle mix:

While the fair heifer, balmy-breathing, near,
Stands kindling up their rage. The trembling steed, 805
With this hot impulse seiz'd in every nerve,
Nor hears the rein, nor heeds the sounding thong:
Blows are not felt; but, tossing high his head,
And by the well known joy to distant plains
Attracted strong, all wild he bursts away; 810
O'er rocks, and woods, and craggy mountains flies,
And, neighing, on the aërial summit takes
Th' exciting gale; then, steep descending, cleaves
The headlong torrents foaming down the hills,
Even where the madness of the straiten'd stream 815
Turns in black eddies round; such is the force
With which his frantic heart and sinews swell.

NOR undelight'd by the boundless Spring
Ate the broad monsters of the foaming deep:
From the deep ooze and gelid cavern rous'd, 820
They flounce and tumble in unwieldy joy.
Dire were the strain, and dissonant, to sing
The cruel raptures of the savage kind:
How by this flame their native wrath sublim'd,
They roam, amid the fury of their heart, 825
The far-resounding waste in fiercer bands,
And growl their horrid loves. But this the theme
I sing, entraptur'd, to the British Fair,
Forbids, and leads me to the mountain-brow,

Where sits the shepherd on the grassy turf, 830
 Inhaling, healthful, the descending sun.
 Around him feeds his many-bleating flock,
 Of various cadence ; and his sportive lambs,
 This way and that convolv'd, in briskful glee,
 Their frolics play. And now the sprightly race 835
 Invites them forth ; when swift, the signal given,
 They start away, and sweep the mossy mound
 That runs around the hill ; the rampart once
 Of iron war, in ancient barbarous times,
 When disunited Britain ever bled, 840
 Lost in eternal broil : ere yet she grew
 To this deep-laid indissoluble state,
 Where Wealth and Commerce lift their golden heads ;
 And o'er our labours, Liberty and Law,
 Impartial, watch ; the wonder of a world ! 845

WHAT is this mighty Breath, ye sages, say,
 That, in a powerful language, felt not heard,
 Instructs the fowls of heaven ; and thro' their breast
 These arts of love diffuses ? What, but GOD ?
 Inspiring GOD ! who, boundless Spirit all, 850
 And unremitting Energy, pervades,
 Adjusts, sustains, and agitates the whole.
 He ceaseless works alone ; and yet alone
 Seems not to work : with such perfection fram'd
 Is this complex stupendous scheme of things. 855

But, tho' conceal'd, to every purer eye
Th' informing Author in his works appears :
Chief, lovely Spring, in thee, and thy soft scenes,
The SMILING GOD is seen ! while water, earth,
And air attest his bounty ; which exalts
The brute-creation to this finer thought,
And annual melts their undesigning hearts
Profusely thus in tenderness and joy.

860

STILL let my song a nobler note assume,
And sing th' infusive force of Spring on Man ;

865

When heaven and earth, as if contending, vie
To raise his being, and serene his soul.

Can he forbear to join the general smile
Of Nature ? Can fierce passions vex his breast,

While every gale is peace, and every grove 870

Is melody ? Hence ! from the bounteous walks
Of flowing Spring, ye sordid sons of earth,

Hard, and unfeeling of another's woe ;
Or only lavish to yourselves ; away !

But come, ye generous minds, in whose wide thought, 875

Of all his works, creative Bounty burns

With warmest beam ; and on your open front

And liberal eye, sits, from his dark retreat

Inviting modest want. Nor till invok'd

Can restles goodness wait ; your active search

880

Leaves no cold wintry corner unexplor'd ;
 Like silent-working Heaven, surprising oft
 The lonely heart with unexpected good.
 For you the roving spirit of the wind
 Blows Spring abroad ; for you the teeming clouds 885
 Descend in gladsome plenty o'er the world ;
 And the sun sheds his kindest rays for you,
 Ye flower of human race ! In these green days,
 Reviving sickness lifts her languid head ;
 Life flows afresh ; and young-ey'd Health exalts 890
 The whole creation round. Contentment walks
 The sunny glade, and feels an inward bliss
 Spring o'er his mind, beyond the power of kings
 To purchase. Pure serenity apace
 Induces thought, and contemplation still. 895
 By swift degrees the love of Nature works,
 And warms the bosom ; till at last sublim'd
 To rapture, and enthusiastic heat,
 We feel the present DEITY, and taste
 The joy of GOD to see a happy world ! 900

THESE are the sacred feelings of thy heart,
 Thy heart inform'd by reason's purer ray,
 O LYTTELTON, the friend ! thy passions thus
 And meditations vary, as at large,
 Courting the Muse, thro' Hagley Park thou strayest ; 905

Thy British Tempe ! There along the dale,
With woods o'er-hung, and shagg'd with mossy rocks,
Whence on each hand the gushing waters play,
And down the rough cascade white-dashing fall,
Or gleam in lengthened vista thro' the trees, 910
You silent steal ; or sit beneath the shade
Of solemn oaks, that tuft the swelling mounts
Thrown graceful round by Nature's careless hand,
And pensive listen to the various voice
Of rural peace : the herds, the flocks, the birds, 915
The hollow-whispering breeze, the plaint of rills,
That, purling down amid the twisted roots
Which creep around, their dewy murmurs shake
On the sooth'd ear. From these abstracted oft,
You wander thro' the philosophic world ; 920
Where in bright train continual wonders rise,
Or to the curious or the pious eye.
And oft, conducted by historic truth,
You tread the long extent of backward time :
Planning, with warm benevolence of mind, 925
And honest zeal unwarp'd by party rage,
Britannia's weal ; how from the venal gulph
To raise her virtue, and her arts revive.
Or, turning thence thy view, these graver thoughts
The Muses charm : while, with sure taste refin'd, 930
You draw th' inspiring breath of ancient song ;
Till nobly rises, emulous, thy own.

Perhaps thy lov'd LUCINDA shares thy walk,
With soul to thine attun'd. Then Nature all
Wears to the lover's eye a look of love ; 935
And all the tumult of a guilty world,
Tost by ungenerous passions, sinks away.
The tender heart is animated peace ;
And, as it pours its copious treasures forth,
In varied converse, softening every theme, 940
You, frequent-pausing, turn, and from her eyes,
Where meekened sense, and amiable grace,
And lively sweetness dwell, enraptur'd, drink
That nameless spirit of ethereal joy,
Unutterable happiness ! which love 945
Alone bestows, and on a favour'd few.
Meantime you gain the height, from whose fair brow
The bursting prospect spreads immense around :
And, snatch'd o'er hill and dale, and wood and lawn,
And verdant field, and darkening heath between, 950
And villages embosom'd soft in trees,
And spiry towns by surging columns mark'd
Of household smoke, your eye excursive roams :
Wide-stretching from the Hall, in whose kind haunt
The Hospitable Genius lingers still, 955
To where the broken landscape, by degrees
Ascending, roughens into rigid hills ;
O'er which the Cambrian mountains, like far clouds,
That skirt the blue horizon, dusky rise.

FLUSH'd by the spirit of the genial year, 960
Now from the virgin's cheek a fresher bloom
Shoots, less and less, the live carnation round ;
Her lips blush deeper sweets : she breathes of youth ;
The shining moisture swells into her eyes,
In brighter flow ; her wishing bosom heaves 965
With palpitation wild ! kind tumults seize
Her veins, and all her yielding soul is love.
From the keen gaze her lover turns away,
Full of the dear ecstatic power, and sick
With sighing languishment. Ah then, ye fair ! 970
Be greatly cautious of your sliding hearts :
Dare not th' infectious sigh ; the pleading look,
Down cast, and low, in meek submission drest,
But full of guile. Let not the fervent tongue,
Prompt to deceive with adulation smooth, 975
Gain on your purpos'd will. Nor in the bower,
Where woodbinds flaunt, and roses shed a couch,
While evening draws her crimson curtains round,
Trust your soft minutes with betraying Man.

AND let th' aspiring youth beware of love, 980
Of the smooth glance beware ; for 'tis too late,
When on his heart the torrent-softness pours.
Then wisdom prostrate lies, and fading fame
Dissolves in air away ; while the fond soul
Wrapt in gay visions of unreal bliss, 985

Still paints th' illusive form ; the kindling grace ;
 Th' enticing smile ; the modest-seeming eye,
 Beneath whose beauteous beams, belying heaven,
 Lurk searchless cunning, cruelty, and death :
 And still, false-warbling in his cheated ear, 990
 Her syren voice, enchanting, draws him on
 To guileful shores, and meads of fatal joy.

EVEN present, in the very lap of love
 Inglorious laid ; while music flows around,
 Perfumes, and oils, and wine, and wanton hours ; 995
 Amid the roses fierce Repentance rears
 Her snaky crest : a quick-returning pang
 Shoots thro' the conscious heart ; where honour still,
 And great design, against th' oppressive load
 Of luxury, by fits, impatient heave. 1000

BUT absent, what fantastic woes arous'd,
 Rage, in each thought, by restless musing fed,
 Chill the warm cheek, and blast the bloom of life !
 Neglected fortune flies ; and sliding swift,
 Prone into ruin, fall his scorn'd affairs. 1005
 'Tis nought but gloom around : The darken'd sun
 Loses his light : The rosy-bosom'd Spring
 To weeping fancy pines ; and yon bright arch,
 Contracted, bends into a dusky vault.
 All Nature fades extinct ; and she alone 1010

Heard, felt, and seen, possesses every thought,
Fills every sense, and pants in every vein.

Books are but formal dulness, tedious friends ;
And sad amid the social band he sits,

Lonely, and unattentive. From his tongue

1015

Th' unfinish'd period falls : while borne away

On swelling thought, his wafted spirit flies

To the vain bosom of his distant fair ;

And leaves the semblance of a lover, fix'd

In melancholy site, with head declin'd,

1020

And love-dejected eyes. Sudden he starts,

Shook from his tender trance, and restless runs

To glimmering shades, and sympathetic glooms ;

Where the dun umbrage o'er the falling stream,

Romantic, hangs ; there thro' the pensive dusk

1025

Strays, in heart-thrilling meditation lost,

Indulging all to love : or on the bank

Thrown, amid drooping lilies, swells the breeze

With sighs unceasing, and the brook with tears.

Thus in soft anguish he consumes the day,

1030

Nor quits his deep retirement, till the Moon

Peeps thro' the chambers of the fleecy east,

Enlightened by degrees, and in her train

Leads on the gentle hours ; then forth he walks,

Beneath the trembling languish of her beam,

1035

With softened soul, and woos the bird of eve

To mingle woes with his : or, while the world

And all the sons of Care lie hush'd in sleep,
Associates with the midnight shadows drear ;
And, sighing to the lonely taper, pours 1040
His idly-tortur'd heart into the page,
Meant for the moving messenger of love ;
Where rapture burns on rapture, every line
With rising frenzy fir'd. But if on bed
Delirious flung, sleep from his pillow flies. 1045
All night he tosses, nor the balmy power
In any posture finds ; till the grey morn
Lifts her pale lustre on the paler wretch,
Exanimate by love : and then perhaps
Exhausted Nature sinks a while to rest, 1050
Still interrupted by distracted dreams,
That o'er the sick imagination rise,
And in black colours paint the mimic scene.
Oft with th' enchantress of his soul he talks ;
Sometimes in crowds distress'd ; or, if retir'd 1055
To secret winding flower-enwoven bowers,
Far from the dull impertinence of Man,
Just as he, credulous, his endless cares
Begin to lose in blind oblivious love,
Snatch'd from her yielded hand, he knows not how, 1060
Thro' forests huge, and long untravel'd heaths
With desolation brown, he wanders waste,
In night and tempest wrapt ; or shrinks aghast,
Back, from the bending precipice ; or wades

The turbid stream below, and strives to reach 1065
The farther shore ; where, succourless, and sad,
She with extended arms his aid implores ;
But strives in vain : borne by th' outrageous flood
To distance down, he rides the ridgy wave,
Or whelm'd beneath the boiling eddy sinks. 1070

THESE are the charming agonies of love,
Whose misery delights. But thro' the heart
Should jealousy its venom once diffuse,
'Tis then delightful misery no more,
But agony unmix'd, incessant gall, 1075
Corroding every thought, and blasting all
Love's paradise. Ye fairy prospects, then,
Ye beds of roses, and ye bowers of joy,
Farewell ! Ye gleamings of departed peace,
Shine out your last ! the yellow-tinging plague 1080
Internal vision taints, and in a night
Of livid gloom imagination wraps.
Ah then ; instead of love-enlivened cheeks,
Of sunny features, and of ardent eyes
With flowing rapture bright, dark looks succeed, 1085
Suffus'd and glaring with untender fire ;
A clouded aspect, and a burning cheek,
Where the whole poison'd soul, malignant, sits,
And frightens love away. Ten thousand fears
Invented wild, ten thousand frantic views 1090
Of horrid rivals, hanging on the charms

For which he melts in fondness, eat him up
With fervent anguish, and consuming rage.

In vain reproaches lend their idle aid,

Deceitful pride, and resolution frail,

Giving false peace a moment. Fancy pours,
Afresh, her beauties on his busy thought,

Her first endearments twining round the soul,

With all the witchcraft of ensnaring love.

Straight the fierce storm involves his mind anew, 1100

Flames thro' the nerves, and boils along the veins ;

While anxious doubt distracts the tortur'd heart :

For even the sad assurance of his fears

Were ease to what he feels. Thus the warm youth,

Whom love deludes into his thorny wilds, 1105

Thro' flowery-tempting paths, or leads a life

Of fevered rapture, or of cruel care ;

His brightest flames extinguish'd all, and all

His lively moments running down to waste.

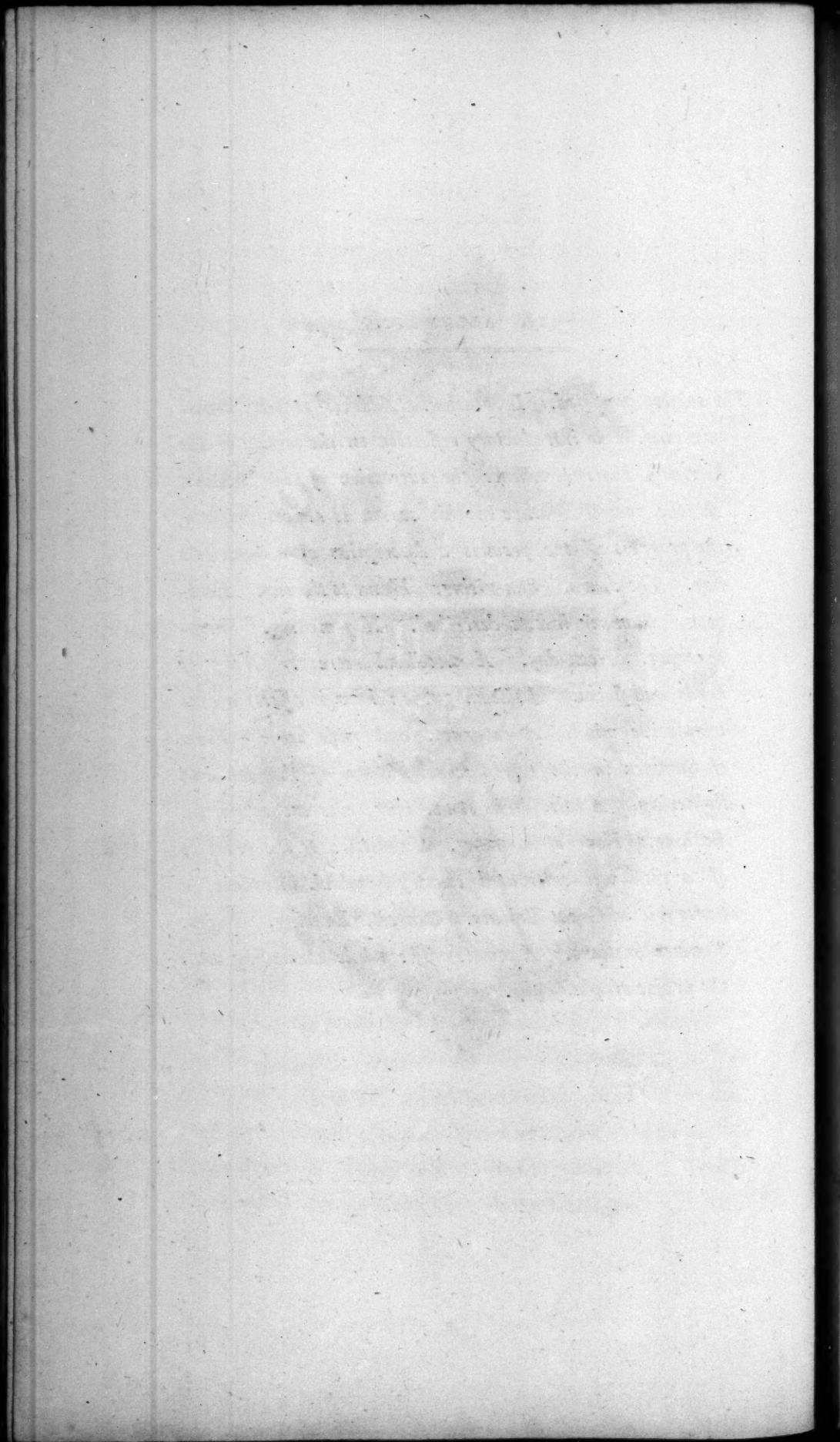
BUT happy they ! the happiest of their kind ! 1110
Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.
'Tis not the coarser tie of human laws,
Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,
That binds their peace, but harmony itself, 1115
Attuning all their passions into love ;
Where friendship full-exerts her softest power,
Perfect esteem enlivened by desire.

Ineffable, and sympathy of soul ;
Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will, 1120
With boundless confidence : for nought but love
Can answer love, and render bliss secure.
Let him, ungenerous, who, alone intent
To bless himself, from sordid parents buys
The loathing virgin, in eternal care, 1125
Well-merited, consume his nights and days :
Let barbarous nations, whose inhuman love
Is wild desire, fierce as the suns they feel ;
Let eastern tyrants, from the light of Heaven
Seclude their bosom-slaves, meanly possess'd
Of a mere, lifeless, violated form : 1130
While those whom love cements in holy faith,
And equal transport, free as Nature live,
Disdaining fear. What is the world to them,
Its pomp, its pleasure, and its nonsense all ! 1135
Who in each other clasp whatever fair
High fancy forms, and lavish hearts can wish ;
Something than beauty dearer, should they look
Or on the mind, or mind-illumin'd face ;
Truth, goodness, honour, harmony, and love, 1140
The richest bounty of indulgent Heaven.
Meantime a smiling offspring rises round,
And mingles both their graces. By degrees,
The human blossom blows ; and every day,
Soft as it rolls along, shews some new charm, 1145
The father's lustre, and the mother's bloom.

Then infant reason grows apace, and calls
For the kind hand of an assiduous care.
Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot, 1150
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
To breathe th' enlivening spirit, and to fix
The generous purpose in the glowing breast.
Oh speak the joy! ye, whom the sudden tear
Surprises often, while you look around. 1155
And nothing strikes your eye but sights of bliss,
All various Nature pressing on the heart:
An elegant sufficiency; content,
Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
Ease and alternate labour, useful life, 1160
Progressive virtue, and approving Heaven.
These are the matchless joys of virtuous love;
And thus their moments fly. The Seasons thus,
As ceaseless round a jarring world they roll,
Still find them happy; and consenting Spring 1165
Sheds her own rosy garland on their heads:
Till evening comes at last, serene and mild;
When after the long vernal day of life,
Enamour'd more, as more remembrance swells
With many a proof of recollected love, 1170
Together down they sink in social sleep;
Together freed, their gentle spirits fly
To scenes where love and bliss immortal reign.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The subject proposed. Invocation. Address to Mr. DOD-
INGTON. An introductory reflection on the motion of the
heavenly bodies; whence the succession of the seasons.
As the face of Nature in this season is almost uniform,
the progress of the poem is a description of a Summer's
day. The dawn. Sun-rising. Hymn to the sun. Fore-
noon. Summer insects described. Hay-making. Sheep-
shearing. Noon-day. A woodland retreat. Group of
herds and flocks. A solemn grove: how it affects a con-
templative mind. A cataract, and rude scene. View
of Summer in the torrid zone. Storm of thunder and
lightening. A tale. The storm over, a serene afternoon.
Bathing. Hour of walking. Transition to the prospect
of a rich well-cultivated country; which introduces a
panegyric on Great Britain. Sun-set. Evening. Night.
Summer meteors. A comet. The whole concluding with
the praise of philosophy.*





Anrell delin.^t

Birrell sculp.^t



SUMMER.

FROM bright'ning fields of ether fair disclos'd,
Child of the sun, resplendent SUMMER comes,
In pride of youth, and felt thro' Nature's depth.
He comes attended by the sultry hours,
And ever-fanning breezes, on his way :
While, from his ardent look, the turning Spring
Averts her blushful face ; and earth, and skies,
All smiling, to his hot dominion leaves. 5

HENCE, let me haste into the mid-wood shade,
Where scarce a sun-beam wanders thro' the gloom ; 10
And on the dark-green grass, beside the brink
Of haunted stream, that by the roots of oak
Rolls o'er the rocky channel, lie at large,
And sing the glories of the circling year.

COME, Inspiration! from thy hermit-seat,
By mortal seldom found: may Fancy dare,
From thy fix'd serious eye, and raptur'd glance
Shot on surrounding Heaven, to steal one look
Creative of the Poet, every power
Exalting to an ecstasy of soul.

15

20

AND thou, my youthful Muse's early friend,
In whom the human graces all unite:
Pure light of mind, and tenderness of heart;
Genius, and wisdom; the gay social sense,
By decency chas'tis'd: goodness and wit,
In seldom-meeting harmony combin'd;
Unblemish'd honour, and an active zeal
For Britain's glory, Liberty, and Man:
O DODINGTON! attend my rural song,
Stoop to my theme, inspirit every line,
And teach me to deserve thy just applause.

25

30

WITH what an awful world-revolving power
Were first th' unwieldy planets launch'd along
Th' illimitable void! Thus to remain,
Amid the flux of many thousand years,
That oft has swept the toiling race of Men,
And all their labour'd monuments away,
Firm, unremitting, matchless, in their course
To the kind temper'd change of night and day,

35

And of the seasons ever stealing round, 40
Minutely faithful: Such TH' ALL-PERFECT HAND,
That pois'd, impels, and rules the steady Whole.

WHEN now no more th' alternate Twins are fir'd,
And Cancer reddens with the solar blaze,
Short is the doubtful empire of the night ; 45
And soon observant of approaching day,
The meek-ey'd Morn appears, mother of dews,
At first faint-gleaming in the dappled east :
Till far o'er ether spreads the widening glow ;
And, from before the lustre of her face, 50
White break the clouds away. With quickened step,
Brown Night retires : Young Day pours in apace,
And opens all the lawny prospect wide.
The dripping rock, the mountain's misty top
Swell on the sight, and brighten with the dawn. 55
Blue, thro' the dusk, the smoking currents shine ;
And from the bladed field the fearful hare
Limps, awkward ; while along the forest glade
The wild deer trip, and, often turning, gaze
At early passenger. Music awakes 60
The native voice of undissembled joy ;
And thick around the woodland hymns arise.
Rous'd by the cock, the soon-clad shepherd leaves
His mossy cottage, where with Peace he dwells ;
And from the crowded fold, in order, drives 65
His flock, to taste the verdure of the morn.

FALSELY luxurious, will not Man awake ;
 And, springing from the bed of sloth, enjoy
 The cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour,
 To meditation due, and sacred song ?

For is there aught in sleep can charm the wise ?
 To lie in dead oblivion, losing half
 The fleeting moments of too short a life ;
 Total extinction of th' enlightened soul !

Or else to feverish vanity alive,
 Wildered, and tossing thro' distemper'd dreams ?
 Who would in such a gloomy state remain
 Longer than Nature craves ; when every Muse
 And every blooming pleasure wait without,
 To bless the wildy-devious morning-walk ?

BUT yonder comes the powerful King of Day,
 Rejoicing in the east. The lessening cloud,
 The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow
 Illum'd with fluid gold, his near approach
 Betoken glad. Lo ! now, apparent all,
 Aslant the dew-bright earth, and colour'd air,
 He looks in boundless majesty abroad ;
 And sheds the shining day, that, burnish'd, plays
 On rocks, and hills, and towers, and wand'ring streams,
 High-gleaming from afar. Prime cheerer, Light !
 Of all material beings first, and best !
 Efflux divine ! Nature's resplendent robe !

70

75

80

85

90

Without whose vesting beauty all were wrapt
 In unessential gloom ; and thou, O Sun !
 Soul of surrounding worlds ! in whom best seen
 Shines out thy Maker ! may I sing of thee ?

95

'Tis by thy secret, strong, attractive force,
 As with a chain indissoluble bound,
 Thy System rolls entire : from the far bourne
 Of utmost Saturn, wheeling wide his round
 Of thirty years ; to Mercury, whose disk
 Can scarce be caught by philosophic eye,
 Lost in the near effulgence of thy blaze.

100

INFORMER of the planetary train,
 Without whose quick'ning glance their cumbrous orbs
 Were brute unlovely mass, inert and dead ;
 And not, as now, the green abodes of life ;
 How many forms of being wait on thee,
 Inhaling spirit ! from th' unfetter'd mind,
 By thee sublim'd, down to the daily race,
 The mixing myriads of thy setting beam ?

106

110

THE vegetable world is also thine,
 Parent of Seasons ! who the pomp precede
 That waits thy throne, as thro' thy vast domain,
 Annual, along the bright ecliptic road,
 In world-rejoicing state, it moves sublime.

115

Meantime th' expecting nations, circled gay
With all the various tribes of foodful earth,
Implore thy bounty, or send grateful up
A common hymn : while, round thy beaming car, 120
High-seen, the Seasons lead, in sprightly dance
Harmonious knit, the rosy-finger'd hours,
The zephyrs floating loose, the timely rains,
Of bloom ethereal the light-footed dews,
And soften'd into joy the surly storms. 125
These, in successive turn, with lavish hand,
Shower every beauty, every fragrance shower,
Herbs, flowers, and fruits ; till, kindling at thy touch,
From land to land is flush'd the vernal year.

NOR to the surface of enliven'd earth, 130
Graceful with hills and dales, and leafy woods,
Her liberal tresses, is thy force confin'd :
But, to the bowel'd cavern darting deep,
The mineral kinds confess thy mighty power.
Effulgent, hence the veiny marble shines ; 135
Hence Labour draws his tools ; hence burnish'd War
Gleams on the day ; the nobler works of Peace
Hence bless mankind, and generous Commerce binds
The round of nations in a golden chain.

TH' unfruitful rock itself, impregn'd by thee, 140
In dark retirement forms the lucid stone.

The lively Diamond drinks thy purest rays,
Collected light, compact ; that, polish'd bright,
And all its native lustre let abroad,
Dares, as it sparkles on the fair-one's breast, 145
With vain ambition emulate her eyes.

At thee the Ruby lights its deep'ning glow,
And with a waving radiance inward flames.

From thee the Sapphire, solid ether, takes
Its hue cerulean ; and of evening tinct, 150
The purple-streaming Amethyst is thine.

With thy own smile the yellow Topaz burns.

Nor deeper verdure dyes the robe of Spring,
When first she gives it to the southern gale,

Than the green Emerald shows. But, all combin'd, 155

Thick thro' the whitening Opal play thy beams ;

Or, flying several from its surface, form
A trembling variance of revolving hues,

As the site varies in the gazer's hand.

THE very dead creation, from thy touch, 160
Assumes a mimic life. By thee refin'd,

In brighter mazes the relucent stream

Plays o'er the mead. The precipice abrupt,
Projecting horror on the blacken'd flood,

Softens at thy return. The desert joys

Wildly, thro' all his melancholy bounds.

Rude ruins glitter ; and the briny deep,

Seen from some pointed promontory's top,
 Far to the blue horizon's utmost verge,
 Restless, reflects a floating gleam. But this,
 And all the much-transported Muse can sing,
 Are to thy beauty, dignity, and use,
 Unequal far; great delegated source
 Of light, and life; and grace, and joy below!

170

How shall I then attempt to sing of **HIM** !

175

Who, **LIGHT HIMSELF**, in uncreated light
 Invested deep, dwells awfully retir'd
 From mortal eye, or angel's purer ken;
 Whose single smile has, from the first of time,
 Fill'd, overflowing, all those lamps of heaven,
 That beam for ever thro' the boundless sky :
 But, should he hide his face, th' astonish'd sun,
 And all th' extinguish'd stars, would loosening reel
 Wide from their spheres, and Chaos come again ?

180

And yet was ev'ry falt'ring tongue of Man;

185

ALMIGHTY FATHER ! silent in thy praise ;
 Thy works themselves would raise a general voice,
 Even in the depth of solitary woods
 By human foot untrod; proclaim thy power,
 And to the quire celestial **THEE** resound,
 Th' eternal cause, support, and end of all !

190

To me be Nature's volume broad-display'd ;
And to peruse its all-instructing page,
Or, haply catching inspiration thence,
Some easy passage, raptur'd, to translate,
My sole delight ; as thro' the falling glooms
Pensive I stray, or with the rising dawn
On Fancy's eagle-wing excursive soar.

195

Now, flaming up the heavens, the potent sun
Melts into limpid air the high-rais'd clouds,
And morning fogs, that hover'd round the hills
In party-colour'd bands ; till wide unveil'd
The face of Nature shines, from where earth seems,
Far-stretch'd around, to meet the bending sphere.

200

HALF in a blush of clust'ring roses lost,
Dew-dropping coolness to the shade retires ;
There, on the verdant turf, or flowery bed,
By gelid founts and careless rills to muse ;
While tyrant Heat, disspreading thro' the sky,
With rapid sway, his burning influence darts
On Man, and beast, and herb, and tepid stream.

205

Who can unpitying see the flowery race,
Shed by the morn, their new-flush'd bloom resign,
Before the parching beam ? So fade the fair,
When fevers revel thro' their azure veins.

210

215

But one, the lofty follower of the sun,
Sad when he sets, shuts up her yellow leaves,
Drooping all night; and, when he warm returns,
Points her enamour'd bosom to his ray.

HOME, from his morning task, the swain retreats; 220
His flock before him stepping to the fold :
While the full-udder'd mothers low around
The cheerful cottage, then expecting food,
The food of innocence, and health! The daw,
The rook and magpie, to the grey-grown oaks 225
That the calm village in their verdant arms,
Sheltering, embrace, direct their lazy flight;
Where on the mingling boughs they sit embower'd,
All the hot noon, till cooler hours arise.
Faint, underneath, the household fowls convene; 230
And, in a corner of the buzzing shade,
The house-dog, with the vacant greyhound, lies,
Out-stretch'd, and sleepy. In his slumbers one
Attacks the nightly thief, and one exults
O'er hill and dale; till, wakened by the wasp, 235
They starting snap. Nor shall the Muse disdain
To let the little noisy summer-race
Live in her lay, and flutter thro' her song:
Not mean, tho' simple; to the sun ally'd,
From him they draw their animating fire. 240

WAK'D by his warmer ray, the reptile young
Come wing'd abroad ; by the light air upborn,
Lighter, and full of soul. From every chink,
And secret corner, where they slept away
The wint'ry storms ; or rising from their tombs, 245
To higher life ; by myriads, forth at once,
Swarming they pour ; of all the vary'd hues
Their beauty-beaming parent can disclose.
Ten thousand forms ! ten thousand different tribes !
People the blaze. To sunny waters some 250
By fatal instinct fly ; where on the pool
They, sportive, wheel ; or, sailing down the stream,
Are snatch'd immediate by the quick-ey'd trout,
Or darting salmon. Thro' the green-wood glade
Some love to stray ; there lodg'd, amus'd and fed, 255
In the fresh leaf. Luxurious, others make
The meads their choice, and visit every flower,
And every latent herb : for the sweet task,
To propagate their kinds, and where to wrap,
In what soft beds, their young yet undisclos'd, 260
Employs their tender care. Some to the house,
The fold, and dairy, hungry, bend their flight ;
Sip round the pail, or taste the curdling cheese :
Oft, inadvertent, from the milky stream
They meet their fate ; or, weltering in the bowl, 265
With powerless wings around them wrapt, expire.

BUT chief to heedless flies the window proves
 A constant death ; where, gloomily retir'd,
 The villain spider lives, cunning, and fierce,
 Mixture abhor'd ! Amid a mangled heap 270
 Of carcases, in eager watch he sits,
 O'erlooking all his waving snares around.
 Near the dire cell the dreadless wand'rer oft
 Passes, as oft the ruffian shows his front ;
 The prey at last ensnar'd, he dreadful darts, 275
 With rapid glide, along the leaning line ;
 And, fixing in the wretch his cruel fangs,
 Strikes backward, grimly pleas'd : the fluttering wing,
 And shriller sound, declare extreme distress,
 And ask the helping hospitable hand. 280

RESOUNDS the living surface of the ground :
 Nor undelightful is the ceaseless hum,
 To him who muses thro' the woods at noon ;
 Or drowsy shepherd, as he lies reclin'd,
 With half-shut eyes, beneath the floating shade 285
 Of willows grey, close-crowding o'er the brook.

GRADUAL, from these what numerous kinds descend,
 Evading even the microscopic eye !
 Full Nature swarms with life ; one wond'rous mass
 Of animals, or atoms organiz'd, 290
 Waiting the vital breath ; when PARENT-HEAVEN

Shall bid his spirit blow. The hoary fen,
In putrid steams, emits the living cloud
Of pestilence. Thro' subterranean cells,
Where searching sun-beams scarce can find a way, 295
Earth animated heaves. The flowery leaf
Wants not its soft inhabitants. Secure,
Within its winding citadel, the stone
Holds multitudes. But chief the forest-boughs,
That dance unnumber'd to the playful breeze, 300
The downy orchard, and the melting pulp
Of mellow fruit, the nameless nations feed
Of evanescent insects. Where the pool
Stands mantled o'er with green, invisible,
Amid the floating verdure millions stray. 305
Each liquid too, whether it pierces, soothes,
Inflames, refreshes, or exalts the taste,
With various forms abounds. Nor is the stream
Of purest crystal, nor the lucid air,
Tho' one transparent vacancy it seems, 310
Void of their unseen people. These, conceal'd
By the kind art of forming Heaven, escape
The grosser eye of Man: for, if the worlds
In worlds inclos'd should on his senses burst,
From cates ambrosial, and the nectar'd bowl, 315
He would abhorrent turn; and in dead night,
When silence sleeps o'er all, be stunn'd with noise.

LET no presuming impious railer tax
CREATIVE WISDOM, as if aught was form'd
In vain, or not for admirable ends. 320

Shall little haughty ignorance pronounce
His works unwise, of which the smallest part
Exceeds the narrow vision of her mind ?
As if upon a full proportion'd dome,
On swelling columns heav'd, the pride of art ! 325

A critic-fly, whose feeble ray scarce spreads
An inch arround, with blind presumption bold,
Should dare to tax the structure of the whole.
And lives the Man, whose universal eye
Has swept at once th' unbounded scheme of things ; 330

Mark'd their dependance so, and firm accord,
As with unfaltering accent to conclude
That This availeth nought ? Has any seen
The mighty chain of beings, lessening down
From INFINITE PERFECTION to the brink 335

Of dreary Nothing, desolate abyss !
From which astonish'd thought, recoiling, turns ?
Till then alone let zealous praise ascend,
And hymns of holy wonder, to that POWER,
Whose wisdom shines as lovely on our minds, 340

As on our smiling eyes his servant-sun.

THICK in yon stream of light, a thousand ways,
Upward, and downward, thwarting, and convolv'd,

At last, of snowy white, the gather'd flocks
Are in the wattled pen innumerous press'd, 395
Head above head : and, rang'd in lusty rows,
The shepherds sit, and whet the sounding shears.
The housewife waits to roll her fleecy stores,
With all her gay-drest maids attending round.
One, chief, in gracious dignity enthron'd, 400
Shines o'er the rest, the pastoral queen, and rays
Her smiles, sweet-beaming, on her shepherd-king ;
While the glad circle round them yield their souls
To festive mirth, and wit that knows no gall.
Meantime, their joyous task goes on apace : 405
Some mingling stir the melted tar ; and some,
Deep on the new-shorn vagrant's heaving side,
To stamp his master's cypher ready stand :
Others th' unwilling wether drag along ;
And, glorying in his might, the sturdy boy 410
Holds by the twisted horns th' indignant ram.
Behold where bound, and of its robe bereft,
By needy Man, that all-depending lord,
How meek, how patient, the mild creature lies !
What softness in its melancholy face ! 415
What dumb complaining innocence appears !
Fear not, ye gentle tribes ! 'tis not the knife
Of horrid slaughter that is o'er you wav'd ;
No, 'tis the tender swain's well-guided shears,
Who having now, to pay his annual care, 420

Borrow'd your fleece, to you a cumbrous load,
Will send you bounding to your hills again.

A SIMPLE SCENE! yet hence BRITANNIA sees
Her solid grandeur rise: hence she commands
Th' exalted stores of every brighter clime, 425
The treasures of the Sun without his rage:
Hence, fervent all, with culture, toil, and arts,
Wide glows her land: her dreadful thunder hence
Rides o'er the waves sublime, and now, even now,
Impending hangs o'er Gallia's humbled coast; 430
Hence rules the circling deep, and awes the world,

'Tis raging Noon; and, vertical, the Sun
Darts on the head direct his forceful rays.
O'er heaven and earth, far as the ranging eye
Can sweep, a dazzling deluge reigns; and all 435
From pole to pole is undistinguish'd blaze.
In vain the sight, dejected to the ground,
Stoops for relief; thence hot ascending steams
And keen reflection pain. Deep to the root
Of vegetation parch'd, the cleaving fields 440
And slippery lawn an arid hue disclose,
Blast Fancy's blooms, and wither even the Soul.
Echo no more returns the cheerful sound
Of sharp'ning scythe: the mower, sinking, heaps
O'er him the humid hay, with flowers perfum'd; 445

The quivering nations sport ; till, tempest-wing'd,
Fierce Winter sweeps them from the face of day. 345
Even so luxurious Men, unheeding, pass
An idle summer life in fortune's shine,
A season's glitter ! Thus they flutter on
From toy to toy, from vanity to vice;
Till, blown away by death, oblivion comes 350
Behind, and strikes them from the book of life.

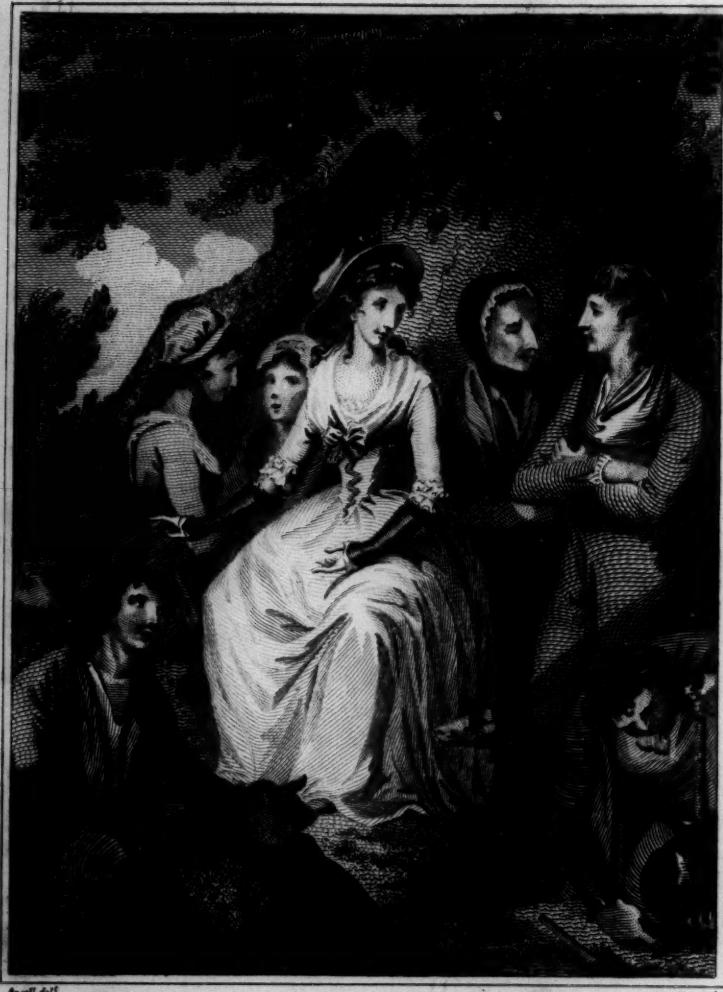
Now swarms the village o'er the jovial mead :
The rustic youth, brown with meridian toil,
Healthful and strong ; full as the summer-rose
Blown by prevailing suns, the ruddy maid, 355
Half-naked, swelling on the sight, and all
Her kindled graces burning o'er her cheek.
Even stooping age is here ; and infant-hands
Trail the long rake, or, with the fragrant load
O'ercharg'd, amid the kind oppression roll. 360
Wide flies the tedded grain ; all in a row
Advancing broad, or wheeling round the field,
They spread the breathing harvest to the sun,
That throws refreshful round a rural smell ;
Or, as they rake the green-appearing ground, 365
And drive the dusky wave along the mead,
The russet hay-cock rises thick behind,
In order gay : while, heard from dale to dale,

Waking the breeze, resounds the blended voice
Of happy labour, love, and social glee.

370

OR, rushing thence, in one diffusive band,
They drive the troubled flocks, by many a dog
Compell'd, to where the mazy-running brook
Forms a deep pool; this bank abrupt and high,
And that fair-spreading in a pebbled shore. 375
Urg'd to the giddy brink, much is the toil,
The clamour much, of men, and boys, and dogs,
Ere the soft fearful people to the flood
Commit their woolly sides. And oft the swain,
On some impatient seizing, hurls them in: 380
Embolden'd then, nor hesitating more,
Fast, fast, they plunge amid the flashing wave,
And, panting, labour to the farthest shore.
Repeated this, till deep the well-wash'd fleece
Has drunk the flood, and from his lively haunt 385
The trout is banish'd by the sordid stream;
Heavy, and dripping, to the breezy brow
Slow move the harmless race; where, as they spread
Their swelling treasures to the sunny ray,
Inly disturb'd, and wondering what this wild 390
Outrageous tumult means, their loud complaints
The country fill; and, toss'd from rock to rock,
Incessant bleatings run around the hills.





Ansell del^t

Burrell sculp^t

*One chief, in gracious dignity enthron'd
Shines o'er the rest, the pastoral queen, and rays
Her smiles, sweet beaming on her shepherd king.*

Summer 1.400.

Here laid his scrip, with wholesome viands fill'd ;
There, list'ning every noise, his watchful dog.

LIGHT fly his slumbers, if perchance a flight
Of angry gad-flies fasten on the herd ;
That startling scatters from the shallow brook, 500
In search of lavish stream. Tossing the foam,
They scorn the keeper's voice, and scour the plain,
Thro' all the bright severity of noon ;
While, from their labouring breasts, a hollow moan
Proceeding, runs low-bellowing round the hills. 505

OFF in this season too the horse, provok'd,
While his big sinews full of spirits swell,
Trembling with vigour, in the heat of blood,
Springs the high fence ; and, o'er the field effus'd,
Darts on the gloomy flood, with steadfast eye, 510
And heart estranged to fear : his nervous chest,
Luxuriant, and erect, the seat of strength !
Bears down th' opposing stream : quenchless his thirst,
He takes the river at redoubled draughts ;
And with wide nostrils, snorting, skims the wave. 515

STILL let me pierce into the midnight depth
Of yonder grove, of wildest; largest growth ;
That, forming high in air a woodland quire,
Nods o'er the mount beneath. At every step,

Solemn, and slow, the shadows blacker fall,
And all is awful listening gloom around.

520

THESE are the haunts of Meditation : these
The scenes where ancient bards th' inspiring breath,
Ecstatic, felt ; and, from this world retir'd,
Convers'd with angels, and immortal forms,
On gracious errands bent, to save the fall
Of virtue struggling on the brink of vice ;
In waking whispers, and repeated dreams,
To hint pure thoughts, and warn the favour'd soul
For future trials fated to prepare ;
To prompt the poet, who devoted gives
His muse to better themes ; to soothe the pangs
Of dying worth, and from the patriot's breast
(Backward to mingle in detested war,
But foremost when engag'd) to turn the death ;
And numberless such offices of love,
Daily, and nightly, zealous to perform.

530

535

540

SHOOK sudden from the bosom of the sky,
A thousand shapes or glide athwart the dusk,
Or stalk majestic on. Deep-rous'd, I feel
A sacred terror, a severe delight,
Creep thro' my mortal frame ; and thus, methinks,
A voice, than human more, th' abstracted ear
Of fancy strikes : " Be not of us afraid,

And scarce a chirping grass-hopper is heard
Thro' the dumb mead. Distressful Nature pants.
The very streams look languid from afar ;
Or, thro' th' unshelter'd glade, impatient, seem
To hurl into the covert of the grove.

450

ALL-conquering Heat, oh intermit thy wrath !
And on my throbbing temples potent thus
Beam not so fierce ! Incessant still you flow,
And still another fervent flood succeeds,
Pour'd on the head profuse. In vain I sigh, 455
And restless turn, and look around for Night :
Night is far off ; and hotter hours approach.
Thrice happy he, who on the sunless side
Of a romantic mountain, forest-crown'd,
Beneath the whole collected shade declines ! 460
Or in the gelid caverns, woodbine-wrought,
And fresh bedew'd with ever-spouting streams,
Sits coolly calm ; while all the world without,
Unsatisfied, and sick, tosses in noon !
Emblem instructive of the virtuous Man, 465
Who keeps his temper'd mind serene, and pure,
And every passion aptly harmoniz'd,
Amid a jarring world with vice inflam'd !

WELCOME, ye shades ! ye bowery thickets, hail !
Ye lofty pines ! ye venerable oaks ! 470

Ye ashes wild, resounding o'er the steep !
Delicious is your shelter to the soul,
As to the hunted hart the sallying spring,
Or stream full-flowing, that his swelling sides
Laves, as he floats along the herbag'd brink. 475
Cool, thro' the nerves, your pleasing comfort glides ;
The heart beats glad ; the fresh-expanded eye
And ear resume their watch ; the sinews knit ;
And life shoots swift thro' all the lighten'd limbs.

AROUND th' adjoining brook, that purls along 480
The vocal grove, now fretting o'er a rock,
Now scarcely moving thro' a reedy pool,
Now starting to a sudden stream, and now
Gently diffus'd into a limpid plain,
A various group the herds and flocks compose ; 485
Rural confusion ! On the grassy bank
Some ruminating lie ; while others stand
Half in the flood, and, often bending, sip
The circling surface. In the middle droops
The strong laborious ox, of honest front, 490
Which incompos'd he shakes ; and from his sides
The troubrous insects lashes with his tail,
Returning still. Amid his subjects safe,
Slumbers the monarch-swain ; his careless arm
Thrown round his head, on downy moss sustain'd : 495

“ Poor kindred Man ! thy fellow-creatures, we 545

“ From the same PARENT-POWER our beings drew,

“ The same our Lord, and laws, and great pursuit.

“ Once, some of us, like thee, thro’ stormy life,

“ Toil’d, tempest-beaten, ere we could attain

“ This holy calm, this harmony of mind, 550

“ Where purity and peace immingle charms.

“ Then fear not us ; but with responsive song,

“ Amid these dim recesses, undisturb’d

“ By noisy folly and discordant vice,

“ Of Nature sing with us, and Nature’s GOD. 555

“ Here frequent, at the visionary hour,

“ When musing midnight reigns, or silent noon,

“ Angelic harps are in full concert heard,

“ And voices chanting from the wood-crown’d hill,

“ The deep’ning dale, or inmost sylvan glade : 560

“ A privilege bestow’d by us, alone,

“ On contemplation, or the hallow’d ear

“ Of Poet, swelling to seraphic strain.”

AND art thou, STANLEY *, of that sacred band ?

Alas, for us too soon ! Tho’ rais’d above 565

The reach of human pain, above the flight

Of human joy ; yet, with a mingled ray

Of sadly pleas’d remembrance, must thou feel

A mother’s love, a mother’s tender woe :

* A young lady, well known to the Author, who died at the age of eighteen, in the 1738.

Who seeks thee still, in many a former scene : 570
 Seeks thy fair form, thy lovely-beaming eyes,
 Thy pleasing converse, by gay lively sense
 Inspir'd : where moral wisdom mildly shone,
 Without the toil of art ; and virtue glow'd
 In all her smiles, without forbidding pride. 575
 But, O thou best of parents ! wipe thy tears ;
 Or rather to PARENTAL NATURE pay
 The tears of grateful joy, who for a while
 Lent thee this younger self, this op'ning bloom
 Of thy enlighten'd mind and gentle worth. 580
 Believe the Muse : the wintry blast of death
 Kills not the buds of virtue ; no, they spread,
 Beneath the heavenly beam of brighter suns,
 Thro' endless ages, into higher powers.

THUS up the mount, in airy vision rapt, 585
 I stray, regardless whither ; till the sound
 Of a near fall of water every sense
 Wakes from the charm of thought : swift-shrinking back,
 I check my steps, and view the broken scene.

SMOOTH to the shelving brink a copious flood 590
 Rolls fair, and placid ; where collected all,
 In one impetuous torrent, down the steep
 It thundering shoots, and shakes the country round.
 At first, an azure sheet, it rushes broad :
 Then whitening by degrees, as prone it falls, 595

And from the loud-resounding rocks below,
 Dash'd in a cloud of foam, it sends aloft
 A hoary mist, and forms a ceaseless shower.
 Nor can the tortur'd wave here find repose :

But, raging still amid the shaggy rocks,
 Now flashes o'er the scatter'd fragments, now
 Aslant the hollowed channel rapid darts ;
 And, falling fast from gradual slope to slope,
 With wild infracted course, and lessen'd roar,
 It gains a safer bed, and steals, at last,

Along the mazes of the quiet vale. 605

INVITED from the cliff, to whose dark brow
 He clings, the steep-ascending eagle soars,
 With upward pinions, thro' the flood of day ;
 And, giving full his bosom to the blaze,
 Gains on the sun ; while all the tuneful race,
 Smit by afflictive noon, disorder'd droop
 Deep in the thicket ; or, from bower to bower
 Responsive, force an interrupted strain.

The stock-dove only thro' the forest cooes,
 Mournfully hoarse ; oft ceasing from his plaint,
 Short interval of weary woe ! again
 The sad idea of his murder'd mate,
 Struck from his side by savage fowler's guile,
 Across his fancy comes ; and then resounds
 A louder song of sorrow thro' the grove.

610

615

620

BESIDE the dewy border let me sit,
 All in the freshness of the humid air ;
 There, in that hollowed rock, grotesque and wild,
 An ample chair moss-lin'd, and over head
 By flowering umbrage shaded ; where the bee
 Strays diligent, and with th' extracted balm
 Of fragrant woodbine loads his little thigh. 625

Now, while I taste the sweetness of the shade,
 While Nature lies around deep-lull'd in noon, 630
 Now come, bold Fancy, spread a daring flight,
 And view the wonders of the torrid zone :
 Climes unrelenting ! with whose rage compar'd,
 Yon blaze is feeble, and yon skies are cool.

SEE, how at once the bright-effulgent Sun, 635
 Rising direct, swift chases from the sky
 The short-liv'd twilight ; and, with ardent blaze,
 Looks gayly fierce o'er all the dazzling air :
 He mounts his throne ; but, kind, before him sends,
 Issuing from out the portals of the morn, 640
 The general * breeze, to mitigate his fire,
 And breathe refreshment on a fainting world.
 Great are the scenes, with dreadful beauty crown'd

* Which blows constantly between the tropics from the east, or the collateral points, the north-east and south-east; caused by the pressure of the rarefied air on that before it, according to the diurnal motion of the sun from east to west.

And barbarous wealth, that see, each circling year,
Returning Suns and * double Seasons pass: 645
Rocks rich in gems, and mountains big with mines,
That on the high equator ridgy rise,
Whence many a bursting stream auriferous plays :
Majestic woods, of every vigorous green,
Stage above stage, high-waving o'er the hills ; 650
Or to the far horizon wide diffus'd,
A boundless deep immensity of shade.
Here lofty trees, to ancient song unknown,
The noble sons of potent heat and floods
Prone-rushing from the clouds, rear high to Heaven 655
Their thorny stems, and broad around them throw
Meridian gloom. Here, in eternal prime,
Unnumber'd fruits, of keen delicious taste
And vital spirit, drink amid the cliffs,
And burning sands that bank the shrubby vales, 660
Redoubled day, yet in their rugged coats
A friendly juice to cool its rage contain.

BEAR me, Pomona! to thy citron groves ;
To where the lemon and the piercing lime,
With the deep orange, glowing thro' the green, 665
Their lighter glories blend. Lay me reclin'd
Beneath the spreading tamarind, that shakes,

* In all climates between the tropics, the Sun, as he passes and repasses in his annual motion, is twice a-year vertical, which produces this effect.

Fann'd by the breeze, its fever-cooling fruit.
 Deep in the night the massy locust sheds,
 Quench my hot limbs; or lead me thro' the maze, 670
 Embow'ring endless, of the Indian fig:
 Or thrown at gayer ease, on some fair brow,
 Let me behold, by breezy murmurs cool'd,
 Broad o'er my head the verdant cedar wave,
 And high palmetos lift their graceful shade. 675
 O, stretch'd amid these orchards of the sun,
 Give me to drain the cocoa's milky bowl,
 And from the palm to draw its freshening wine!
 More bounteous far than all the frantic juice
 Which Bacchus pours. Nor, on its slender twigs 680
 Low-bending, be the full pomegranate scorn'd;
 Nor, creeping thro' the woods, the gelid race
 Of berries. Oft in humble station dwells
 Unboastful worth, above fastidious pomp.
 Witness, thou best Anâna, thou the pride 685
 Of vegetable life, beyond whate'er
 The poets imag'd in the golden age:
 Quick let me strip thee of thy tufty coat,
 Spread thy ambrosial stores, and feast with Jove!

FROM these the prospect varies. Plains immense 690
 Lie stretch'd below, interminable meads,
 And vast savannahs, where the wandering eye,
 Unfixt, is in a verdant ocean lost.

Another Flora there, of bolder hues,
And richer sweets, beyond our garden's pride, 695
Plays o'er the fields, and showers with sudden hand
Exuberant spring : for oft these valleys shift
Their green-embroider'd robe to fiery brown,
And swift to green again, as scorching suns,
Or streaming dews and torrent rains, prevail. 700

ALONG these lonely regions, where, retir'd
From little scenes of art, great Nature dwells
In awful solitude, and nought is seen
But the wild herds that own no master's stall,
Prodigious rivers roll their fatt'ning seas : 705
On whose luxuriant herbage half-conceal'd,
Like a fall'n cedar, far-diffus'd his train,
Cas'd in green scales, the crocodile extends.
The flood disparts : behold ! in plaited mail,
Behemoth * rears his head. Glanc'd from his side, 710
The darted steel in idle shivers flies ;
He fearless walks the plain, or seeks the hills ;
Where, as he crops his varied fare, the herds,
In wid'ning circle round, forget their food,
And at the harmless stranger wond'ring gaze. 715

PEACEFUL, beneath primeval trees, that cast
Their ample shade o'er Niger's yellow stream,

* The Hippopotamus, or river-horse.

And where the Ganges rolls his sacred wave ;
 Or mid the central depth of blackening woods,
 High-rais'd in solemn theatre around ; 720
 Leans the huge elephant : wisest of brutes !
 O truly wise ! with gentle might endow'd,
 Tho' powerful, not destructive ! Here he sees
 Revolving ages sweep the changeful earth,
 And empires rise and fall ; regardless he 725
 Of what the never-resting race of Men
 Project : thrice happy ! could he 'scape their guile,
 Who mine, from cruel avarice, his steps :
 Or with his towery grandeur swell their state,
 The pride of kings ! or else his strength pervert, 730
 And bid him rage amid the mortal fray,
 Astonish'd at the madness of mankind.

WIDE o'er the winding umbrage of the floods,
 Like vivid blossoms glowing from afar,
 Thick-swarm the brighter birds. For Nature's hand, 735
 That with a sportive vanity has deck'd
 The plumpy nations, there her gayest hues
 Profusely pours. But *, if she bids them shine,
 Array'd in all the beauteous beams of day,
 Yet frugal still, she humbles them in song. 740
 Nor envy we the gaudy robes they lent

* In all the regions of the torrid zone, the birds, though more beautiful in their plumage, are observed to be less melodious than ours.

Proud Montezuma's realm, whose legions cast
A boundless radiance waving on the sun,
While Philomel is ours ; while in our shades,
Thro' the soft silence of the listening night,
The sober-suited songstress trills her lay. 745

BUT come, my Muse, the desert-barrier burst,
A wild expanse of lifeless sand and sky :
And, swifter than the toiling caravan,
Shoot o'er the vale of Sennar ; ardent climb 750
The Nubian mountains, and the secret bounds
Of jealous Abyssinia boldly pierce.

Thou art no ruffian, who beneath the mask
Of social commerce com'st to rob their wealth ;

No holy Fury thou, blaspheming HEAVEN, 755
With consecrated steel to stab their peace,
And thro' the land, yet red from civil wounds,
To spread the purple tyranny of Rome.

Thou, like the harmless bee, may'st freely range
From mead to mead bright with exalted flowers,
From jasmine grove to grove, may'st wander gay,
Thro' palmy shades and aromatic woods,
That grace the plains, invest the peopled hills,
And up the more than Alpine mountains wave. 760

There on the breezy summit, spreading fair,
For many a league ; or on stupendous rocks,
That from the sun-redoubling valley lift, 765

Cool to the middle air, their lawny tops ;
 Where palaces, and fanes, and villas rise ;
 And gardens smile around, and cultur'd fields ; 770
 And fountains gush ; and careless herds and flocks
 Securely stray ; a world within itself,
 Disdaining all assault : there let me draw . . .
 Ethereal soul, there drink reviving gales,
 Profusely breathing from the spicy groves, 775
 And vales of fragrance ; there at distance hear
 The roaring floods, and cataracts, that sweep
 From disembowel'd earth the virgin gold ;
 And o'er the varied landscape, restless, rove,
 Fervent with life of every fairer kind : 780
 A land of wonders ! which the sun still eyes
 With ray direct, as of the lovely realm
 Inamour'd, and delighting there to dwell.

How chang'd the scene ! In blazing height of noon,
 The sun, oppress'd, is plung'd in thickest gloom. 785
 Still horror reigns, a dreary twilight round,
 Of struggling night and day malignant mix'd.
 For to the hot equator crowding fast,
 Where, highly rarefy'd, the yielding air
 Admits their stream, incessant vapours roll, 790
 Amazing clouds on clouds continual heap'd ;
 Or whirl'd tempestuous by the gusty wind,
 Or silent borne along, heavy, and slow,

With the big stores of steaming oceans charg'd.
 Meantime, amid these upper seas, condens'd 795
 Around the cold aerial mountain's brow,
 And by conflicting winds together dash'd,
 The Thunder holds his black tremendous throne :
 From cloud to cloud the rending Light'nings rage ;
 Till, in the furious elemental war 800
 Dissolv'd, the whole precipitated mass
 Unbroken floods and solid torrents pours.

THE treasures these, hid from the bounded search
 Of ancient knowledge ; whence, with annual pomp,
 Rich king of floods ! o'erflows the swelling Nile. 805
 From his two springs, in Gojam's sunny realm,
 Pure-welling out, he thro' the lucid lake
 Of fair Dambea rolls his infant-stream.
 There, by the Naiads nurs'd, he sports away
 His playful youth, amid the fragrant isles, 810
 That with unfading verdure smile around.
 Ambitious, thence the manly river breaks ;
 And gathering many a flood, and copious fed
 With all the mellow'd treasures of the sky,
 Winds in progressive majesty along : 815
 Thro' splendid kingdoms now devolves his maze,
 Now wanders wild o'er solitary tracts
 Of life-deserted sand ; till, glad to quit
 The joyless desert, down the Nubian rocks,

From thundering steep to steep, he pours his urn, 820
 And Egypt joys beneath the spreading wave.

His brother Niger too, and all the floods
 In which the full-form'd maids of Afric lave
 Their jetty limbs ; and all that from the tract
 Of woody mountains stretch'd thro' gorgeous Ind 825
 Fall on Coromandel's coast, or Malabar ;
 From Menam's * orient stream, that nightly shines
 With insect-lamps, to where Aurora sheds
 On Indus' smiling banks the rosy shower :
 All, at this bounteous season, ope their urns. 830
 And pour untoiling harvest o'er the land.

Nor less thy world, COLUMBUS, drinks, refresh'd,
 The lavish moisture of the melting year.
 Wide o'er his isles, the branching Oronoque
 Rolls a brown deluge ; and the native drives 835
 To dwell aloft on life-sufficing trees,
 At once his dome, his robe, his food, and arms.
 Swell'd by a thousand streams. impetuous hurl'd
 From all the roaring Andes, huge descends
 The mighty Orellana †. Scarce the Muse 840
 Dares stretch her wing o'er this enormous mass
 Of rushing water ; scarce she dares attempt

* The river that runs thro' Siams ; on whose bank a vast multitude of those insects called Fire-flies make a beautiful appearance in the night.

† The river of the Amazons.

The sea-like Plata ; to whose dread expanse,
Continuous depth, and wondrous length of course,
Our floods are rills. With unabated force, 845
In silent dignity they sweep along,
And traverse realms unknown, and blooming wilds,
And fruitful deserts, worlds of solitude,
Where the sun smiles, and seasons teem in vain,
Unseen, and unenjoy'd. Forsaking these, 850
O'er peopled plains they fair-diffusive flow,
And many a nation feed, and circle safe,
In their soft bosom, many a happy isle ;
The seat of blameless Pan, yet undisturb'd
By Christian crimes and Europe's cruel sons. 855
Thus pouring on they proudly seek the deep,
Whose vanquish'd tide, recoiling from the shock,
Yields to this liquid weight of half the globe ;
And Ocean trembles for his green domain.

BUT what avails this wondrous waste of wealth ? 860
This gay profusion of luxurious bliss ?
This pomp of Nature ? what their balmy meads,
Their powerful herbs, and Ceres void of pain ?
By vagrant birds dispers'd, and wasting winds,
What their unplanted fruits ? What the cool draughts,
Th' ambrosial food, rich gums, and spicy health, 866
Their forests yield ? Their toiling insects what,
Their silky pride, and vegetable robes ?

Ah ! what avail their fatal treasures, hid
 Deep in the bowels of the pitying earth, 870
 Golconda's gems, and sad Potosi's mines ;
 Where dwelt the gentlest children of the sun ?
 What all that Afric's golden rivers roll,
 Her odorous woods, and shining ivory stores ?
 Ill-fated race ! the softening arts of peace, 875
 Whate'er the humanizing Muses teach ;
 The godlike wisdom of the temper'd breast ;
 Progressive truth, the patient force of thought ;
 Investigation calm, whose silent powers
 Command the world ; the Light that leads to Heaven ;
 Kind equal rule, the government of laws, 881
 And all-protecting Freedom, which alone
 Sustains the name and dignity of Man :
 These are not theirs. The parent-sun himself
 Seems o'er this world of slaves to tyrannize ; 885
 And, with oppressive ray, the roseat bloom
 Of beauty blasting, gives the gloomy hue,
 And feature gross: or worse, to ruthless deeds,
 Mad jealousy, blind rage, and fell revenge,
 Their fervid spirit fires. Love dwells not there, 890
 The soft regards, the tenderness of life,
 The heart-shed tear, th' ineffable delight
 Of sweet humanity : these court the beam
 Of milder climes ; in selfish fierce desire,
 And the wild fury of voluptuous sense, 895

There lost. The very brute-creation there
This rage partakes, and burns with horrid fire.

Lo ! the green serpent, from his dark abode,
Which even imagination fears to tread,
At noon forth-issuing, gathers up his train 900
In orbs immense ; then, darting out anew,
Seeks the refreshing fount ; by which diffus'd,
He throws his folds : and while, with threat'ning tongue,
And deathful jaws erect, the monster curls
His flaming crest, all other thirst, appall'd, 905
Or shivering flies, or check'd at distance stands,
Nor dares approach. But still more direful he,
The small close-lurking minister of fate,
Whose high-concocted venom thro' the veins
A rapid lightning darts, arresting swift 910
The vital current. Form'd to humble Man,
The child of vengeful Nature ! There, sublim'd
To fearless lust of blood, the savage race
Roam, licens'd by the shading hour of guilt,
And foul misdeed, when the pure day has shut 915
His sacred eye. The tyger darting fierce
Impetuous on the prey his glance has doom'd :
The lively-shining leopard, speckled o'er
With many a spot, the beauty of the waste ;
And, scorning all the taming arts of Man, 920
The keen hyena, fellest of the fell.

These, rushing from th' inhospitable woods
 Of Mauritania, or the tufted isles,
 That verdant rise amid the Lybian wild,
 Innumerous glare around their shaggy king, 925
 Majestic, stalking o'er the printed sand ;
 And, with imperious and repeated roars,
 Demand their fated food. The fearful flocks
 Crowd near the guardian swain ; the nobler herds,
 Where round their lordly bull, in rural ease, 930
 They ruminating lie, with horror hear
 The coming rage. Th' awaken'd village starts ;
 And to her fluttering breast the mother strains
 Her thoughtless infant. From the Pyrate's den,
 Or stern Morocco's tyrant fang escap'd, 935
 The wretch half-wishes for his bonds again :
 While, uproar all, the wilderness resounds,
 From Atlas eastward to the frightened Nile.

UNHAPPY he ! who from the first of joys,
 Society, cut off, is left alone 940
 Amid this world of death. Day after day,
 Sad on the jutting eminence he sits,
 And views the main that ever toils below ;
 Still fondly forming in the farthest verge
 Where the round ether mixes with the wave, 945
 Ships, dim-discover'd, dropping from the clouds ;
 At evening, to the setting sun he turns

A mournful eye, and down his dying heart
Sinks helpless ; while the wonted roar is up,
And hiss continual thro' the tedious night.

950

Yet here, even here, into these black abodes
Of monsters, unappal'd, from stooping Rome,
And guilty Cæsar, Liberty retir'd,
Her Cato following thro' Numidian wilds :
Disdainful of Campania's gentle plains,

955

And all the green delights Ausonia pours ;
When for them she must bend the servile knee,
And fawning take the splendid robber's boon.

NOR stop the terrors of these regions here.

Commission'd demons oft, angels of wrath,
Let loose the raging elements. Breath'd hot,
From all the boundless furnace of the sky,
And the wide glittering waste of burning sand,
A suffocating wind the pilgrim smites

960

With instant death. Patient of thirst and toil,
Son of the desert ! even the camel feels,
Shot through his wither'd heart, the fiery blast.
Or from the black-red ether, bursting broad,
Sallies the sudden whirlwind. Strait the sands,

965

Common'd around, in gathering eddies play ;
Nearer and nearer still they dark'ning come ;
Till, with the general all-involving storm
Swept up, the whole continuous wilds arise ;

And, by the noon-day fount dejected thrown,
 Or sunk at night in sad disastrous sleep, 975
 Beneath descending hills, the caravan
 Is buried deep. In Cairo's crowded streets
 Th' impatient merchant, wondering, waits in vain,
 And Mecca saddens at the long delay.

BUT chief at sea, whose every flexile wave 980
 Obeys the blast, the aerial tumult swells.
 In the dread ocean, undulating wide,
 Beneath the radiant line that girts the globe,
 The circling Typhon *, whirl'd from point to point,
 Exhausting all the rage of all the sky, 985
 And dire Ecnephia * reign. Amid the heavens,
 Falsely serene, deep in a cloudy † speck
 Compress'd, the mighty tempest brooding dwells :
 Of no regard, save to the skilful eye,
 Fiery and foul, the small prognostic hangs 990
 Aloft, or on the promontory's brow
 Musters its force. A faint deceitful calm,
 A fluttering gale, the demon sends before,
 To tempt the spreading sail. Then down at once,
 Precipitant, descends a mingled mass 995
 Of roaring winds, and flame, and rushing floods.

* Typhon and Ecnephia, names of particular storms or hurricanes, known only between the tropics.

† Called by sailors the Ox-eye, being in appearance at first no bigger.

In wild amazement fix'd the sailor stands.
Art is too slow: by rapid fate oppress'd,
His broad-wing'd vessel drinks the whelming tide,
Hid in the bosom of the black abyss.

1000

With such mad seas the daring Gama * fought,
For many a day, and many a dreadful night,
Incessant, lab'ring round the stormy Cape ;
By bold ambition led, and bolder thirst

Of gold. For then from ancient gloom emerg'd 1005

The rising world of trade: the Genius, then,

Of navigation, that, in hopeless sloth,

Had slumber'd on the vast Atlantic deep,

For idle ages, starting, heard at last

The Lusitanian Prince †; who, Heav'n-inspir'd, 1010

To love of useful glory rous'd mankind,

And in unbounded Commerce mix'd the world,

INCREASING still the terrors of these storms,
His jaws horrific arm'd with threefold fate,
Here dwells the direful shark. Lur'd by the scent 1015
Of steaming crowds, of rank disease, and death,
Behold ! he rushing cuts the briny flood,
Swift as the gale can bear the ship along ;

* Vasco de Gama, the first who sailed round Africa, by the Cape of Good Hope, to the East Indies.

† Don Henry, third son to John the first, king of Portugal. His strong genius to the discovery of new countries was the chief source of all the modern improvements in navigation.

And, from the partners of that cruel trade,
 Which spoil unhappy Guinea of her sons, 1020
 Demands his share of prey ; demands themselves.
 The stormy fates descend : one death involves
 Tyrants and slaves ; when strait, their mangled limbs
 Crashing at once, he dyes the purple seas
 With gore, and riots in the vengeful meal. 1025

WHEN o'er this world, by equinoctial rains
 Flooded immense, looks out the joyless sun,
 And draws the copious steam : from swampy fens,
 Where putrefaction into life ferments,
 And breathes destructive myriads ; or from woods, 1030
 Impenetrable shades, recesses foul,
 In vapours rank and blue corruption wrapt,
 Whose gloomy horrors yet no desperate foot
 Has ever dar'd to pierce ; then, wasteful, forth
 Walks the dire power of pestilent disease. 1035
 A thousand hideous fiends her course attend,
 Sick Nature blasting, and to heartless woe,
 And feeble desolation, casting down
 The towering hopes and all the pride of Man.
 Such as, of late, at Carthagena quench'd 1040
 The British fire. You, gallant VERNON, saw
 The miserable scene ; you, pitying, saw
 To infant-weakness sunk the warrior's arm ;
 Saw the deep-racking pang, the ghastly form,

The lip pale-quivering, and the beamless eye 1045
 No more with ardour bright : you heard the groans
 Of agonizing ships, from shore to shore ;
 Heard, nightly plung'd amid the sullen waves,
 The frequent corse ; while on each other fix'd,
 In sad presage, the blank assistants seem'd, 1050
 Silent, to ask, whom Fate would next demand ?

WHAT need I mention those inclement skies,
 Where, frequent o'er the sickening city, Plague,
 The fiercest child of Nemesis divine,
 Descends ? * From Ethiopia's poison'd woods, 1055
 From stifled Cairo's filth, and fetid fields
 With locust-armies putrefying heap'd,
 This great destroyer sprung. Her awful rage
 The brutes escape : Man is her destin'd prey,
 Intemperate Man ! and, o'er his guilty domes, 1060
 She draws a close incumbent cloud of death ;
 Uninterrupted by the living winds,
 Forbid to blow a wholesome breeze ; and stain'd
 With many a mixture by the sun, suffus'd,
 Of angry aspect. Princely wisdom, then, 1065
 Dejects his watchful eye ; and from the hand
 Of feeble justice, ineffectual, drop
 The sword and balance : mute the voice of joy,

* These are the causes supposed to be the first origin of the Plague,
 in Dr. Mead's elegant book on that subject.

And hush'd the clamour of the busy world.
Empty the streets, with uncouth verdure clad ; 1070
Into the worst of deserts sudden turn'd
The cheerful haunt of Men : unless escap'd
From the doom'd house, where matchless horror reigns,
Shut up by barbarous fear, the smitten wretch,
With frenzy wild, breaks loose ; and, loud to Heaven
Screaming, the dreadful policy arraigns, 1076
Inhuman, and unwise. The sullen door,
Yet uninfected, on its cautious hinge
Fearing to turn, abhors society :
Dependants, friends, relations, Love himself, 1080
Savag'd by Woe, forget the tender tie,
The sweet engagement of the feeling heart.
But vain their selfish care : the circling sky,
The wide enliv'ning air is full of fate ;
And, struck by turns, in solitary pangs 1085
They fall, unblest, unintended, and unmourn'd.
Thus o'er the prostrate city black Despair
Extends her raven wing : while, to complete
The scene of desolation, stretch'd around,
The grim guards stand, denying all retreat, 1090
And give the flying wretch a better death.

MUCH yet remains unsung : the rage intense
Of brazen-vaulted skies, of iron fields,
Where drought and famine starve the blasted year :

Fir'd by the torch of noon to tenfold rage, 1095
Th' infuriate hill that shoots the pillar'd flame ;
And, rous'd within the subterranean world,
Th' expanding earthquake, that resistless shakes
Aspiring cities from their solid base,
And buries mountains in the flaming gulph. 1100
But 'tis enough ; return, my vagrant Muse :
A nearer scene of horror calls thee home.

BEHOLD, slow-settling o'er the lurid grove
Unusual darkness broods ; and growing gains
The full possession of the sky, surcharg'd 1105
With wrathful vapour, from the secret beds,
Where sleep the mineral generations, drawn.
Thence nitre, sulphur, and the fiery spume
Of fat bitumen, steaming on the day,
With various-tinctur'd trains of latent flame, 1110
Pollute the sky, and in yon baleful cloud,
A reddening gloom, a magazine of fate,
Ferment ; till, by the touch ethereal rous'd,
The dash of clouds, or irritating war,
Of fighting winds, while all is calm below, 1115
They furious spring. A boding silence reigns,
Dread thro' the dun expanse ; save the dull sound
That from the mountain, previous to the storm,
Rolls o'er the muttering earth, disturbs the flood,
And shakes the forest leaf without a breath. 1120

Prone, to the lowest vale, the aërial tribes
 Descend : the tempest-loving raven scarce
 Dares wing the dubious dusk. In rueful gaze
 The cattle stand, and on the scowling heavens
 Cast a deplored eye ; by Man forsook, 1125
 Who to the crowded cottage hies him fast,
 Or seeks the shelter of the downward cave.

'Tis list'ning fear, and dumb amazement all :
 When to the startled eye the sudden glance
 Appears far south, eruptive thro' the cloud ; 1130
 And following slower, in explosion vast,
 The Thunder raises his tremendous voice.
 At first, heard solemn o'er the verge of heaven,
 The tempest growls ; but as it nearer comes,
 And rolls its awful burden on the wind, 1135
 The lightnings flash a larger curve, and more
 The noise astounds : till over head a sheet
 Of livid flame discloses wide ; then shuts,
 And opens wider : shuts and opens still
 Expansive, wrapping ether in a blaze. 1140
 Follows the loosen'd aggravated roar,
 Enlarging, deep'ning, mingling ; peal on peal
 Crush'd horrible, convulsing heaven and earth.

Down comes a deluge of sonorous hail,
 Or prone-descending rain. Wide-rent, the clouds, 1145

Pour a whole flood ; and yet, its flame unquench'd,
Th' unconquerable lightning struggles through,
Ragged and fierce, or in red whirling balls,
And fires the mountains with redoubled rage.

Black from the stroke, above, the smouldring pine 1150
Stands a sad shatter'd trunk ; and, stretch'd below,
A lifeless group the blasted cattle lie :

Here the soft flocks, with that same harmless look
They wore alive, and ruminating still

In fancy's eye ; and there the frowning bull, 1155
And, ox half-rais'd. Struck on the castled cliff,

The venerable tower and spiry fane
Resign their aged pride. The gloomy woods
Start at the flash, and from their deep recess,

Wide-flaming out, their trembling inmates shake. 1160
Amid Carnarvon's mountains rages loud

The repercussive roar : with mighty crush,
Into the flashing deep, from the rude rocks
Of Penmanmaur heap'd hideous to the sky,
Tumble the smitten cliffs ; and Snowden's peak, 1165
Dissolving, instant yields his wintry load.

Far-seen, the heights of heathy Cheviot blaze,
And Thulè bellows thro' her utmost isles.

GUILT hears appal'd, with deeply troubled thought.
And yet not always on the guilty head 1170
Descends the fated flash. **Young CELADON**

And his **AMELIA** were a matchless pair ;
 With equal virtue form'd, and equal grace,
 The same, distinguish'd by their sex alone.
 Hers the mild lustre of the blooming morn,
 And his the radiance of the risen day.

1175

THEY lov'd ; but such their guileless passion was,
 As in the dawn of time inform'd the heart
 Of innocence, and undissembling truth.
 'Twas friendship heightened by the mutual wish,
 Th' enchanting hope, and sympathetic glow,
 Beam'd from the mutual eye. Devoting all
 To love, each was to each a dearer self ;
 Supremely happy in th' awakened power
 Of giving joy. Alone, amid the shades,
 Still in harmonious intercourse they liv'd
 The rural day, and talk'd the flowing heart,
 Or sigh'd and look'd unutterable things.

1180

1185

So pass'd their life, a clear united stream,
 By care unruffled ; till, in evil hour,
 The tempest caught them on the tender walk,
 Heedless how far, and where its mazes stray'd,
 While, with each other blest, creative love
 Still bade eternal Eden smile around.
 Presaging instant fate her bosom heav'd
 Unwonted sighs, and stealing oft a look

1190

1195





Ansell delin^t

Bonell sculp^t

“Fear not,” he said
Sweet innocence! thou stranger to offence,
And inward storm! He, who yon skies involves
In frowns of darkness, ever smiles on Thee.

Sum^r L.1204

Of the big gloom on CELADON her eye
Fell tearful, wetting her disordered cheek.
In vain assuring love, and confidence
In Heaven, repress'd her fear; it grew, and shook 1200
Her frame near dissolution. He perceiv'd
Th' unequal conflict, and as angels look
On dying saints, his eyes compassion shed,
With love illumin'd high. " Fear not," he said,
" Sweet innocence ! thou stranger to offence, 1205
" And inward storm ! He, who yon skies involves
" In frowns of darkness, ever smiles on thee
" With kind regard. O'er thee the secret shaft
" That wastes at midnight, or th' undreaded hour
" Of noon, flies harmless : and that very voice, 1210
" Which thunders terror thro' the guilty heart,
" With tongues of seraphs whispers peace to thine.
" 'Tis safety to be near thee sure, and thus
" To clasp perfection !" From his void embrace,
Mysterious Heaven ! that moment to the ground, 1215
A blacken'd corse, was struck the beauteous maid.
But who can paint the lover, as he stood,
Pierc'd by severe amazement, hating life,
Speechless, and fix'd in all the death of woe !
So, faint resemblance ! on the marble tomb, 1220
The well-dissembled mourner stooping stands,
For ever silent, and for ever sad.

As from the face of heaven the shatter'd clouds
 Tumultuous rove, th' interminable sky
 Sublimer swells, and o'er the world expands 1225
 A purer azure. Thro' the lighten'd air
 A higher lustre and a clearer calm,
 Diffusive, tremble; while, as if in sign
 Of danger past, a glittering robe of joy,
 Set off abundant by the yellow ray, 1230
 Invests the fields; and Nature smiles, reviv'd.

'Tis beauty all, and grateful song around,
 Join'd to the low of kine, and numerous bleat
 Of flocks thick-nibbling thro' the clover'd vale.
 And shall the hymn be marr'd by thankless Man, 1235
 Most-favour'd; who with voice articulate
 Should lead the chorus of this lower world?
 Shall he, so soon forgetful of the hand
 That hush'd the thunder, and serenes the sky,
 Extinguish'd feel that spark the tempest wak'd, 1240
 That sense of power exceeding far his own,
 Ere yet his feeble heart has lost its fears?

CHEER'D by the milder beam, the sprightly youth
 Speeds to the well-known pool, whose crystal depth
 A sandy bottom shews. A while he stands 1245
 Gazing th' inverted landscape, half afraid
 To meditate the blue profound below;

Then plunges headlong down the circling flood.
His ebon tresses, and his rosey cheek,
Instant emerge: and thro' th' obedient wave, 1250
At each short breathing by his lip repell'd,
With arms and legs according well, he makes,
As humour leads, an easy-winding path;
While, from his polish'd sides, a dewy light
Effuses on the pleas'd spectators round. 1255

THIS is the purest exercise of health,
The kind refresher of the summer-heats;
Nor, when cold Winter keens the bright'ning flood,
Would I weak-shivering linger on the brink.
Thus life redoubles, and is oft preserv'd, 1260
By the bold swimmer, in the swift illapse
Of accident disastrous. Hence the limbs
Knit into force; and the same Roman arm,
That rose victorious o'er the conquer'd earth,
First learn'd, while tender, to subdue the wave. 1265
Even, from the body's purity, the mind
Receives a secret sympathetic aid.

CLOSE in the covert of an hazel copse,
Where winded into pleasing solitudes
Runs out the rambling dale, young DAMON sat, 1270
Pensive, and pierc'd with love's delightful pangs.
There to the stream that down the distant rocks

Hoarse-murmuring fell, and plaintive breeze that play'd
 Among the bending willows, falsely he
 Of MUSIDORA's cruelty complain'd.

1275

She felt his flame ; but deep within her breast,
 In bashful coyness, or in maiden pride,
 The soft return conceal'd ; save when it stole
 In side-long glances from her downcast eye,
 Or from her swelling soul in stifled sighs.

1280

Touch'd by the scene, no stranger to his vows,
 He fram'd a melting lay, to try her heart ;
 And, if an infant passion struggled there,
 To call that passion forth. Thrice happy swain !

A lucky chance, that oft decides the fate
 Of mighty monarchs, then decided thine.

For, lo ! conducted by the laughing Loves,
 This cool retreat his MUSIDORA sought :
 Warm in her cheek the sultry season glow'd ;
 And, rob'd in loose array, she came to bathe

1290

Her fervent limbs in the refreshing stream.

What shall he do ? In sweet confusion lost,
 And dubious flutterings, he a while remain'd :

A pure ingenuous elegance of soul,
 A delicate refinement, known to few,

1295

Perplex'd his breast, and urg'd him to retire :
 But love forbade. Ye prudes in virtue, say,
 Say, ye severest, what would you have done ?
 Meantime, this fairer nymph than ever blest

Arcadian stream, with timid eye around 1300
The banks surveying, stripp'd her beauteous limbs,
To taste the lucid coolness of the flood.

Ah then ! not Paris on the piny top
Of Ida panted stronger, when aside
The rival-goddesses the veil divine 1305
Cast unconfin'd, and gave him all their charms,
Than, DAMON, thou ; as from the snowy leg,
And slender foot, th' inverted silk she drew ;
As the soft touch dissolv'd the virgin zone ;
And, thro' the parting robe, th' alternate breast, 1310
With youth wild-throbbing, on thy lawless gaze
In full luxuriance rose. But, desperate youth,
How durst thou risque the soul-distracting view ;
As from her naked limbs, of glowing white,
Harmonious swell'd by Nature's finest hand, 1315
In folds loose-floating fell the fainter lawn ;
And fair-expos'd she stood, shrunk from herself,
With fancy blushing, at the doubtful breeze
Alarm'd, and starting like the fearful fawn ?
Then to the flood she rush'd ; the parted flood 1320
Its lovely guest with closing waves receiv'd ;
And every beauty softening, every grace
Flushing anew, a mellow lustre shed.
As shines the lily thro' the crystal mild ;
Or as the rose amid the morning dew, 1325
Fresh from Aurora's hand, more sweetly glows.

While thus she wanton'd, now beneath the wave
 But ill-conceal'd ; and now with streaming locks,
 That half-embrac'd her in a humid veil,
 Rising again, the latent DAMON drew 1330
 Such madd'ning draughts of beauty to the soul,
 As for a while o'erwhelm'd his raptur'd thought
 With luxury too daring. Check'd, at last,
 By love's respectful modesty, he deem'd
 The theft profane, if aught profane to love 1335
 Can e'er be deem'd : and, struggling from the shade,
 With headlong hurry fled : but first these lines,
 Trac'd by his ready pencil, on the bank
 With trembling hand he threw : " Bathe on, my fair,
 " Yet unbeheld save by the sacred eye 1340
 " Of faithful love : I go to guard thy haunt,
 " To keep from thy recess each vagrant foot,
 " And each licentious eye." With wild surprise
 As if to marble struck, devoid of sense,
 A stupid moment motionless she stood : 1345.
 So stands the statue * that enchant's the world.
 So bending tries to veil the matchless boast,
 The mingled beauties of exulting Greece.
 Recovering, swift she flew to find those robes
 Which blisful Eden knew not ; and, array'd 1350
 In careless haste, th' alarming paper snatch'd.
 But, when her DAMON's well-known hand she saw,

* The Venus of Medici.

Her terrors vanish'd, and a softer train
Of mixt emotions, hard to be describ'd,
Her sudden bosom seiz'd: shame void of guilt, 1355
The charming blush of innocence, esteem
And admiration of her lover's flame,
By modesty exalted: even a sense
Of self-approving beauty stole across
Her busy thought. At length, a tender calm 1360
Hush'd by degrees the tumult of her soul;
And on the spreading beech, that o'er the stream
Incumbent hung, she with the silvan pen
Of rural lovers this confession carv'd,
Which soon her DAMON kiss'd with weeping joy: 1365
" Dear youth ! sole judge of what these verses mean,
" By fortune too much favour'd, but by love,
" Alas ! not favour'd less, be still as now
" Discreet: the time may come you need not fly."

THE sun has lost his rage: his downward orb 1370
Shoots nothing now but animating warmth,
And vital lustre; that, with various ray,
Lights up the clouds, those beauteous robes of heaven,
Incessant roll'd into romantic shapes,
The dream of waking fancy ! Broad below, 1375
Cover'd with ripening fruits, and swelling fast
Into the perfect year, the pregnant earth
And all her tribes rejoice. Now the soft hour

Of walking comes : for him who lonely loves
 To seek the distant hills, and there converse 1380
 With Nature ; there to harmonize his heart,
 And in pathetic song to breathe around
 The harmony to others. Social friends,
 Attun'd to happy unison of soul ;
 To whose exulting eye a fairer world 1385
 Of which the vulgar never had a glimpse,
 Displays its charms ; whose minds are richly fraught
 With philosophic stores, superior light ;
 And in whose breast, enthusiastic, burns
 Virtue, the sons of interest deem romance ; 1390
 Now call'd abroad enjoy the falling day :
 Now to the verdant Portico of woods,
 To Nature's vast Lyceum, forth they walk ;
 By that kind School where no proud master reigns,
 The full free converse of the friendly heart, 1395
 Improving and improv'd. Now from the world,
 Sacred to sweet retirement, lovers steal,
 And pour their souls in transport, which the SIRE
 Of love approving hears, and " calls it good."
 Which way, AMANDA, shall we bend our course ? 1400
 The choice perplexes. Wherefore should we choose ?
 All is the same with thee. Say, shall we wind
 Along the streams ? or walk the smiling mead ?
 Or court the forest-glades ? or wander wild
 Among the waving harvest ? or ascend, 1405

While radiant Summer opens all its pride,
Thy hill, delightful Shene *? Here let us sweep
The boundless landscape: now the raptur'd eye,
Exulting swift, to huge AUGUSTA send,

Now to the Sister-Hills † that skirt her plain,
To lofty Harrow now, and now to where
Majestic Windsor lifts his princely brow.

In lovely contrast to this glorious view
Calmly magnificent, then will we turn
To where the silver Thames first rural grows.

There let the feasted eye unwearied stray:
Luxurious, there, rove thro' the pendant woods
That nodding hang o'er HARRINGTON's retreat;
And, stooping thence to Ham's embowering walks,

Beneath whose shades, in spotless peace retir'd,
With Her the pleasing partner of his heart,

The worthy QUEENSB'Ry yet laments his GAY,
And polish'd CORNBURY wooes the willing Muse,
Slow let us trace the matchless Vale of Thames;
Fair-winding up to where the Muses haunt

In Twit'nam's bowers, and for their POPE implore
The healing God ‡; to royal Hampton's pile,
To Clermont's terrass'd height, and Esher's groves,

* The old name of Richmond, signifying in Saxon 'Shining,' or 'Splendor.'

† Highgate and Hamstead.

‡ In his last sickness.

Where in the sweetest solitude, embrac'd
 By the soft windings of the silent Mole,
 From courts and senates PELHAM finds repose. 1430
 Enchanting vale ! beyond whate'er the Muse
 Has of Achaia or Hesperia sung !
 O vale of bliss ! O softly-swelling hills !
 On which the Power of Cultivation lies,
 And joys to see the wonders of his toil. 1435

HEAVENS ! what a goodly prospect spreads around,
 Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires,
 And glittering towns, and gilded streams, till all
 The stretching landscape into smoke decays ! 1440
 Happy BRITANNIA ! where the Queen of Arts,
 Inspiring vigour, Liberty abroad
 Walks, unconfin'd, even to thy farthest cots,
 And scatters plenty with unsparing hand.

RICH is thy soil, and merciful thy clime; 1445
 Thy streams unfailing in the Summer's drought ;
 Unmatch'd thy guardian-oaks ; thy valleys float
 With golden waves : and on thy mountains flocks
 Bleat numberless ; while, roving round their sides,
 Bellow the blackening herds in lusty droves. 1450
 Beneath, thy meadows glow, and rise unquell'd
 Against the mower's scythe. On every hand
 Thy villas shine. Thy country teems with wealth ;

And property assures it to the swain,
Pleas'd, and unwearied, in his guarded toil.

1455

FULL are thy cities with the sons of art;
And trade and joy, in every busy street,
Mingling are heard: even Drudgery himself,
As at the car he sweats, or dusty hews
The palace-stone, looks gay. Thy crowded ports, 1460
Where rising masts an endless prospect yield,
With labour burn, and echo to the shouts
Of hurried sailor, as he hearty waves
His last adieu, and loosening every sheet,
Resigns the spreading vessel to the wind. 1465

BOLD, firm, and graceful, are thy generous youth,
By hardship sinew'd, and by danger fir'd,
Scattering the nations where they go; and first
Or on the listed plain, or stormy seas.
Mild are thy glories too, as o'er the plans 1470
Of thriving peace thy thoughtful sires preside;
In genius, and substantial learning, high;
For every virtue, every worth, renown'd;
Sincere, plain-hearted, hospitable, kind;
Yet like the mustering thunder when provok'd, 1475
The dread of tyrants, and the sole resource
Of those that under grim oppression groan.

THY Sons of Glory many ! ALFRED thine,
In whom the splendor of heroic war,
And more heroic peace, when govern'd well, 1480
Combine ; whose hallowed name the virtues saint,
And his own Muses love ; the best of Kings !
With him thy EDWARDS and thy HENRYS shine,
Names dear to Fame ; the first who deep impress'd
On haughty Gaul the terror of thy arms, 1485
That awes her genius still. In Statesmen thou,
And Patriots, fertile. Thine a steady MORE,
Who, with a generous tho' mistaken zeal,
Withstood a brutal tyrant's useful rage,
Like Cato firm, like Aristides just, 1490
Like rigid Cincinnatus nobly poor.
A dauntless soul erect, who smil'd on death.
Frugal, and wise, a WALSINGHAM is thine ;
A DRAKE, who made thee mistress of the deep,
And bore thy name in thunder round the world. 1495
Then flam'd thy spirit high : but who can speak
The numerous worthies of the Maiden Reign ?
In RALEIGH mark their every glory mix'd ;
RALEIGH, the scourge of Spain ! whose breast with all
The sage, the patriot, and the hero burn'd. 1500
Nor sunk his vigour, when a coward-reign
The warrior fettered, and at last resign'd,
To glut the vengeance of a vanquish'd foe.
Then, active still, and unrestrain'd, his mind

Explor'd the vast extent of ages past,
And with his prison-hours enrich'd the world ;
Yet found no times, in all the long research,
So glorious, or so base, as those he prov'd,
In which he conquer'd, and in which he bled.

Nor can the Muse the gallant SIDNEY pass,
The plume of war ! with early laurels crown'd,
The Lover's myrtle, and the Poet's bay.

A HAMDEN too is thine, illustrious land !
Wise, strenuous, firm, of unsubmitting soul,
Who stem'd the torrent of a downward age
To slavery prone, and bade thee rise again,
In all thy native pomp of freedom bold.
Bright, at his call, thy Age of Men effulg'd,
Of Men on whom late time a kindling eye
Shall turn, and tyrants tremble while they read.

Bring every sweetest flower, and let me strew
The grave where RUSSEL lies ; whose temper'd blood,
With calmest cheerfulness for thee resign'd,
Stain'd the said annals of a giddy reign ;
Aiming at lawless power, tho' meanly sunk
In loose inglorious luxury. With him
His friend, the BRITISH CASSIUS *, fearless bled ;
Of high determin'd spirit, roughly brave,
By antient learning to th' enlighten'd love
Of antient freedom warm'd. Fair thy renown

1505

1510

1515

1520

1525

1530

* Algernon Sidney.

In awful Sages and in noble Bards ;
 Soon as the light of dawning Science spread
 Her orient ray, and wak'd the Muses' song.
 Thine is a **BACON** ; hapless in his choice,
 Unfit to stand the civil storm of state, 1535
 And thro' the smooth barbarity of courts,
 With firm but pliant virtue, forward still
 To urge his course : him for the studious shade
 Kind Nature form'd, deep, comprehensive, clear,
 Exact, and elegant ; in one rich soul, 1540
 Plato, the Stagyrite, and Tully join'd.
 The great deliverer he ! who from the gloom
 Of cloister'd monks, and jargon-teaching schools,
 Led forth the true Philosophy, there long
 Held in the magic chain of words and forms, 1545
 And definitions void : he led her forth,
 Daughter of Heaven ! that slow-ascending still,
 Investigating sure the chain of things,
 With radiant finger points to Heaven again.
 The generous **ASHLEY** * thine, the friend of Man ; 1550
 Who scann'd his nature with a brother's eye,
 His weakness prompt to shade, to raise his aim,
 To touch the finer movements of the mind,
 And with the moral beauty charm the heart.
 Why need I name thy **BOYLE**, whose pious search 1555
 Amid the dark recesses of his works,

* Antony Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury.

The great **CREATOR** sought ? And why thy **LOCKE**,
Who made the whole internal world his own ?
Let **NEWTON**, pure Intelligence, whom **GOD**
To mortals lent, to trace his boundless works 1560
From laws sublimely simple, speak thy fame
In all philosophy. For lofty sense,
Creative fancy, and inspection keen
Thro' the deep windings of the human heart,
Is not wild **SHAKESPEARE** thine and Nature's boast ? 1565
Is not each great, each amiable Muse
Of classic ages in thy **MILTON** met ?
A genius universal as his theme ;
Astonishing as Chaos, as the bloom
Of blowing Eden fair, as Heaven sublime. 1570
Nor shall my verse that elder bard forget,
The gentle **SPENCER**, Fancy's pleasing son ;
Who, like a copious river, pour'd his song
O'er all the mazes of enchanted ground :
Nor thee, his ancient master, laughing sage, 1575
CHAUCER, whose native manners-painting verse,
Well-moraliz'd, shines thro' the Gothic cloud
Of time and language o'er thy genius thrown.

MAY my song soften, as thy Daughters I,
BRITANNIA, hail ! for beauty is their own, 1580
The feeling heart, simplicity of life,
And elegance, and taste : the faultless form,

Shap'd by the hand of harmony ; the cheek,
 Where the live crimson, thro' the native white
 Soft-shooting, o'er the face diffuses bloom, 1585
 And every nameless grace ; the parted lip,
 Like the red rose-bud moist with morning-dew,
 Breathing delight ; and, under flowing jet,
 Or sunny ringlets, or of circling brown,
 The neck slight-shaded, and the swelling breast ; 1590
 The look resistless, piercing to the soul,
 And by the soul inform'd, when drest in love
 She sits high-smiling in the conscious eye.

ISLAND of bliss ! amid the subject seas,
 That thunder round thy rocky coasts, set up, 1595
 At once the wonder, terror, and delight
 Of distant nations ; whose remotest shores
 Can soon be shaken by thy naval arm ;
 Not to be shook thyself, but all assaults
 Baffling, as thy hoar cliffs the loud sea-wave. 1600

O THOU ! by whose Almighty Nod the scale
 Of empires rises, or alternate falls,
 Send forth the saving Virtues round the land,
 In bright patrol : white Peace, and social Love ;
 The tender-looking Charity, intent 1605
 On gentle deeds, and shedding tears thro' smiles ;
 Undaunted Truth, and Dignity of mind ;

Courage compos'd, and keen ; sound Temperance,
Healthful in heart and look ; clear Chastity,
With blushes reddening as she moves along, 1610
Disordered at the deep regard she draws ;
Rough Industry ; Activity untir'd,
With copious life inform'd, and all awake :
While in the radiant front, superior shines
That first paternal virtue, Public Zeal ; 1615
Who throws o'er all an equal wide survey,
And, ever musing on the common weal,
Still labours glorious with some great design.

Low walks the sun, and broadens by degrees,
Just o'er the verge of day. The shifting clouds 1620
Assembled gay, a richly-gorgeous train,
In all their pomp attend his setting throne.
Air, earth, and ocean smile immense. And now,
As if his weary chariot sought the bowers
Of Amphitritè, and her tending nymphs, 1625
(So Grecian fable sung) he dips his orb ;
Now half-immers'd ; and now a golden curve
Gives one bright glance, then total disappears.

FOR ever running an enchanted round,
Passes the day, deceitful, vain, and void ; 1630
As fleets the vision o'er the formful brain,
This moment hurrying wild th' impassion'd soul,

The next in nothing lost. 'Tis so to him,
 The dreamer of this earth, an idle blank :
 A sight of horror to the cruel wretch, 1635
 Who all day long in sordid pleasure roll'd,
 Himself an useless load, has squander'd vile,
 Upon his scoundrel train, what might have cheer'd
 A drooping family of modest worth.
 But to the generous still-improving mind, 1640
 That gives the hopeless heart to sing for joy,
 Diffusing kind beneficence around,
 Boastless, as now descends the silent dew ;
 To him the long review of order'd life
 Is inward rapture, only to be felt. 1645

CONFESS'd from yonder slow-extinguish'd clouds,
 All ether softening, sober Evening takes
 Her wonted station in the middle air ;
 A thousand shadows at her beck. First this
 She sends on earth ; then that of deeper dye 1650
 Steals soft behind ; and then a deeper still,
 In circle following circle, gathers round,
 To close the face of things. A fresher gale
 Begins to wave the wood, and stir the stream,
 Sweeping with shadowy gust the fields of corn ; 1655
 While the quail clamours for his running mate.
 Wide o'er the thirsty lawn, as swells the breeze,
 A whitening shower of vegetable down

Amusive floats. The kind impartial care
Of Nature nought despairs : thoughtful to feed 1660
Her lowest sons, and clothe the coming year,
From field to field the feather'd seeds she wings.

His folded flock secure, the shepherd home
Hies, merry-hearted ; and by turns relieves
The ruddy milk-maid of her brimming pail ; 1665
The beauty whom perhaps his witless heart,
Unknowing what the joy-mixt anguish means,
Sincerely loves, by that best language shewn
Of cordial glances, and obliging deeds.
Onward they pass, o'er many a panting height, 1670
And valley sunk, and unfrequented ; where
At fall of eve the fairy people throng,
In various game, and revelry, to pass
The summer-night, as village-stories tell.
But far about they wander from the grave 1675
Of him, whom his ungentle fortune urg'd
Against his own sad breast to lift the hand
Of impious violence. The lonely tower
Is also shunn'd ; whose mournful chambers hold,
So night-struck Fancy dreams, the yelling ghost. 1680

AMONG the crooked lanes, on every hedge,
The glow-worm lights his gem ; and, thro' the dark,
A moving radiance twinkles. Evening yields

The world to Night ; not in her winter-robe
Of massy Stygian woof, but loose array'd
In mantle dun. A faint erroneous ray,
Glanc'd from th' imperfect surfaces of things,
Flings half an image on the straining eye ;
While wavering woods, and villages, and streams,
And rocks, and mountain-tops, that long retain'd
Th' ascending gleam, are all one swimming scene,
Uncertain if beheld. Sudden to heaven
Thence weary vision turns ; where, leading soft
The silent hours of love, with purest ray
Sweet Venus shines ; and from her genial rise,
When day-light sickens till it springs afresh,
Unrival'd reigns, the fairest lamp of night.
As thus th' effulgence tremulous I drink,
With cherish'd gaze, the lambent lightnings shoot
Across the sky, or horizontal dart
In wondrous shapes ; by fearful murmuring crowds
Portentous deem'd. Amid the radiant orbs,
That more than deck, that animate the sky,
The life-infusing suns of other worlds ;
Lo ! from the dread immensity of space
Returning, with accelerated course ;
The rushing comet to the sun descends ;
And as he sinks below the shading earth,
With awful train projected o'er the heavens,
The guilty nations tremble. But, above
1685
1690
1695
1700
1705
1710

Those superstitious horrors that enslave
The fond sequacious herd, to mystic faith
And blind amazement prone, th' enlightened few,
Whose godlike minds philosophy exalts,
The glorious stranger hail. They feel a joy 1715
Divinely great ; they in their powers exult,
That wondrous force of thought, which mounting spurns
This dusky spot, and measures all the sky ;
While, from his far excursion thro' the wilds
Of barren ether, faithful to his time, 1720
They see the blazing wonder rise anew,
In seeming terror clad, but kindly bent
To work the will of all-sustaining LOVE :
From his huge vapoury train perhaps to shake
Reviving moisture on the numerous orbs, 1725
Thro' which his long ellipsis winds ; perhaps
To lend new fuel to declining suns,
To light up worlds, and feed th' eternal fire.

WITH thee, serene Philosophy, with thee,
And thy bright garland, let me crown my song ! 1730
Effusive source of evidence, and truth !
A lustre shedding o'er th' ennobled mind,
Stronger than summer-noon ; and pure as that,
Whose mild vibrations sooth the parted soul,
New to the dawning of celestial day. 1735
Hence thro' her nourish'd powers, enlarg'd by thee,

She springs aloft, with elevated pride,
 Above the tangling mass of low desires,
 That bind the fluttering crowd ; and, angel-wing'd,
 The heights of science and of virtue gains, 1740
 Where all is calm and clear ; with Nature round,
 Or in the starry regions, or th' abyss,
 To Reason's and to Fancy's eye display'd :
 The first up-tracing, from the dreary void,
 The chain of causes and effects to HIM, 1745
 The world-producing ESSENCE, who alone
 Possesses being ; while the last receives
 The whole magnificence of heaven and earth,
 And every beauty, delicate or bold,
 Obvious or more remote, with livelier sense, 1750
 Diffusive painted on the rapid mind.

TUTOR'D by thee, hence Poetry exalts
 Her voice to ages ; and informs the page
 With music, image, sentiment, and thought,
 Never to die ! the treasure of mankind ! 1755
 Their highest honour, and their truest joy !

WITHOUT thee, what were unenlightened Man ?
 A savage roaming thro' the woods and wilds,
 In quest of prey ; and with th' unfashioned fur
 Rough-clad ; devoid of every finer art, 1760
 And elegance of life. Nor happiness

Domestic, mix'd of tenderness and care,
Nor moral excellence, nor social bliss,
Nor guardian law were his ; nor various skill
To turn the furrow, or to guide the tool
Mechanic ; nor the heaven-conducted prow
Of navigation bold, that fearless braves
The burning line, or dares the wintry pole ;
Mother severe of infinite delights !

Nothing, save rapine, indolence, and guile,
And woes on woes, a still-revolving train !
Whose horrid circle had made human life
Than non-existence worse : but, taught by thee,
Ours are the plans of policy, and peace ;

To live like brothers, and conjunctive all
Embellish life. While thus laborious crowds
Ply the tough oar, Philosophy directs
The ruling helm ; or, like the liberal breath
Of potent Heaven, invisible, the sail
Swells out, and bears th' inferior world along.

1765

1770

1775

1780

NOR to this evanescent speck of earth
Poorly confin'd, the radiant tracts on high
Are her exalted range ; intent to gaze
Creation through ; and, from that full complex
Of never-ending wonders, to conceive
Of the SOLE BEING right, who "spoke the Word,"
And Nature mov'd complete. With inward view,

Thence on th' ideal kingdom swift she turns
Her eye ; and instant, at her powerful glance,
Th' obedient phantoms vanish or appear ; 1790
Compound, divide, and into order shift,
Each to his rank, from plain perception up
To the fair forms of Fancy's fleeting train :
To reason then, deducing truth from truth ;
And notion quite abstract ; where first begins 1795
The world of spirits, action all, and life
Unfettered, and unmixt. But here the cloud,
So wills ETERNAL PROVIDENCE, sits deep.
Enough for us to know that this dark state,
In wayward passions lost, and vain pursuits, 1800
This infancy of Being, cannot prove
The final issue of the works of GOD,
By boundless Love and perfect Wisdom form'd,
And ever rissing with the rising mind.

THE ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed. Addressed to Mr. ONSLOW. A prospect of the fields ready for harvest. Reflections in praise of industry raised by that view. Reaping. A tale relative to it. A harvest storm. Shooting and hunting, their barbarity. A ludicrous account of fox-hunting. A view of an orchard. Wall-fruit. A vine-yard. A description of fogs, frequent in the latter part of Autumn: whence a digression, inquiring into the rise of fountains and rivers. Birds of season considered, that now shift their habitation. The prodigious number of them that cover the northern and western isles of Scotland. Hence a view of the country. A prospect of the discoloured, fading woods. After a gentle dusky day, moon-light. Autumnal meteors. Morning: to which succeeds a calm, pure, sun-shiny day, such as usually shuts up the season. The harvest being gathered in, the country dissolved in joy. The whole concludes with a panegyric on a philosophical country life.





A U T U M N.

CROWN'D with the sickle and the wheaten sheaf,
While AUTUMN, nodding o'er the yellow plain,
Comes jovial on ; the Doric reed once more,
Well pleas'd, I tune. Whate'er the Wintry frost
Nitrous prepar'd ; the various-blossom'd Spring 5
Put in white promise forth ; and Summer-suns
Concocted strong, rush boundless now to view,
Full, perfect all, and swell my glorious theme,

ONSLOW ! the Muse, ambitious of thy name,
To grace, inspire, and dignify her song, 10
Would from the Public Voice thy gentle ear
A while engage. Thy noble cares she knows,
The patriot virtues that distend thy thought,
Spread on thy front, and in thy bosom glow ;
While listening senates hang upon thy tongue, 15
Devolving thro' the maze of eloquence

A roll of periods, sweeter than her song.
But she too pants for public virtue ; she,
Tho' weak of power, yet strong in ardent will,
Whene'er her country rushes on her heart, 20
Assumes a bolder note, and fondly tries
To mix the patriot's with the poet's flame.

WHEN the bright Virgin gives the beauteous days,
And Libra weighs in equal scales the year ;
From heaven's high cope the fierce effulgence shook 25
Of parting Summer, a serener blue,
With golden light enliven'd, wide invests
The happy world. Attemper'd suns arise,
Sweet-beam'd, and shedding oft thro' lucid clouds
A pleasing calm ; while broad, and brown, below 30
Extensive harvest hang the heavy head.
Rich, silent, deep, they stand ; for not a gale
Rolls its light billows o'er the bending plain :
A calm of plenty ! till the ruffled air
Falls from its poise, and gives the breeze to blow. 35
Rent is the fleecy mantle of the sky ;
The clouds fly different ; and the sudden sun
By fits effulgent gilds th' illumin'd field,
And black by fits the shadows sweep along.
A gaily-checker'd heart-expanding view, 40
Far as the circling eye can shoot around,
Unbounded tossing in a flood of corn.

THESE are thy blessings, Industry ! rough power !
Whom labour still attends, and sweat, and pain ;
Yet the kind source of every gentle art, 45
And all the soft civility of life :
Raiser of human kind ! by Nature cast,
Naked, and helpless, out amid the woods
And wilds, to rude inclement elements ;
With various seeds of art deep in the mind 50
Implanted, and profusely pour'd around
Materials infinite ; but idle all.
Still unexerted, in th' unconscious breast,
Slept the lethargic powers; corruption still,
Voracious, swallowed what the liberal hand 55
Of bounty scatter'd o'er the savage year :
And still the sad barbarian, roving, mix'd
With beasts of prey ; or for his acorn-meal
Fought the fierce tusky boar ; a shivering wretch !
Aghast, and comfortless, when the bleak north, 60
With Winter charg'd, let the mix'd tempest fly,
Hail, rain, and snow, and bitter-breathing frost :
Then to the shelter of the hut he fled ;
And the wild season, sordid, pin'd away.
For home he had not ; home is the resort 65
Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty, where,
Supporting and supported, polish'd friends
And dear relations mingle into bliss.
But this the rugged savage never felt,

Even desolate in crowds ; and thus his days 70
 Roll'd heavy, dark, and unenjoy'd, along :
 A waste of time ! till Industry approach'd,
 And rous'd him from his miserable sloth :
 His faculties unfolded ; pointed out,
 Where lavish Nature the directing hand 75
 Of art demanded ; shew'd him how to raise
 His feeble force by the mechanic powers,
 To dig the mineral from the vaulted earth,
 On what to turn the piercing rage of fire,
 On what the torrent, and the gather'd blast ! 80
 Gave the tall ancient forest to his ax ;
 Taught him to chip the wood, and hew the stone,
 Till by degrees the finish'd fabric rose ;
 Tore from his limbs the blood polluted fur,
 And wrapt them in the woolly vestment warm, 85
 Or bright in glossy silk, and flowing lawn ;
 With wholesome vivans fill'd his table, pour'd
 The generous glass around, inspir'd to wake
 The life-refining soul of decent wit :
 Nor stopp'd at barren bare necessity ; 90
 But, still advancing bolder, led him on
 To pomp, to pleasure, elegance, and grace ;
 And, breathing high ambition thro' his soul,
 Set science, wisdom, glory, in his view,
 And bade him be the Lord of all below. 95

THEN gathering men their natural powers combin'd,
And form'd a Public ; to the general good
Submitting, aiming, and conducting all.
For this the Patriot-Council met, the full,
The free, and fairly represented whole ; 100
For this they plann'd the holy guardian laws,
Distinguish'd orders, animated arts,
And with joint force Oppression chaining, set
Imperial Justice at the helm ; yet still
To them accountable : nor slavish dream'd
That toiling millions must resign their weal,
And all the honey of their search, to such
As for themselves alone themselves have rais'd.

HENCE every form of cultivated life
In order set, protected, and inspir'd,
Into perfection wrought. Uniting all,
Society grew numerous, high, polite,
And happy. Nurse of art ! the city rear'd
In beauteous pride her tower-encircled head ;
And, stretching street on street, by thousands drew, 115
From twining woody haunts, or the tough yew
To bows strong-straining, her aspiring sons.

THEN Commerce brought into the public walk
The busy merchant ; the big warehouse built ;
Rais'd the strong crane ; chok'd up the loaded street 120

With foreign plenty ; and thy stream, O THAMES,
 Large, gentle, deep, majestic, king of floods !
 Chose for his grand resort. On either hand,
 Like a long wintry forest, groves of masts
 Shot up their spires ; the bellying sheet between 125
 Possess'd the breezy void ; the sooty hulk,
 Steer'd sluggish on ; the splendid barge along
 Row'd, regular, to harmony ; around,
 The boat, light-skimming, stretch'd its oary wings ;
 While deep the various voice of fervent toil 130
 From bank to bank increas'd ; whence, ribb'd with oak,
 To bear the British Thunder, black, and bold,
 The roaring vessel rush'd into the main.

THEN too the pillar'd dome, magnific, heav'd
 Its ample roof ; and Luxury within 135
 Pour'd out her glittering stores : the canvas smooth,
 With glowing life protuberant, to the view
 Embodied rose ; the statue seem'd to breathe,
 And soften into flesh, beneath the touch
 Of forming art, imagination-flush'd. 140

ALL is the gift of Industry ; whate'er
 Exalts, embellishes, and renders life
 Delightful. Pensive Winter, cheer'd by him,
 Sits at the social fire, and, happy, hears
 Th' excluded tempest idly rave along ; 145

His harden'd fingers deck the gaudy Spring ;
Without him Summer were an arid waste ;
Nor to th' Autumnal months could thus transmit
Those full, mature, immeasurable stores,
That, waving round, recall my wandering song.

150

Soon as the morning trembles o'er the sky,
And, unperceiv'd, unfolds the spreading day ;
Before the ripen'd field the reapers stand,
In fair array ; each by the lass he loves,
To bear the rougher part, and mitigate
By namelesss gentle offices her toil.

At once they stoop and swell the lusty sheaves ;
While thro' their cheerful band the rural talk,
The rural scandal, and the rural jest,
Fly harmless, to deceive the tedious time,
And steal unfelt the sultry hours away.

Behind the master walks, builds up the shocks ;
And, conscious, glancing oft on every side
His sated eye, feels his heart heave with joy.

The gleaners spread around, and here and there,
Spike after spike, their scanty harvest pick.

Be not too narrow, husbandmen ! but fling
From the full sheaf, with charitable stealth,
The liberal handful. Think, oh grateful think !
How good the GOD of Harvest is to you,

155

160

165

170

Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields ;

While these unhappy partners of your kind
 Wide-hover round you, like the fowls of heaven,
 And ask their humble dole. The various turns
 Of fortune ponder; that your sons may want 175
 What now, with hard reluctance, faint, ye give.

The lovely young LAVINIA once had friends;
 And Fortune smil'd, deceitful, on her birth.
 For, in her helpless years depriv'd of all,
 Of every stay, save Innocence and Heaven, 180
 She, with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,
 And poor, liv'd in a cottage, far retir'd
 Among the windings of a woody vale;
 By solitude and deep surrounding shades,
 But more by bashful modesty, conceal'd. 185
 Together thus they shunn'd the cruel scorn'
 Which virtue, sunk to poverty, would meet
 From giddy passion and low-minded pride:
 Almost on Nature's common bounty fed;
 Like the gay birds that sung them to repose, 190
 Content, and careless of to-morrow's fare.
 Her form was fresher than the morning rose,
 When the dew wets its leaves; unstain'd, and pure,
 As is the lily, or the mountain snow.
 The modest virtues mingled in her eyes, 195
 Still on the ground dejected, darting all
 Their humid beams into the blooming flowers:

Or when the mournful tale her mother told,
Of what her faithless fortune promis'd once,
Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy star 200
Of evening, shone in tears. A native grace
Sat fair-proportion'd on her polish'd limbs,
Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,
Beyond the pomp of dress; for loveliness
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament, 205
But is when unadorn'd adorn'd the most.
Thoughtless of beauty, she was beauty's self,
Recluse amid the close-embowering woods.
As in the hollow breast of Apennine,
Beneath the shelter of encircling hills, 210
A myrtle rises, far from human eye,
And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild;
So flourish'd blooming, and unseen by all,
The sweet LAVINIA; till, at length, compell'd
By strong Necessity's supreme command, 215
With smiling patience in her looks, she went
To glean PALEMON's fields. The pride of swains
PALEMON was, the generous, and the rich;
Who led the rural life in all its joy
And elegance, such as Arcadian song 220
Transmits from ancient uncorrupted times;
When tyrant custom had not shackled Man,
But free to follow Nature was the mode.
He then, his fancy with autumnal scenes

Amusing, chanc'd beside his reaper-train
To walk, when poor LAVINIA drew his eye ;
Unconscious of her power, and turning quick
With unaffected blushes from his gaze :
He saw her charming, but he saw not half
The charms her downcast modesty conceal'd. 230
The very moment love and chaste desire
Sprung in his bosom, to himself unknown ;
For still the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh,
Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn,
Should his heart own a gleaner in the field : 235
And thus in secret to his soul he sigh'd.

“ WHAT pity ! that so delicate a form,
“ By beauty kindled, where enlivening sense
“ And more than vulgar goodness seem to dwell,
“ Should be devoted to the rude embrace 240
“ Of some indecent clown ! She looks, methinks,
“ Of old ACASTO’s line ; and to my mind
“ Recalls that patron of my happy life,
“ From whom my liberal fortune took its rise ;
“ Now to the dust gone down ; his houses, lands, 245
“ And once fair-spreading family, dissolv’d.
“ ’Tis said that in some lone obscure retreat,
“ Urg’d by remembrance sad, and decent pride,
“ Far from those scenes which knew their better days,
“ His aged widow, and his daughter live, 250

“ Whom yet my fruitless search could never find,
“ Romantic wish ! would this the daughter were !”

WHEN, strict enquiring, from herself he found
She was the same, the daughter of his friend,
Of bountiful ACASTO ; who can speak 255
The mingled passions that surpris'd his heart,
And thro' his nerves in shivering transport ran ?
Then blaz'd his smother'd flame, avow'd, and bold ;
And as he view'd her, ardent, o'er and o'er,
Love, gratitude, and pity, wept at once. 260
Confus'd, and frightened at his sudden tears,
Her rising beauties flush'd a higher bloom,
As thus PALEMON, passionate, and just,
Pour'd out the pious rapture of his soul,

“ AND art thou then ACASTO's dear remains ? 265
“ She, whom my restless gratitude has sought
“ So long in vain ? O heavens ! the very same,
“ The soften'd image of my noble friend,
“ Alive his every look, his every feature.
“ More elegantly touch'd. Sweeter than Spring ! 270
“ Thou sole surviving blossom from the root
“ That nourish'd up my fortune ! Say, ah where,
“ In what sequester'd desert, hast thou drawn
“ The kindest aspect of delighted Heaven ?
“ Into such beauty spread, and blown so fair ; 275

" Tho' poverty's cold wind, and crushing rain,
 " Beat keen, and heavy, on thy tender years ?
 " O let me now, into a richer soil,
 " Transplant thee safe ! where vernal suns, and showers,
 " Diffuse their warmest, largest influence ; 280
 " And of my garden be the pride, and joy !
 " Ill it befits thee, oh it ill befits
 " A CASTO's daughter, his whose open stores,
 " Tho' vast, were little to his ampler heart,
 " The father of a country, thus to pick 285
 " The very refuse of those harvest-fields,
 " Which from his bounteous friendship I enjoy.
 " Then throw that shameful pittance from thy hand,
 " But ill apply'd to such a rugged task ;
 " The fields, the master, all, my fair, are thine ; 290
 " If to the various blessings which thy house
 " Has on me lavish'd, thou wilt add that bliss,
 " That dearest bliss, the power of blessing thee !"

HERE ceas'd the youth: yet still his speaking eye
 Express'd the sacred triumph of his soul, 295
 With conscious virtue, gratitude, and love,
 Above the vulgar joy divinely rais'd.
 Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm
 Of goodness irresistible, and all
 In sweet disorder lost, she blush'd consent. 300
 The news immediate to her mother brought,



Ansell del.

Birell sculp.

*Then throw that shameful pittance from thy hand,
But ill applyd to such a rugged task;
The fields, the master, all, my fair, are thine;*

Autumn, line 288.



While, pierc'd with anxious thought, she pin'd away
The lonely moments for LAVINIA's fate.
Amaz'd, and scarce believing what she heard,
Joy seiz'd her wither'd veins, and one bright gleam 305
Of setting life shone on her evening-hours :
Not less enraptur'd then the happy pair ;
Who flourish'd long in tender bliss, and rear'd
A numerous offspring, lovely like themselves,
And good, the grace of all the country round. 310

DEFEATING oft the labours of the year,
The sultry south collects a potent blast.
At first the groves are scarcely seen to stir
Their trembling tops ; and a still murmur runs
Along the soft-inclining fields of corn. 315
But as the aërial tempest fuller swells,
And in one mighty stream, invisible,
Immense, the whole excited atmosphere
Impetuous rushes o'er the sounding world ;
Strain'd to the root, the stooping forest pours 320
A rustling shower of yet untimely leaves.
High-beat, the circling mountains eddy in,
From the bare wild the dissipated storm,
And send it in a torrent down the vale.
Expos'd, and naked, to its utmost rage, 325
Thro' all the sea of harvest rolling round,

The billowy plain floats wide ; nor can evade,
Tho' pliant to the blast, its seizing force ;
Or whirl'd in air, or into vacant chaff
Shook waste. And sometimes too a burst of rain, 330
Swept from the black horizon, broad, descends
In one continuous flood. Still over head
The mingling tempest weaves its gloom, and still
The deluge deepens ; till the fields around
Lie sunk, and flattened, in the sordid wave. 335
Sudden the ditches swell ; the meadows swim,
Red, from the hills, innumerable streams
Tumultuous roar ; and high above its banks
The river lift ; before whose rushing tide
Herds, flocks, and harvests, cottages, and swains, 340
Roll mingled down; all that the winds had spar'd
In one wild moment ruin'd ; the big hopes,
And well-earn'd treasures of the painful year,
Fled to some eminence, the husbandman
Helpless beholds the miserable wreck 345
Driving along ; his drowning ox at once
Descending, with his labours scatter'd round,
He sees ; and instant o'er his shivering thought
Comes winter unprovided, and a train
Of claimant children dear. Ye masters, then, 350
Be mindful of the rough laborious hand
That sinks you soft in elegance and ease ;

Be mindful of those limbs in russet clad
Whose toil to yours is warmth, and graceful pride ;
And oh be mindful of that sparing board
Which covers yours with luxury profuse,
Makes your glass sparkle, and your sense rejoice !
Nor cruelly demand what the deep rains
And all-involving winds have swept away.

355

HERE the rude clamour of the sportsman's joy, 360
The gun fast-thundering, and the winded horn,
Would tempt the Muse to sing the rural game :
How, in his mid-career, the spaniel struck,
Stiff, by the tainted gale, with open nose,
Outstretch'd, and finely sensible, draws full, 365
Fearful, and cautious, on the latent prey ;
As in the sun the circling covey bask
Their varied plumes, and, watchful every way,
Thro' the rough stubble turn the secret eye.
Caught in the meshy snare, in vain they beat 370
Their idle wings, entangled more and more :
Nor on the surges of the boundless air,
Tho' born triumphant, are they safe ; the gun
Glanc'd just, and sudden, from the fowler's eye
O'er takes their sounding pinions ; and again, 375
Immediate, brings them from the towering wing,
Dead to the ground ; or drives them wide-dispers'd,
Wounded, and wheeling various, down the wind.

THESE are not subjects for the peaceful Muse,
 Nor will she stain with such her spotless song ; 380
 Then most delighted when she social sees
 The whole mix'd animal-creation round
 Alive, and happy. 'Tis not joy to her,
 This falsely-cheerful barbarous game of death ;
 This rage of pleasure, which the restless youth 385
 Awakes, impatient, with the gleaming morn ;
 When beasts of prey retire, that all night long,
 Urg'd by necessity, had rang'd the dark,
 As if their conscious ravage shunn'd the light,
 Asham'd. Not so the steady tyrant man, 390
 Who with the thoughtless insolence of power
 Inflam'd, beyond the most infuriate wrath
 Of the worst monster that e'er roam'd the waste,
 For sport alone pursues the cruel chase,
 Amid the beamings of the gentle days. 395
 Upbraid, ye ravening tribes, our wanton rage,
 For hunger kindles you, and lawless want ;
 But lavish fed, in Nature's bounty roll'd,
 To joy at anguish, and delight in blood,
 Is what your horrid bosoms never knew. 400

Poor is the triumph o'er the timid hare !
 Scar'd from the corn, and now to some lone seat
 Retir'd : the rushy fen ; the ragged furze,
 Stretch'd o'er the stony heath ; the stubble chapt ;

The thistly lawn ; the thick-entangled broom ;
Of the same friendly hue, the wither'd fern ;
The fallow ground laid open to the sun,
Concoctive ; and the nodding sandy bank,
Hung o'er the mazes of the mountain brook.

405

Vain is her best precaution ; tho' she sits
Conceal'd, with folded ears ; unsleeping eyes,
By Nature rais'd to take the horizon in ;
And head couch'd close betwixt her hairy feet,
In act to spring away. The scented dew
Betrays her early labyrinth ; and deep,
In scattered sullen openings, far behind,
With every breeze she hears the coming storm.
But nearer, and more frequent, as it loads
The sighing gale, she springs amaz'd, and all
The savage soul of game is up at once :

415

The pack full-opening, various ; the shrill horn
Resounded from the hills ; the neighing steed,
Wild for the chase ; and the loud hunters shout ;
O'er a weak, harmless, flying creature, all
Mix'd in mad tumult, and discordant joy.

420

425

THE stag too, singled from the herd, where long
He rang'd the branching monarch of the shades,
Before the tempest drives. At first, in speed,
He, sprightly, puts his faith ; and, rous'd by fear,
Gives all his swift aërial soul to flight

Against the breeze he darts, that way the more
To leave the lessening murderous cry behind :
Deception short! tho' fleetier than the winds
Blown o'er the keen-air'd mountain by the north,
He bursts the thickets, glances through the glades, 435
And plunges deep into the wildest wood ;
If slow, yet sure, adhesive to the track
Hot-steaming, up behind him come again
Th' inhuman rout, and from the shady depths
Expel him, circling thro' his every shift. 440

He sweeps the forest oft ; and sobbing sees
The glades, mild opening to the golden day ;
Where, in kind contest, with his butting friends
He wont to struggle, or his loves enjoy.
Oft in the full-descending flood he tries 445
To lose the scent, and lave his burning sides :
Oft seeks the herd ; the watchful herd, alarm'd,
With selfish care avoid a brother's woe.
What shall he do ? His once so vivid nerves,
So full of buoyant spirit, now no more 450
Inspire the course ; but fainting breathless toil,
Sick, seizes on his heart : he stands at bay ;
And puts his last weak refuge in despair.
The big round tears run down his dappled face ;
He groans in anguish ; while the growling pack, 455
Blood-happy, hang at his fair jutting chest,
And mark his beauteous checker'd sides with gore.

Of this enough. But if the sylvan youth,
Whose fervent blood boils into violence,
Must have the chase ; behold, despising flight, 460
The rous'd-up lion, resolute, and slow,
Advancing full on the pretended spear,
And coward-band, that circling wheel aloof.
Slunk from the cavern, and the troubled wood,
See the grim wolf ; on him his shaggy foe 465
Vindictive fix, and let the ruffian die :
Or, growling horrid, as the brindled boar
Grins fell destruction, to the monster's heart
Let the dart lighten from the nervous arm.

THESE Britain knows not ; give, ye Britons, then 470
Your sportive fury, pitiless, to pour
Loose on the nightly robber of the fold :
Him, from his craggy winding haunts unearth'd,
Let all the thunder of the chase pursue.
Throw the broad ditch behind you ; o'er the hedge 475
High-bound, resistless ; nor the deep morass
Refuse, but thro' the shaking wilderness
Pick your nice way ; into the perilous flood
Bear fearless, of the raging instinct full ;
And as you ride the torrent, to the banks 480
Your triumph sound sonorous, running round,
From rock to rock, in circling echos tost ;
Then scale the mountains to their woody tops ;

Rush down the dangerous steep ; and o'er the lawn,
 In fancy swallowing up the space between, 485
 Pour all your speed into the rapid game.
 For happy he ! who tops the wheeling chase ;
 Has every maze evolv'd, and every guile
 Disclos'd ; who knows the merits of the pack ;
 Who saw the villain seiz'd, and dying hard, 490
 Without complaint, tho' by an hundred mouths
 Relentless torn : O glorious he, beyond.
 His daring peers ! when the retreating horn
 Calls them to ghostly halls of grey renown,
 With woodland honours grac'd ; the fox's fur, 495
 Depending decent from the roof ; and spread
 Round the drear walls, with antic figures fierce,
 The stag's large front : he then is loudest heard,
 When the night staggers with severer toils,
 With feats Thessalian Centaurs never knew, 500
 And their repeated wonders shake the dome,

BUT first the fuel'd chimney blazes wide ;
 The tankards foam ; and the strong table groans
 Beneath the smoking sirloin, stretch'd immense
 From side to side ; in which, with desperate knife, 505
 They deep incision make, and talk the while
 Of England's glory, ne'er to be defac'd.
 While hence they borrow vigour : or amain
 Into the pasty plung'd, at intervals,

If stomach keen can intervals allow, 510
Relating all the glories of the chase.

Then sated Hunger bids his brother Thirst
Produce the mighty bowl ; the mighty bowl,
Swell'd high with fiery juice, steams liberal round
A potent gale, delicious, as the breath
Of Maia to the love-sick shepherdess, 515
On violets diffus'd, while soft she hears
Her panting shepherd stealing to her arms.

Nor wanting is the brown October, drawn,
Mature and perfect, from his dark retreat
Of thirty years ; and now his honest front
Flames in the light resplendent, not afraid
Even with the vineyard's best produce to vie,
To cheat the thirsty moments, whilst a while
Walks his dull round, beneath a cloud of smoke, 525
Wreath'd, fragrant, from the pipe ; or the quick dice,
In thunder leaping from the box, awake
The sounding gammon : while romp-loving miss
Is haul'd about, in gallantry robust.

At last these puling idlenesses laid 530
Aside, frequent and full, the dry divan
Close in firm circle ; and set, ardent, in
For serious drinking. Nor evasion sly,
Nor sober shift, is to the fucking wretch
Indulg'd apart ; but earnest, brimming bowls 535

Lave every soul, the table floating round,
And pavement, faithless to the fuddled foot.
Thus as they swim in mutual swill, the talk,
Vociferous at once from twenty tongues,
Reels fast from theme to theme ; from horses, hounds,
To church or mistress, politics or ghost, 541
In endless mazes, intricate, perplex'd.
Meantime, with sudden interruption, loud,
Th' impatient catch bursts from the joyous heart ;
That moment touch'd is every kindred soul ; 545
And, opening in a full mouth'd cry of joy,
The laugh, the slap, the jocund curse go round ;
While, from their slumbers shook, the kennel'd hounds
Mix in the music of the day again.
As when the tempest, that has vex'd the deep 550
The dark night long, with fainter murmurs falls,
So gradual sinks their mirth. Their feeble tongues,
Unable to take up the cumbrous word,
Lie quite dissolv'd. Before their maudlin eyes,
Seen dim, and blue, the double tapers dance, 555
Like the sun wading thro' the misty sky.
Then, sliding soft, they drop. Confus'd above,
Glasses and bottles, pipes and gazetteers,
As if the table even itself was drunk,
Lie a wet broken scene ; and wide, below, 560
Is heap'd the social slaughter : where astride
The lubber Power in filthy triumph sits,

Slumbrous, inclining still from side to side,
And steeps them drench'd in potent sleep till morn.
Perhaps some doctor, of tremendous paunch, 565
Awful and deep, a black abyss of drink,
Outlives them all ; and from his bury'd flock
Retiring, full of rumination sad,
Laments the weakness of these latter times.

BUT if the rougher sex by this fierce sport 570
Is hurried wild, let not such horrid joy
E'er stain the bosom of the British Fair.
Far be the spirit of the chase from them !
Uncomely courage, unbeseeming skill ;
To spring the fence, to rein the prancing steed ; 575
The cap, the whip, the masculine attire,
In which they roughen to the sense, and all
The winning softness of their sex is lost.
In them 'tis graceful to dissolve at woe ;
With every motion, every word, to wave 580
Quick o'er the kindling cheek the ready blush ;
And from the smallest violence to shrink
Unequal, then the loveliest in their fears ;
And by this silent adulation, soft,
To their protection more engaging Man. 585
O may their eyes no miserable sight,
Save weeping lovers, see ! a nobler game,
Thro' Love's enchanting wiles pursued, yet fled,

In chase ambiguous. May their tender limbs
 Float in the loose simplicity of dress ! 590

And, fashion'd all to harmony, alone
 Know they to seize the captivated soul,
 In rapture warbled from love-breathing lips ;
 To teach the lute to languish ; with smooth step,
 Disclosing motion in its every charm, 595

To swim along, and swell the mazy dance ;
 To train the foliage o'er the snowy lawn ;
 To guide the pencil, turn the tuneful page ;
 To lend new flavour to the fruitful year,
 And heighten Nature's dainties ; in their race 600

To rear their graces into second life ;
 To give Society its highest taste ;
 Well-ordered home Man's best delight to make ;
 And by submissive wisdom, modest skill,
 With every gentle care-eluding art, 605

To raise the virtues, animate the bliss,
 And sweeten all the toils of human life :
 This be the female dignity, and praise.

YE swains now hasten to the hazel-bank ;
 Where, down yon dale, the wildly-winding brook 610
 Falls hoarse from steep to steep. In close array,
 Fit for the thickets and the tangling shrub,
 YE virgins come ! For you their latest song
 The woodlands raise ; the clustering nuts for you

The lover finds amid the secret shade; 615
 And, where they burnish on the topmost bough,
 With active vigour crushes down the tree;
 Or shakes them ripe from the resigning husk,
 A glossy shower, and of an ardent brown,
 As are the ringlets of MELINDA's hair : 620
 MELINDA! form'd with every grace complete,
 Yet these neglecting, above beauty wise,
 And far transcending such a vulgar praise.

HENCE from the busy joy-resounding fields,
 In cheerful error, let us tread the maze 625
 Of Autumn, unconfin'd; and taste, reviv'd,
 The breath of orchard big with bending fruit.
 Obedient to the breeze and beating ray,
 From the deep-loaded bough a mellow shower
 Incessant melts away. The juicy pear 630
 Lies, in a soft profusion, scatte'rd round.
 A various sweetness swells the gentle race ;
 By Nature's all-refining hand prepar'd ;
 Of temper'd sun, and water, earth, and air,
 In ever-changing composition mixt. 635
 Such, falling frequent thro' the chiller night,
 The fragrant stores, the wide-projected heaps
 Of apples, which the lusty-handed year,
 Innumerous, o'er the blushing orchard shakes.
 A various spirit, fresh, delicious, keen, 640

Dwells in their gelid pores; and, active, points
 The piercing cyder for the thirsty tongue:
 Thy native theme, and boon inspirer too,
 PHILLIS, Pomona's bard, the second thou
 Who nobly durst, in rhyme-unfetter'd verse, 645
 With British freedom sing the British song:
 How, from Silurian vats, high-sparkling wines
 Foam in transparent floods; some strong, to cheer
 The wintry revels of the labouring hind;
 And tasteful some, to cool the summer-hours. 650

IN this glad season, while his sweetest beams
 The sun sheds equal o'er the meeken'd day;
 Oh lose me in the green delightful walks
 Of, DODINGTON, thy seat, serene and plain;
 Where simple Nature reigns; and every view, 655
 Diffusive, spreads the pure Dorsetian downs,
 In boundless prospect; yonder shagg'd with wood,
 Here rich with harvest, and there white with flocks!
 Meantime the grandeur of thy lofty dome,
 Far-splendid, seizes on the ravish'd eye. 660
 New beauties rise with each revolving day;
 New columns swell; and still the fresh Spring finds
 New plants to quicken, and new groves to green.
 Full of thy genius all! the Muses' seat:
 Where in the secret bower, and winding walk, 665
 For virtuous YOUNG and thee they twine the bay.

Here wandering oft, fir'd with the restless thirst
Of thy applause, I solitary court
Th' inspiring breeze: and meditate the book
Of Nature ever open; aiming thence, 670
Warm from the heart, to learn the moral song.
Here, as I steal along the sunny wall,
Where Autumn basks, with fruit empurpled deep,
My pleasing theme continual prompts my thought:
Presents the downy peach; the shining plum; 675
The ruddy, fragrant nectarine; and dark,
Beneath his ample leaf, the luscious fig.
The vine too here her curling tendrils shoots;
Hangs out her clusters, glowing to the south;
And scarcely wishes for a warmer sky. 680

TURN we a moment Fancy's rapid flight
To vigorous soils, and climes of fair extent;
Where, by the potent sun elated high,
The vineyard swells resplendent on the day;
Spreads o'er the vale; or up the mountain climbs, 685
Profuse; and drinks amid the sunny rocks,
From cliff to cliff increas'd, the heighten'd blaze.
Low bend the weighty boughs. The clusters clear,
Half thro' the foliage seen, or ardent flame,
Or shine transparent; while perfection breathes 690
White o'er the turgid film the living dew.
As thus they brighten with exalted juice,

'Touch'd into flavour by the mingling ray ;
 'The rural youth and virgins o'er the field,
 Each fond for each to cull th' autumnal prime, 695
 Exulting rove, and speak the vintage nigh.
 Then comes the crushing swain ; the country floats,
 And foams unbounded with the mashy flood ;
 That by degrees fermented, and refin'd,
 Round the rais'd nations pours the cup of joy : 706
 The claret smooth, red as the lip we press
 In sparkling fancy, while we drain the bowl ;
 The mellow-tasted burgundy ; and quick,
 As is the wit it gives, the gay champaign.

Now, by the cool declining year condens'd, 705
 Descend the copious exhalations, check'd
 As up the middle sky unseen they stole,
 And roll the doubling fogs around the hill.
 No more the mountain, horrid, vast, sublime,
 Who pours a sweep of rivers from his sides, 710
 And high between contending kingdoms rears
 The rocky long division, fills the view
 With great variety ; but in a night
 Of gathering vapour, from the baffled sense
 Sinks dark and dreary. Thence expanding far, 715
 The huge dusk, gradual, swallows up the plain :
 Vanish the woods ; the dim-seen river seems
 Sullen, and slow, to roll the misty wave.

Even in the height of noon oppress, the sun
Sheds weak, and blunt, his wide-refracted ray ; 720
Whence glaring oft, with many a broaden'd orb,
He frights the nations. Indistinct on earth,
Seen thro' the turbid air, beyond the life
Objects appear ; and, wilder'd, o'er the waste
The shepherd stalks gigantic. Till at last 725
Wreath'd dun around, in deeper circles still
Successive closing, sits the general fog
Unbounded o'er the world ; and, mingling thick,
A formless grey confusion covers all.
As when of old (so sung the Hebrew Bard) 730
Light, uncollected, thro' the chaos urg'd
Its infant way ; nor Order yet had drawn
His lovely train from out the dubious gloom.

THESE roving mists, that constant now begin
To smoke along the hilly country, these 735
With weighty rains, and melted Alpine snows,
The mountain-cisterns fill, those ample stores
Of water, scoop'd among the hollow rocks ;
Whence gush the streams, the ceaseless fountains play,
And their unfailing wealth the rivers draw. 740
Some sages say, that where the numerous wave
For ever lashes the resounding shore,
Drill'd thro' the sandy stratum every way,

The waters with the sandy stratum rise ;
 Amid whose angles infinitely strain'd, 745
 They joyful leave their jaggy salts behind,
 And clear and sweeten, as they soak along.
 Nor stops the restless fluid, mounting still,
 Though oft amidst th' irriguous vale it springs ;
 But to the mountain courted by the sand, 750
 That leads it darkling on in faithful maze,
 Far from the parent-main, it boils again
 Fresh into day ; and all the glittering hill
 Is bright with spouting rills. But hence this vain
 Amusive dream ! why should the waters love 755
 To take so far a journey to the hills,
 'When the sweet valleys offer to their toil
 Inviting quiet, and a nearer bed ?
 Or if, by blind ambition led astray,
 They must aspire ; why should they sudden stop 760
 Among the broken mountain's rushy dells,
 And, ere they gain its highest peak, desert
 Th' attractive sand that charm'd their course so long ?
 Besides, the hard agglomerating salts,
 The spoil of ages, would impervious choak 765
 Their secret channels, or, by slow degrees,
 High as the hills protrude the swelling vales :
 Old Ocean too, suck'd thro' the porous globe,
 Had long ere now forsook his horrid bed,
 And brought Deucalion's wat'ry times again. 770

SAY then, where lurk the vast eternal springs,
That, like creating Nature, lie conceal'd
From mortal eye, yet with their lavish stores
Refresh the globe, and all its joyous tribes ?
O thou pervading Genius, given to Man,
To trace the secrets of the dark abyss,
O lay the mountains bare ! and wide display
Their hidden structure to th' astonish'd view !
Strip from the branching Alps their piny load ;
The huge incumbrance of horrific woods
From Asian Taurus, from Imaus stretch'd
Athwart the roving Tartar's sullen bounds !
Give opening Hemus to my searching eye,
And high Olympus pouring many a stream !
O from the sounding summits of the north,
The Dofrine Hills, thro' Scandinavia roll'd
To farthest Lapland and the frozen main ;
From lofty Caucasus, far seen by those
Who in the Caspian and black Euxine toil ;
From cold Riphean Rocks, which the wild Russ
Believes the * STONY GIRDLE of the world ;
And all the dreadful mountains, wrapt in storm,
Whence wide Siberia draws her lonely floods ;

* The Moscovites call the Riphean mountains ' Weliki Camenypois,' that is, ' the great stony girdle : ' because they suppose them to encompass the whole earth.

O sweep th' eternal snows ! hung o'er the deep
 That ever works beneath his sounding base, 795
 Bid Atlas, propping heaven, as poets feign,
 His subterranean wonders spread ! unveil
 The miny caverns, blazing on the day,
 Of Abyssinia's cloud-compelling cliffs,
 And of the bending * Mountains of the Moon ! 800
 O'ertopping all these giant-sons of earth,
 Let the dire Andes, from the radiant Line
 Stretch'd to the stormy seas that thunder round
 The southern pole, their hideous deeps unfold !
 Amazing scene ! Behold ! the glooms disclose, 805
 I see the rivers in their infant beds !
 Deep, deep I hear them, lab'ring to get free !
 I see the leaning strata, artful rang'd ;
 The gaping fissures to receive the rains,
 The melting snows, and ever-dripping fogs. 810
 Strow'd bibulous above I see the sands,
 The pebbly gravel next, the layers then
 Of mingled moulds, of more retentive earths,
 The gutter'd rocks and mazy-running clefts ;
 That, while the stealing moisture they transmit, 815
 Retard its motion, and forbid its waste.
 Beneath th' incessant weeping of these drains,

* A range of mountains in Africa, that surround almost all Monomotapa.

I see the rocky siphons stretch'd immense,
The mighty reservoirs, of hardened chalk,
Or stiff compacted clay, capacious form'd.
O'erflowing thence, the congregated stores,
The crystal treasures of the liquid world,
Thro' the stirr'd sands a bubbling passage burst ;
And welling out, around the middle steep,
Or from the bottoms of the bosom'd hills,
In pure effusion flow. United, thus,
Th' exhaling sun, the vapour-burden'd air,
The gelid mountains, that to rain condens'd
These vapours in continual current draw,
And send them o'er the fair-divided earth,
In bounteous rivers to the deep again,
A social commerce hold, and firm support
The full-adjusted harmony of things.

820

825

830

WHEN Autumn scatters his departing gleams,
Warn'd of approaching Winter, gathered, play
The swallow-people ; and toss'd wide around,
O'er the calm sky, in convolution swift,
The feather'd eddy floats : rejoicing once,
Ere to their wintry slumbers they retire ;
In clusters clung, beneath the mouldring bank,
And where, unpierc'd by frost, the cavern sweats.
Or rather into warmer climes convey'd,
With other kindred birds of season, there

835

840

They twitter cheerful, till the vernal months
 Invite them welcome back : for, thronging, now 845
 Innumerous wings are in commotion all.

WHERE the Rhine loses his majestic force
 In Belgian plains, won from the raging deep,
 By diligence amazing, and the strong
 Unconquerable hand of Liberty, 850
 The stork-assembly meets; for many a day,
 Consulting deep, and various, ere they take
 Their arduous voyage thro' the liquid sky.
 And now their rout design'd, their leaders chose,
 Their tribes adjusted, clean'd their vigorous wings; 855
 And many a circle, many a short essay,
 Wheel'd round and round, in congregation full
 'The figured flight ascends ; and, riding high
 The aerial billows, mixes with the clouds.

OR where the Northern ocean, in vast whirls, 860
 Boils round the naked melancholy isles
 Of farthest Thulé, and th' Atlantic surge
 Pours in among the stormy Hebrides ;
 Who can recount what transmigrations there
 Are annual made ? what nations come and go ? 865
 And how the living clouds on clouds arise ?
 Infinite wings ! till all the plume-dark air,
 And rude resounding shore are one wild cry.

HERE the plain harmless native his small flock,
And herd diminutive of many hues, 870
Tends on the little island's verdant swell,
The shepherd's sea-girt reign ; or, to the rocks
Dire-clinging, gathers his ovarious food ;
Or sweeps the fishy shore ; or treasures up
The plumage, rising full, to form the bed 875
Of luxury. And here a while the Muse,
High-hovering o'er the broad cerulean scene,
Sees Caledonia, in ronhantic view :
Her airy mountains, from the waving main,
Invested with a keen diffusive sky, 880
Breathing the soul acute ; her forests huge,
Incult, robust, and tall, by Nature's hand
Planted of old ; her azure lakes between,
Pour'd out extensive, and of wat'ry wealth
Full ; winding deep, and green, her fertile vales ; 885
With many a cool translucent brimming flood
Wash'd lovely, from the Tweed (pure parent stream,
Whose pastoral banks first heard my Doric reed,
With, silvan Jed, thy tributary brook)
To where the north-inflated tempest foams. 890
O'er Orca's or Betubium's highest peak :
Nurse of a people, in misfortune's school
Train'd up to hardy deeds ; soon visited
By Learning, when before the Gothic rage
She took her western flight. A manly race, 895

Of unsubmitting spirit, wise and brave ;
 Who still thro' bleeding ages struggled hard,
 (As well unhappy WALLACE can attest,
 Great patriot-hero ! ill requited chief !)
 To hold a generous undiminish'd state ; 900
 Too much in vain ! Hence of unequal bounds
 Impatient, and by tempting glory borne
 O'er every land, for every land their life
 Has flow'd profuse, their piercing genius plann'd,
 And swell'd the pomp of peace their faithful toil. 905
 As from their own clear north, in radiant streams,
 Bright over Europe bursts the Boreal morn.

OH is there not some patriot, in whose power
 That best, that godlike luxury is placed,
 Of blessing thousands, thousands yet unborn, 910
 Thro' late posterity ? some, large of soul,
 To cheer dejected industry ? to give
 A double harvest to the pining swain,
 And teach the labouring hand the sweets of toil ?
 How, by the finest heart, the native robe 915
 To weave ; how, white as Hyperborean snow,
 To form the lucid lawn ; with venturous oar
 How to dash wide the billow ; nor look on,
 Shamefully passive, while Batavian fleets
 Defraud us of the glittering finny swarms, 920
 That heave our friths, and crowd upon our shores ;

How all-enlivening trade to rouse, and wing
The prosperous sail, from every growing port,
Uninjur'd, round the sea-encircled globe ;
And thus, in soul united as in name,
Bid Britain reign the mistress of the deep ?

925

YES, there are such. And full on thee, ARGYLL,
Her hope, her stay, her darling, and her boast,
From her first patriots and her heroes sprung,
Thy fond imploring country turns her eye ;
In thee, with all a mother's triumph, sees
Her every virtue, every grace combin'd,
Her genius, wisdom, her engaging turn,
Her pride of honour, and her courage try'd,
Calm, and intrepid, in the very throat
Of sulphurous war, on Tenier's dreadful field.
Nor less the palm of peace inwreathes thy brow :
For, powerful as thy sword, from thy rich tongue
Persuasion flows, and wins the high debate ;
While mix'd in thee combine the charm of youth,
The force of manhood, and the depth of age.
Thee, FORBES, too, whom every worth attends,
As truth sincere, as weeping friendship kind,
Thee, truly generous, and in silence great,
Thy country feels thro' her reviving arts,
Plann'd by thy wisdom, by thy soul inform'd ;
And seldom has she known a friend like thee.

930

935

940

945

BUT see the fading many-colour'd woods,
 Shade deepening over shade, the country round
 Imbrown ; a crowded umbrage, dusk, and dun, 950
 Of every hue, from wan declining green
 To sooty dark. These now the lonesome Muse,
 Low-whispering, lead into their leaf-strown walks,
 And give the season in its latest view.

MEANTIME, light-shadowing all, a sober calm 955
 Fleeces unbounded ether ; whose least wave
 Stands tremulous, uncertain where to turn
 The gentle current ; while, illumin'd wide,
 The dewy-skirted clouds imbibe the sun,
 And thro' their lucid veil his soften'd force 960
 Shed o'er the peaceful world. Then is the time,
 For those whom Wisdom and whom Nature charm,
 To steal themselves from the degenerate crowd,
 And soar above this little scene of things ;
 To tread low-thoughted vice beneath their feet ; 965
 To soothe the throbbing passions into peace ;
 And woo lone quiet in her silent walks.

THUS solitary, and in pensive guise,
 Oft let me wander o'er the russet mead,
 And thro' the sadden'd grove, where scarce is heard 970
 One dying strain, to cheer the woodman's toil.

Haply some widowed songster pours his plaint,
Far, in faint warblings, thro' the tawny copse.
While congregated thrushes, linnets, larks,
And each wild throat, whose artless strains so late 975
Swell'd all the music of the swarming shades,
Robb'd of their tuneful souls, now shivering sit
On the dead tree, a full despondent flock ;
With not a brightness waving o'er their plumes,
And nought save chattering discord in their note. 980
O let not, aim'd from some inhuman eye,
The gun the music of the coming year
Destroy ; and harmless, unsuspecting harm,
Lay the weak tribes, a miserable prey,
In mingled murder, fluttering on the ground ! 985

THE pale descending year, yet pleasing still,
A gentler mood inspires ; for now the leaf
Incessant rustles from the mournful grove ;
Oft startling such as, studious, walk below,
And slowly circles thro' the waving air. 990
But should a quicker breeze amid the boughs
Sob, o'er the sky the leafy deluge streams ;
Till choak'd and matted with the dreary shower,
The forest-walks, at every rising gale,
Roll wide the wither'd waste, and whistle bleak. 995
Fled is the blasted verdure of the fields ;
And, shrunk into their beds, the flowery race

Their sunny robes resign. Even what remain'd
Of stronger fruits falls from the naked tree ;
And woods, fields, gardens, orchards, all around 1000
The desolated prospect thrills the soul.

HE comes ! he comes ! in every breeze the power
Of Philosophic Melancholy comes ! 1001
His near approach the sudden-starting tear,
The glowing cheek, the mild dejected air, 1005
The soften'd feature, and the beating heart,
Pierc'd deep with many a virtuous pang, declare,
O'er all the soul his sacred influence breathes !
Inflames imagination ; thro' the breast
Infuses every tenderness ; and far 1010
Beyond dim earth exalts the swelling thought.
Ten thousand thousand fleet ideas, such
As never mingled with the vulgar dream,
 Crowd fast into the mind's creative eye,
As fast the correspondent passions rise, 1015
As varied, and as high. Devotion rais'd
To rapture, and divine astonishment ;
The love of Nature unconfin'd, and, chief,
Of human race ; the large ambitious wish,
To make them blest ; the sigh for suffering worth 1020
Lost in obscurity ; the noble scorn
Of tyrant-pride ; the fearless great resolve ;
The wonder which the dying patriot draws,

Inspiring glory thro' remotest time ;
 Th' awakened throb for virtue, and for fame ; 1025
 The sympathies of love, and friendship dear ;
 With all the social offspring of the heart.

Oh bear me then to vast embowering shades,
 To twilight groves, and visionary vales ;
 To weeping grottos, and prophetic glooms ; 1030
 Where angel-forms athwart the solemn dusk,
 Tremendous sweep, or seem to sweep along :
 And voices more than human, thro' the void
 Deep-sounding, seize th' enthusiastic ear !

Or is this gloom too much ? Then lead, ye powers,
 That o'er the garden and the rural seat 1036
 Preside, which shining thro' the cheerful land
 In countless numbers blest Britannia sees ;
 O lead me to the wide-extended walks,
 The fair majestic paradise of STOWE * ! 1040
 Nor Persian Cyrus on Ionia's shore
 E'er saw such silvan scenes ; such various art
 By genius fir'd, such ardent genius tam'd
 By cool judicious art ; that, in the strife,
 All-beauteous Nature fears to be outdone. 1045
 And there, O PITT, thy country's early boast,
 There let me sit beneath the sheltered slopes,

* The seat of the Lord Viscount Cobham.

Or in that * Temple where, in future times,
 Thou well shalt merit a distinguish'd name ;
 And, with thy converse blest, catch the last smiles 1050
 Of Autumn bearing o'er the yellow woods.

While there with thee th' enchanted round I walk,
 The regulated wild, gay Fancy then
 Will tread in thought the groves of Attic Land ;
 Will from thy standard taste refine her own, 1055
 Correct her pencil to the purest truth
 Of Nature, or, the unimpassion'd shades
 Forsaking, raise it to the human mind.
 Or if hereafter she, with juster hand,
 Shall draw the tragic scene, instruct her thou, 1060
 To mark the varied movements of the heart,
 What every decent character requires,
 And every passion speaks : O thro' her strain
 Breathe thy pathetic eloquence ! that moulds
 Th' attentive senate, charms, persuades, exalts, 1065
 Of honest zeal th' indignant lightning throws,
 And shakes corruption on her venal throne.
 While thus we talk, and thro' Elysian Vales
 Delighted rove, perhaps a sigh escapes :
 What pity, COBHAM, thou thy verdant files 1070
 Of ordered trees shouldst here inglorious range,
 Instead of squadrons flaming o'er the field,
 And long embattled hosts ! when the proud foe,

* The Temple of Virtue in Stowe Gardens.

The faithless vain disturber of mankind,
Insulting Gaul, has rous'd the world to war ; 1075
When keen, once more, within their bounds to press
Those polish'd robbers, those ambitious slaves,
The British Youth would hail thy wise command,
Thy temper'd ardour, and thy veteran skill.

THE western sun withdraws the shorten'd day ; 1080
And humid evening, gliding o'er the sky,
In her chill progress, to the ground condens'd
The vapours throws. Where creeping waters ooze,
Where marshes stagnate, and where rivers wind,
Cluster the rolling fogs, and swim along 1085
The dusky mantled lawn. Meanwhile the moon,
Full-orb'd, and breaking thro' the scatter'd clouds,
Shews her broad visage in the crimson'd east.
Turn'd to the sun direct, her spotted disk
Where mountains rise, umbrageous dales descend, 1090
And caverns deep, as optic tube descries,
A smaller earth, gives us his blaze again,
Void of its flame, and sheds a softer day.
Now thro' the passing cloud she seems to stoop,
Now up the pure cerulean rides sublime. 1095
Wide the pale deluge floats, and streaming mild
O'er the sky'd mountain to the shadowy vale,
While rocks and floods reflect the quivering gleam,

The whole air whitens with a boundless tide
Of silver radiance, trembling round the world.

1100

BUT when half blotted from the sky her light,
Fainting, permits the starry fires to burn
With keener lustre thro' the depth of heaven ;
Or near extinct her deaden'd orb appears,
And scarce appears, of sickly beamless white ;

1105

Oft in this season, silent from the north
A blaze of meteors shoots : ensweeping first
The lower skies, they all at once converge
High to the crown of heaven, and all at once
Relapsing quick, as quickly reascend,

1110

And mix, and thwart, extinguish, and renew,
All ether coursing in a maze of light.

FROM look to look, contagious thro' the crowd,
Th' panic runs, and into wondrous shapes
Th' appearance throws : armies in meet array,

1115

Throng'd with aërial spears, and steeds of fire ;
Till the long lines of full-extended war
In bleeding fight commixt, the sanguine flood
Rolls a broad slaughter o'er the plains of heaven.

As thus they scan the visionary scene,

1120

On all sides swells the superstitious din,
Incontinent ; and busy frenzy talks
Of blood and battle ; cities overturn'd,

And late at night in swallowing earthquake sunk,
Or hideous wrapt in fierce ascending flame ;
Of sallow famine, inundation, storm ;
Of pestilence, and of every great distress ;
Empires subvers'd, when ruling fate has struck
Th' unalterable hour : even Nature's self
Is deem'd to totter on the brink of time.

1125

Not so the Man of philosophic eye,
And inspect sage ; the waving brightness he
Curious surveys, inquisitive to know
The causes, and materials, yet unfix'd,
Of this appearance beautiful and new.

1130

1135

Now black, and deep, the night begins to fall,
A shade immense. Sunk in the quenching gloom,
Magnificent and vast, are heaven and earth.

Order confounded lies ; all beauty void ;

Distinction lost ; and gay variety

1140

One universal blot : such the fair power
Of light, to kindle and create the whole.

Drear is the state of the benighted wretch,
Who then, bewilder'd, wanders thro' the dark,

Full of pale fancies, and chimeras huge ;

1145

Nor visited by one directive ray,

From cottage streaming, or from airy hall.

Perhaps impatient as he stumbles on,

Struck from the root of slimy rushes, blue,

The wild-fire scatters round, or gathered trails 1150
 A length of flame deceitful o'er the moss :
 Whither decoy'd by the fantastic blaze,
 Now lost and now renew'd, he sinks absorpt,
 Rider and horse, amid the miry gulph :
 While still, from day to day, his pining wife 1155
 And plaintive children his return await,
 In wild conjecture lost. At other times,
 Sent by the better Genius of the night,
 Innoxious, gleaming on the horse's mane,
 The meteor sits ; and shews the narrow path, 1160
 That winding leads thro' pits of death, or else
 Instructs him how to take the generous ford.

THE lengthen'd night elaps'd, the morning shines
 Serene, in all her dewy beauty bright,
 Unfolding fair the last autumnal day. 1165
 And now the mounting sun dispels the fog ;
 The rigid hoar-frost melts before his beam ;
 And hung on every spray, on every blade
 Of grass, the myriad dew-drops twinkle round.

AH see where robb'd, and murder'd, in that pit 1170
 Lies the still heaving hive ! at evening snatch'd
 Beneath the cloud of guilt-concealing night,
 And fix'd o'er sulphur : while, not dreaming ill,
 The happy people, in their waxen cells,

Sat tending public cares, and planning schemes 1175
Of temperance, for Winter poor; rejoiced
To mark, full flowing round, their copious stores.
Sudden the dark oppressive steam ascends;
And, us'd to milder scents, the tender race,
By thousands, tumble from their honey'd domes, 1180
Convolv'd and agonizing in the dust.
And was it then for this you roam'd the Spring,
Intent from flower to flower? for this you toil'd
Ceaseless the burning Summer-heats away?
For this in Autumn search'd the blooming waste, 1185
Nor lost one sunny gleam? for this sad fate?
O Man! tyrannic lord! how long, how long
Shall prostrate Nature groan beneath your rage,
Awaiting renovation? When obliged,
Must you destroy? Of their ambrosial food 1190
Can you not borrow; and, in just return,
Afford them shelter from the wintry winds;
Or, as the sharp year pinches, with their own
Again regale them on some smiling day?
See where the stony bottom of their town 1195
Looks desolate, and wild; with here and there
A helpless number, who the ruin'd state
Survive, lamenting weak, cast out to death.
Thus a proud city, populous and rich,
Full of the works of peace, and high in joy, 1200
At theatre, or feast, or sunk in sleep

(As late, Palermo, was thy fate) is seiz'd
By some dread earthquake, and convulsive hurl'd
Sheer from the black foundation, stench-involv'd,
Into a gulph of blue sulphureous flame.

1205

HENCE every harsher sight ! for now the day,
O'er heaven and earth diffus'd, grows warm, and high.
Infinite splendor ! wide investing all.

How still the breeze ! save what the filmy threads
Of dew evaporate brushes from the plain.

1210

How clear the cloudless sky ! how deeply ting'd
With a peculiar blue ! the ethereal arch

How swell'd immense ! amid whose azure thron'd
The radiant sun how gay ! how calm below

The gilded earth ! the harvest-treasures all

1215

Now gather'd in, beyond the rage of storms,
Sure to the swain ; the circling fence shut up ;
And instant Winter's utmost rage defy'd.

While, loose to the festive joy, the country round
Laughs with the loud sincerity of mirth,

1220

Shook to the wind their cares. The toil-strung youth,
By the quick sense of music taught alone,
Leaps wildly graceful in the lively dance.

Her every charm abroad, the village-toast,

Young, buxom, warm, in native beauty rich,

1225

Darts not unmeaning looks ; and, where her eye
Points an approving smile, with double force,

The cudgel rattles, and the wrestler twines.
Age too shines out ; and, garrulous, recounts
The feats of youth. Thus they rejoice ; nor think 1230
That, with to-morrow's sun, their annual toil
Begins again the never-ceasing round.

OH knew he but his happiness, of Men
The happiest he ! who far from public rage,
Deep in the vale, with a choice few retir'd, 1235
Drinks the pure pleasures of the rural life.
What tho' the dome be wanting, whose proud gate,
Each morning, vomits out the sneaking crowd
Of flatterers false, and in their turn abus'd ?
Vile intercourse ! What tho' the glittering robe, 1240
Of every hue reflected light can give,
Or floating loose, or stiff with mazy gold,
The pride and gaze of fools ! oppress him not ?
What tho', from utmost land and sea purvey'd,
From him each rarer tributary life 1245
Bleeds not, and his insatiate table heaps
With luxury, and death ? What tho' his bowl
Flames not with costly juice ; nor sunk in beds,
Oft of gay care, he tosses out the night,
Or melts the thoughtless hours in idle state ? 1250
What tho' he knows not those fantastic joys,
That still amuse the wanton, still deceive ;
A face of pleasure, but a heart of pain :

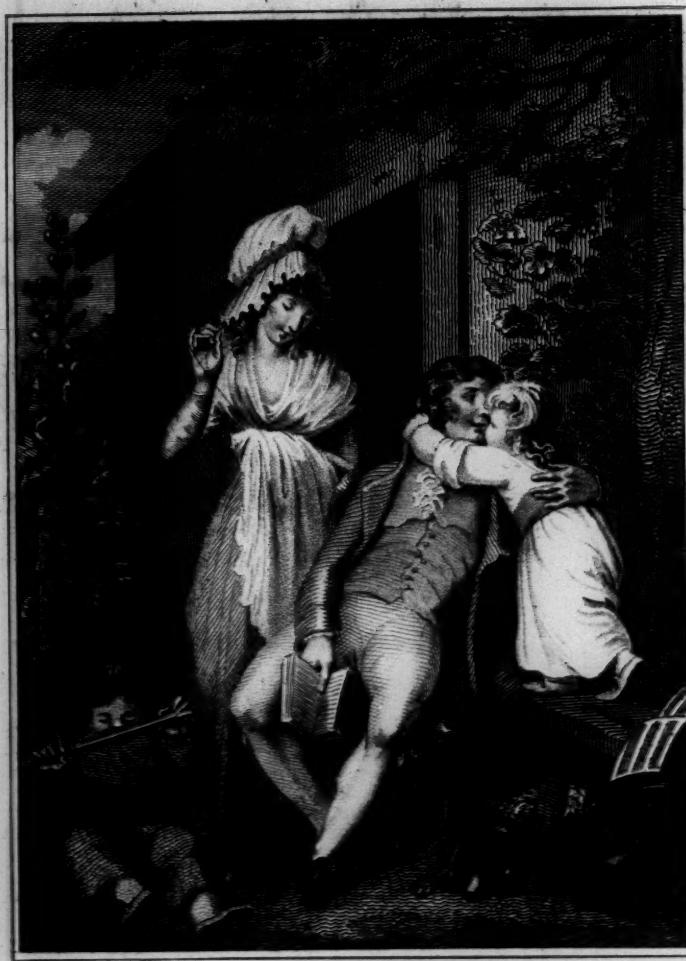
Their hollow moments undelighted all ?
 Sure peace is his ; a solid life, estranged
 To disappointment, and fallacious hope : 1255
 Rich in content, in Nature's bounty rich,
 In herbs and fruits ; whatever greens the Spring,
 When heaven descends in showers ; or bends the bough
 When Summer reddens, and when Autumn beams ; 1260
 Or in the wintry glebe whatever lies
 Conceal'd, and fattens with the richest sap :
 These are not wanting ; nor the milky drove,
 Luxuriant, spread o'er all the lowing vale ;
 Nor bleating mountains ; nor the chide of streams, 1265
 And hum of bees, inviting sleep sincere
 Into the guiltless breast, beneath the shade,
 Or thrown at large amid the fragrant hay ;
 Nor ought besides of prospect, grove, or song,
 Dim grottos, gleaming lakes, and fountain clear. 1270
 Here two dwells simple truth ; plain innocence ;
 Unsullied beauty ; sound unbroken youth,
 Patient of labour, with a little pleas'd ;
 Health ever blooming ; unambitious toil ;
 Calm contemplation, and poetic ease. 1275

LET others brave the flood in quest of gain,
 And beat, for joyless months, the gloomy wave.
 Let such as deem it glory to destroy,
 Rush into blood, the sack of cities seek ;

Unpierc'd, exulting in the widow's wail, 1208
The virgin's shriek, and infant's trembling cry.
Let some, far distant from their native soil,
Urg'd or by want or harden'd avarice,
Find other lands beneath another sun.
Let this through cities work his eager way, 1285
By legal outrage and established guile,
The social sense extinct ; and that ferment
Mad into tumult the seditious herd,
Or melt them down to slavery. Let these
Insnare the wretched in the toils of law, 1290
Fomenting discord, and perplexing right,
An iron race ! and those of fairer front,
But equal inhumanity; in courts,
Delusive pomp, and dark cabals, delight;
Wreath the deep bow, diffuse the lying smile, 1295
And tread the weary labyrinth of state.
While he, from all the stormy passions free
That restless men involve, hears, and but hears,
At distance safe, the human tempest roar,
Wrapt close in conscious peace. The fall of kings, 1300
The rage of nations, and the crush of states,
Move not the man, who, from the world escap'd
In still retreats, and flowery solitudes,
To Nature's voice attends, from month to month,
And day to day, thro' the revolving year ; 1305
Admiring, sees her in her every shape ;

Feels all her sweet emotions at his heart ;
 Takes what she liberal gives, nor thinks of more.
 He, when young Spring protrudes the bursting gems,
 Marks the first bud, and sucks the healthful gale 1310
 Into his freshen'd soul ; her genial hours
 He full enjoys ; and not a beauty blows,
 And not an opening blossom breathes in vain.
 In Summer he, beneath the living shade,
 Such as o'er frigid Tempe wont to wave, 1315
 Or Hemus cool, reads what the Muse, of these
 Perhaps, has in immortal numbers sung ;
 Or what she dictates writes : and, oft an eye
 Shot round, rejoices in the vigorous year.
 When Autumn's yellow lustre gilds the world, 1320
 And tempts the sickled swain into the field,
 Seiz'd by the general joy, his heart distends
 With gentle throes ; and, thro' the tepid gleams
 Deep musing, then he best exerts his song.
 Even Winter wild to him is full of bliss 1325
 The mighty tempest, and the hoary waste,
 Abrupt, and deep, stretch'd o'er the buried earth,
 Awake to solemn thought. At night the skies,
 Disclos'd, and kindled, by refining frost,
 Pour every lustre on th' exalted eye. 1330
 A friend, a book, the stealing hours secure,
 And mark them down for wisdom. With swift wing,
 O'er land and sea imagination roams ;





*the little strong embrace
Of prattling children, twind around his neck,
And emulous to please him, calling forth
The fond parental soul.*

Autumn, line 1339.

Or truth, divinely breaking on his mind,
Elates his being, and unfolds his powers ; 1335
Or in his breast heroic virtue burns.

The touch of kindred too and love he feels ;
The modest eye, whose beams on his alone
Ecstatic shine ; the little strong embrace
Of prattling children, twin'd around his neck, 1340
And emulous to please him, calling forth
The fond parental soul. Nor purpose gay,
Amusement, dance, or song, he sternly scorns ;
For happiness, and true philosophy
Are of a social still, and smiling kind. 1345

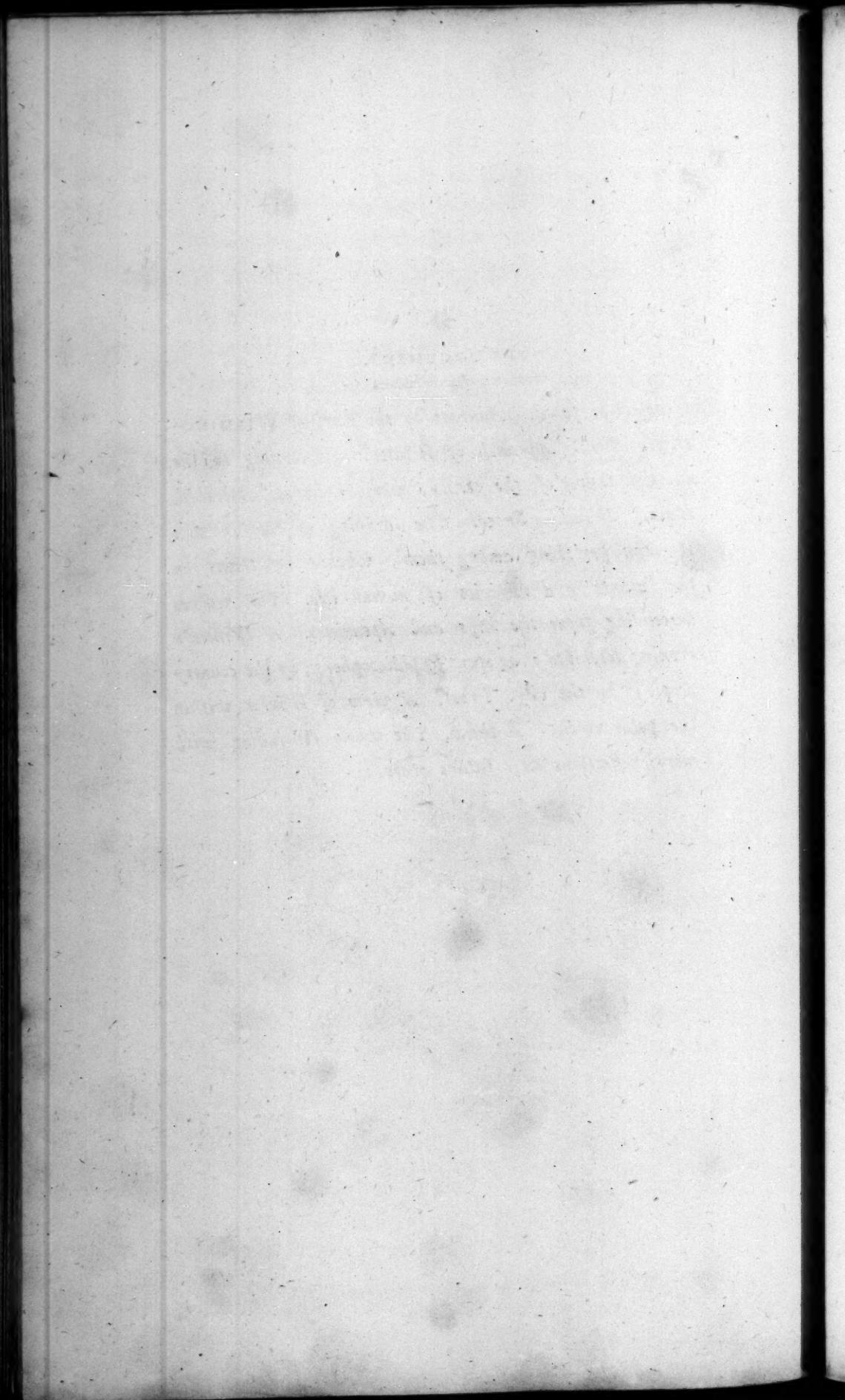
This is the life which those who fret in guilt,
And guilty cities, never knew ; the life
Led by primeval ages, uncorrupt,
When angels dwelt, and God himself, with Man !

OH Nature ! all sufficient ! over all ! 1350
Enrich me with the knowledge of thy works !
Snatch me to heaven ; thy rolling wonders there,
World beyond world, in infinite extent,
Profusely scatter'd o'er the blue immense,
Shew me ; their motions, periods, and their laws, 1355
Give me to scan ; thro' the disclosing deep
Light my blind way : the mineral strata there ;
Thrust, blooming, thence the vegetable world ;
O'er that the rising system, more complex,

Of animals ; and higher still, the mind, 1360
The varied scene of quick compounded thought,
And where the mixing passions endless shift ;
These ever open to my ravish'd eye ;
A search, the flight of time can ne'er exhaust !
But if to that unequal ; if the blood, 1365
In sluggish streams about my heart, forbid
The best ambition ; under closing shades,
Inglorious, lay me by the lowly brook,
And whisper to my dreams. From Thee begin,
Dwell all on Thee, with Thee conclude my song ; 1370
And let me never, never stray from Thee !

THE ARGUMENT.

*The subject proposed. Address to the Earl of WILMING-
TON. First approach of Winter. According to the
natural course of the season, various storms described.
Rain. Wind. Snow. The driving of the snows :
A man perishing among them ; whence reflections on
the wants and miseries of human life. The wolves
descending from the Alps and Apennines. A Winter's
evening described : as spent by philosophers ; by the country
people ; in the city. Frost. A view of Winter within
the polar circle. A thaw. The whole concluding with
moral reflections on a future state.*





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W I N T E R.

SEE, WINTER comes, to rule the varied year,
Sullen and sad, with all his rising train ;
Vapours, and Clouds, and Storms. Be these my theme !
These ! that exalt the soul to solemn thought,
And heavenly musing. Welcome, kindred glooms ! 5
Congenial horrors, hail ! with frequent foot,
Pleas'd have I, in my cheerful morn of life,
When nurs'd by careless solitude I liv'd,
And sung of Nature with unceasing joy,
Pleas'd have I wander'd thro' your rough domain ; 10
Trode the pure virgin-snows, myself as pure ;
Heard the winds roar, and the big torrent burst ;
Or seen the deep fermenting tempest brew'd,
In the grim evening sky. Thus pass'd the time,
Till thro' the lucid chambers of the south 15
Look'd out the joyous Spring, look'd out and smil'd.

To thee, the patron of her first essay,
The Muse, O WILMINGTON ! renew's her song.

Since has she rounded the revolving year :
 Skim'd the gay Spring ; on eagle-pinions borne, 20
 Attempted thro' the Summer-blaze to rise ;
 Then swept o'er Autumn with the shadowy gale ;
 And now among the wintry clouds again,
 Roll'd in the doubling storm, she tries to soar ;
 To swell her note with all the rushing winds ; 25
 To suit her sounding cadence to the floods ;
 As is her theme, her numbers wildly great ;
 Thrice happy, could she fill the judging ear
 With bold description, and with manly thought !
 Nor art thou skill'd in awful schemes alone, 30
 And how to make a mighty people thrive :
 But equal goodness, sound integrity,
 A firm, unshaken, uncorrupted soul
 Amid a sliding age, and burning strong,
 Not vainly blazing for thy country's weal, 35
 A steady spirit regularly free ;
 These, each exalting each, the statesman light
 Into the patriot ; these, the public hope
 And eye to thee converting, bid the Muse
 Record what envy dares not flattery call. 40

Now when the cheerless empire of the sky
 To Capricorn the Centaur Archer yields,
 And fierce Aquarius stains th' inverted year ;
 Hung o'er the farthest verge of heaven, the sun

Scarce spreads thro' ether the dejected day. 45
Faint are his gleams, and ineffectual shoot
His struggling rays, in horizontal lines,
Thro' the thick air; as cloth'd in cloudy storm,
Weak, wan, and broad, he skirts the southern sky;
And, soon descending, to the long dark night, 50
Wide-shading all, the prostrate world resigns.
Nor is the night unwish'd; while vital heat,
Light, life, and joy, the dubious day forsake.
Meantime, in sable cincture, shadows vast,
Deep-ting'd and damp, and congregated clouds, 55
And all the vapoury turbulence of heaven,
Involve the face of things. Thus Winter falls,
A heavy gloom oppressive o'er the world,
Thro' Nature shedding influence malign,
And rouses up the seeds of dark disease. 60
The soul of Man dies in him, loathing life,
And black with more than melancholy views.
The cattle droop; and o'er the furrow'd land
Fresh from the plough, the dun discolour'd flocks,
Untended spreading, crop the wholesome root. 65
Along the woods, along the moorish fens,
Sighs the sad Genius of the coming storm;
And up among the loose disjointed cliffs,
And fractured mountains wild, the brawling brook
And cave, presageful, send a hollow moan, 70
Resounding long in list'ning Fancy's ear.

THEN comes the father of the tempest forth,
 Wrapt in black glooms. First joyless rains obscure
 Drive thro' the mingling skies with vapour foul ;
 Dash on the mountain's brow, and shake the woods, '75
 That grumbling wave below. Th' unsightly plain
 Lies a brown deluge ; as the low-bent clouds
 Pour flood on flood, yet unexhausted still
 Combine, and, deepening into night, shut up
 The day's fair face. The wanderers of heaven, 80
 Each to his home, retire ; save those that love
 To take their pastime in the troubled air,
 Or skimming flutter round the dimly pool.
 The cattle from th' untasted fields return,
 And ask, with meaning low, their wonted stalls, 85
 Or ruminate in the contiguous shade.
 Thither the household feathery people crowd,
 The crested cock, with all his female train,
 Pensive, and dripping ; while the cottage-hind
 Hangs o'er th' enlivening blaze, and taleful there 90
 Recounts his simple frolic : much he talks,
 And much he laughs, nor recks the storm that blows
 Without, and rattles on his humble roof.

WIDE o'er the brim, with many a torrent swell'd,
 And the mix'd ruin of its banks o'erspread, 95
 At last the rous'd-up river pours along :
 Resistless, roaring, dreadful, down it comes,

From the rude mountain, and the mossy wild,
Tumbling thro' rocks abrupt, and sounding far ;
Then o'er the sanded valley floating spreads, 100
Calm, sluggish, silent ; till again, constrain'd
Between two meeting hills, it bursts away,
Where rocks and woods o'erhang the turbid stream ;
There gathering triple force, rapid, and deep, 104
It boils, and wheels, and foams, and thunders through.

NATURE ! great parent ! whose unceasing hand
Rolls round the Seasons of the changeful year,
How mighty, how majestic are thy works !
With what a pleasing dread they swell the soul !
That sees astonish'd ! and astonish'd sings ! 110
Ye too, ye winds ! that now begin to blow
With boisterous sweep, I raise my voice to you.
Where are your stores, ye powerful beings ! say,
Where your aërial magazines reserv'd,
To swell the brooding terrors of the storm ? 115
In what far distant region of the sky,
Hush'd in deep silence, sleep ye when 'tis calm ?

WHEN from the pallid sky the sun descends,
With many a spot, that o'er his glaring orb
Uncertain wanders, stain'd ; red fiery streaks 120
Begin to flush around. The reeling clouds
Stagger with dizzy poise, as doubting yet

Which master to obey ; while rising slow,
 Blank, in the leaden-colour'd east, the moon
 Wears a wan circle round her blunted horns. 125

Seen thro' the turbid fluctuating air,
 The stars obtuse emit a shiver'd ray ;
 Or frequent seem to shoot athwart the gloom,
 And long behind them train the whitening blaze.
 Snatch'd in short eddies, plays the wither'd leaf ; 130

And on the flood the dancing feather floats.
 With broaden'd nostrils to the sky up-turn'd,
 The conscious heifer snuffs the stormy gale.
 Even as the matron, at her nightly task,
 With pensive labour draws the flaxen thread, 135

The wasted paper and the crackling flame
 Foretell the blast. But chief the plamy race,
 The tenants of the sky, its changes speak.
 Retiring from the downs, where all day long
 They pick'd their scanty fare, a blackening train 140

Of clamorous rooks thick-urge their weary flight,
 And seek the closing shelter of the grove ;
 Assiduous, in his bower, the wailing owl
 Plies his sad song. The cormorant on high
 Wheels from the deep, and screams along the land. 145

Loud shrieks the soaring hern ; and with wild wing
 The circling sea-fowl cleave the flaky clouds.
 Ocean, unequal press'd, with broken tide

And blind commotion heaves ; while from the shore,

Eat into caverns by the restless wave,

And forest-rustling mountains, comes a voice,

That solemn sounding bids the world prepare.

Then issues forth the storm with sudden burst,

And hurls the whole precipitated air

Down, in a torrent. On the passive main

Descends th' ethereal force, and with strong gust

Turns from its bottom the discolour'd deep.

Thro' the black night that sits immense around,

Lash'd into foam, the fierce conflicting brine

Seems o'er a thousand raging waves to burn :

Meantime the mountain-billows, to the clouds

In dreadful tumult swell'd, surge above surge,

Burst into chaos with tremendous roar,

And anchor'd navies from their stations drive,

Wild as the winds across the howling waste

Of mighty waters ; now th' inflated wave

Straining they scale, and now impetuous shoot

Into the secret chambers of the deep,

The wintry Baltick thundering o'er their head.

Emerging thence again, before the breath

Of full-exerted heaven they wing their course,

And dart on distant coasts ; if some sharp rock,

Or shoal insidious, break not their career,

And in loose fragments fling them floating round.

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NOR less at land the loosen'd tempest reigns. 175
 The mountain thunders ; and its sturdy sons
 Stoop to the bottom of the rocks they shade.
 Lone on the midnight steep, and all aghast,
 The dark way-faring stranger breathless toils,
 And, often falling, climbs against the blast. 180
 Low waves the rooted forest, vex'd, and sheds
 What of its tarnish'd honours yet remain ;
 Dash'd down, and scatter'd, by the tearing wind's
 Assiduous fury, its gigantic limbs.
 Thus struggling thro' the dissipated grove, 185
 The whirling tempest raves along the plain ;
 And on the cottage thatch'd, or lordly roof,
 Keen-fastening, shakes them to the solid base.
 Sleep frightened flies ; and round the rocking dome,
 For entrance eager, howls the savage blast. 190
 Then too, they say, thro' all the burthen'd air,
 Long groans are heard, shrill sounds, and distant sighs,
 That, uttered by the Demon of the night,
 Warn the devoted wretch of woe and death.

HUGE uproar lords it wide. The clouds commix'd
 With stars swift gliding sweep along the sky. 196
 All Nature reels. Till Nature's King, who oft
 Amid tempestuous darkness dwells alone,
 And on the wings of the careering wind

Walks dreadfully serene, commands a calm ; 200
Then straight air, sea, and earth, are hush'd at once.

As yet 'tis midnight deep. The weary clouds,
Slow-meeting, mingle into solid gloom.
Now, while the drowsy world lies lost in sleep,
Let me associate with the serious Night, 205
And Contemplation her sedate compeer ;
Let me shake off th' intrusive cares of day,
And lay the meddling senses all aside.

WHERE now, ye lying vanities of life !
Ye ever-tempting, ever-cheating train ! 210
Where are you now ? and what is your amount ?
Vexation, disappointment, and remorse.
Sad, sickening thought ! and yet deluded Man,
A scene of crude disjointed visions past,
And broken slumbers, rises still resolv'd, 215
With new-flush'd hopes, to run the giddy round.

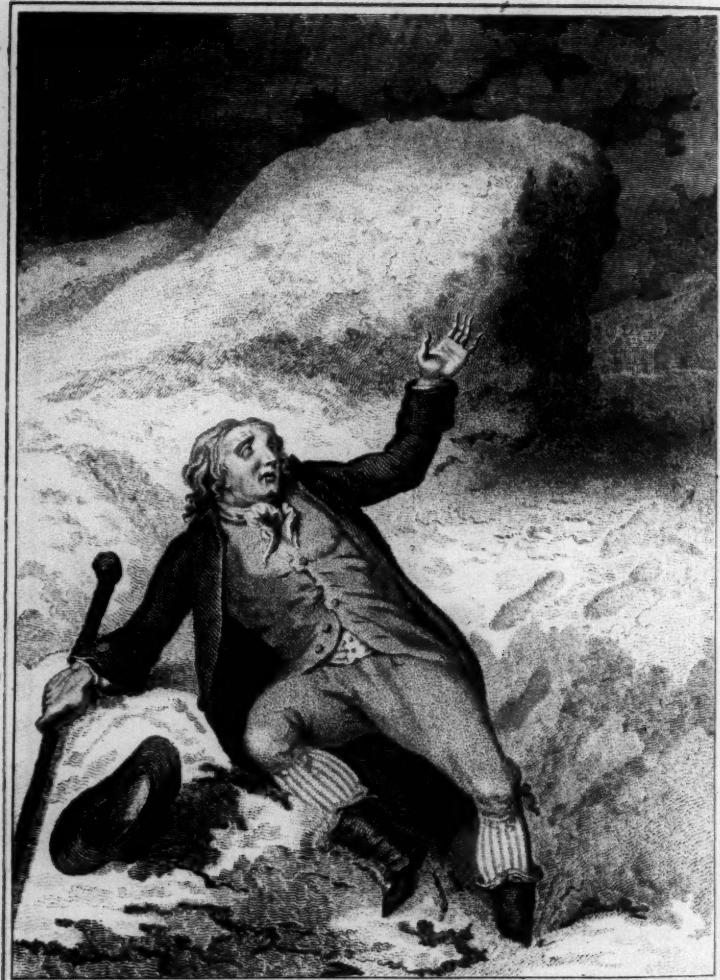
FATHER of light and life ! thou Good Supreme !
O teach me what is good ! teach me Thyself !
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
From every low pursuit ! and feed my soul 220
With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure ;
Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss !

THE keener tempests rise : and fuming dun
 From all the livid east, or piercing north,
 Thick clouds ascend ; in whose capacious womb 225
 A vapoury deluge lies, to snow congeal'd.
 Heavy they roll their fleecy world along ;
 And the sky saddens with the gather'd storm.
 Thro' the hush'd air the whitening shower descends,
 At first thin wavering ; till at last the flakes 230
 Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the day
 With a continual flow. The cherish'd fields
 Put on their winter-robe of purest white.
 'Tis brightness all ; save where the new snow melts
 Along the mazy current. Low, the woods 235
 Bow their hoar head ; and, ere the languid sun
 Faint from the west emits his evening ray,
 Earth's universal face, deep hid, and chill,
 Is one wild dazzling waste, that buries wide
 The works of Man. Drooping, the labourer-ox 240
 Stands cover'd o'er with snow, and then demands
 The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,
 Tam'd by the cruel season, crowd around
 The winnowing store, and claim the little boon
 Which Providence assigns them. One alone, 245
 The red-breast, sacred to the household gods,
 Wisely regardful of th' embroiling sky,
 In joyless fields and thorny thickets leaves
 His shivering mates, and pays to trusted Man

His annual visit. Half-afraid, he first 250
Against the window beats ; then, brisk, alights
On the warm hearth ; then, hopping o'er the floor,
Eyes all the smiling family askance,
And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is :
'Till more familiar grown, the table-crumbs 255
Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds
Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,
Tho' timorous of heart, and hard beset
By death in various forms, dark snares and dogs,
And more unpitying Men the garden seeks, 260
Urg'd on by fearless want. The bleating kind
Eye the bleak heaven, and next the glist'ning earth,
With looks of dumb despair ; then, sad-dispers'd,
Dig for the withered herb thro' heaps of snow.
Now, shepherds, to your helpless charge be kind, 265
Baffle the raging year, and fill their pens
With food at will ; lodge them below the storm,
And watch them strict : for from the bellowing east,
In this dire season, oft the whirlwind's wing
Sweeps up the burthen of whole wintry plains 270
At one wide waft, and o'er the hapless flocks,
Hid in the hollow of two neighbouring hills,
The billowy tempest whelms ; till, upward urg'd,
The valley to a shining mountain swells,
Tipt with a wreath high-curling in the sky. 275

As thus the snows arise ; and foul, and fierce,
All Winter drives along the darken'd air ;
In his own loose-revolving fields, the swain
Disaster'd stands ; sees other hills ascend,
Of unknown joyless brow ; and other scenes, 280
Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain :
Nor finds the river, nor the forest, hid
Beneath the formless wild ; but wanders on
From hill to dale, still more and more astray ;
Impatient flouncing thro' the drifted heaps, 285
Stung with the thoughts of home ; the thoughts of home
Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour forth
In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul !
What black despair, what horror fills his heart !
When for the dusky spot, which fancy feign'd 290
His tufted cottage rising thro' the snow,
He meets the roughness of the middle waste,
Far from the track and blest abode of Man ;
While round him night resistless closes fast,
And every tempest howling o'er his head, 295
Renders the savage wilderness more wild.
Then throng the busy shapes into his mind
Of cover'd pits, unfathomably deep,
A dire descent ! beyond the power of frost,
Of faithless bogs ; of precipices huge, 300
Smooth'd up with snow ; and, what is land, unknown,
What water, of the still unfrozen spring,





Ansell delin.^t

Birrell sculp.^t

and down he sinks
Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,
Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death.

L:305

In the loose marsh or solitary lake,
Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.
These check his fearful steps ; and down he sinks 305
Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,
Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,
Mix'd with the tender anguish Nature shoots
Thro' the wrung bosom of the dying Man,
His wife, his children, and his friends unseen. 310

In vain for him th' officious wife prepares
The fire fair-blazing, and the vestment warm ;
In vain his little children, peeping out
Into the mingling storm, demand their sire,
With tears of artless innocence. Alas ! 315

Nor wife, nor children, more shall he behold,
Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every nerve
The deadly winter seizes ; shuts up sense ;
And, o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,
Lays him along the snows, a stiffen'd coarse, 320

Stretch'd out, and bleaching in the northern blast.

Ah little think the gay licentious proud,
Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround ;
They, who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,
And wanton, often cruel, riot waste ; 325

Ah little think they, while they dance along,
How many feel, this very moment, death,
And all the sad variety of pain :

How many sink in the devouring flood,
Or more devouring flame : How many bleed, 330
By shameful variance betwixt man and man :
How many pine in want, and dungeon glooms ;
Shut from the common air, and common use
Of their own limbs : How many drink the cup
Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread 335
Of misery : Sore pierc'd by wintry winds,
How many shrink into the sordid hut
Of cheerless poverty : How many shake
With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,
Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, remorse ; 340
Whence tumbled headlong from the height of life,
They furnish matter for the tragic Muse.
Even in the vale, where wisdom loves to dwell,
With friendship, peace, and contemplation join'd,
How many, rack'd with honest passions, droop 345
In deep retir'd distress : How many stand
Around the death-bed of their dearest friends,
And point the parting anguish. Thought fond Man
Of these, and all the thousand nameless ills
That one incessant struggle render life 350
One scene of toil, of suffering, and of fate,
Vice in his high career would stand appall'd,
And heedless rambling impulse learn to think ;
The conscious heart of Charity would warm,
And her wide wish Benevolence dilate ; 355

The social tear would rise, the social sigh ;
And into clear perfection, gradual bliss,
Refining still, the social passions work.

AND here can I forget the generous * band,
Who, touch'd with human woe, redressive search'd 360
Into the horrors of the gloomy jail ?
Unpitied, and unheard, where misery moans ;
Where sickness pines ; where thirst and hunger burn,
And poor misfortune feels the lash of vice.
While in the land of liberty, the land 365
Whose every street and public meeting glow
With open freedom, little tyrants rag'd :
Snatch'd the lean morsel from the starving mouth ;
Tore from cold wintry limbs the tatter'd weed ;
Even robb'd them of the last of comforts, sleep ; 370
The free-born Briton to the dungeon chain'd,
Or, as the lust of cruelty prevail'd,
At pleasure mark'd him with inglorious stripes ;
And crush'd out lives, by secret barbarous ways,
That for their country would have toil'd, or bled. 375
O great design ! if executed well,
With patient care, and wisdom-temper'd zeal.
Ye sons of mercy ! yet resume the search ;
Drag forth the legal monsters into light,
Wrench from their hands oppression's iron rod, 380

The Jail Committee, in the year 1729.

And bid the cruel feel the pains they give.
 Much still untouched remains ; in this rank age,
 Much is the patriot's weeding hand requir'd.
 The toils of law (what dark insidious men
 Have cumbrous added to perplex the truth, 385
 And lengthen simple justice into trade),
 How glorious were the day that saw these broke,
 And every man within the reach of right !

By wintry famine rous'd, from all the tract
 Of horrid mountains which the shining Alps, 390
 And wavy Apennine, and Pyrenees,
 Branch out stupendous into distant lands ;
 Cruel as death, and hungry as the grave !
 Burning for blood ! bony, and ghaunt, and grim !
 Assembling wolves in raging troops descend ; 395
 And, pouring o'er the country, bear along,
 Keen as the north-wind sweeps the glossy snow.
 All is their prize. They fasten on the steed,
 Press him to earth, and pierce his mighty heart.
 Nor can the bull his awful front defend, 400
 Or shake the murdering savages away.
 Rapacious, at the mother's throat they fly,
 And tear the screaming infant from her breast.
 The godlike face of Man avails him nought.
 Even beauty, force divine ! at whose bright glance 405
 The generous lion stands in softened gaze,

Here bleeds, a hapless undistinguish'd prey.
 But if, appriz'd of the severe attack,
 The country be shut up, lur'd by the scent,
 On church-yards drear (inhuman to relate!) 410
 The disappointed prowlers fall, and dig
 The shrouded body from the grave ; o'er which,
 Mix'd with foul shades, and frightened ghosts, they howl.

AMONG those hilly regions, where embrac'd
 In peaceful vales the happy Grisons dwell ; 415
 Oft, rushing sudden from the loaded cliffs,
 Mountains of snow their gathering torrents roll.
 From steep to steep, loud-thundering down they come,
 A wintry waste in dire commotion all ;
 And herds, and flocks, and travellers, and swains, 420
 And sometimes whole brigades of marching troops,
 Or hamlets sleeping in the dead of night,
 Are deep beneath the smothering ruin whelm'd.

Now, all amid the rigours of the year,
 In the wild depth of Winter, while without 425
 The ceaseless winds blow ice, be my retreat
 Between the groaning forest and the shore
 Beat by the boundless multitude of waves,
 A rural, shelter'd, solitary scene ;
 Where ruddy fire and beaming tapers join 430
 To cheer the gloom. There studious let me sit,

And hold high converse with the Mighty Dead;
 Sages of ancient time, as gods rever'd,
 As gods beneficent, who bless'd mankind
 With arts, with arms, and humaniz'd a world. 435

Rous'd at th' inspiring thought, I throw aside
 The long-liv'd volume; and, deep-musing, hail
 The sacred shades, that slowly-rising pass
 Before my wondering eyes. First **SOCRATES**,
 Who, firmly good in a corrupted state, 440
 Against the rage of tyrants single stood,
 Invincible! calm Reason's holy law,
 That voice of God within th' attentive mind,
 Obeying, fearless, or in life, or death:
 Great moral teacher! wisest of mankind! 445

SOLON the next, who built his common-weal
 On equity's wide base; by tender laws
 A lively people curbing, yet undamp'd
 Preserving still that quick peculiar fire,
 Whence in the laurel'd field of finer arts, 450
 And of bold freedom, they unequal'd shone,
 The pride of smiling Greece, and human-kind.

LYCURGUS then, who bow'd beneath the force
 Of strictest discipline, severely wise,
 All human passions. Following him, I see, 455
 As at Thermopylæ he glorious fell,
 The firm * devoted chief, who prov'd by deeds

* Leonidas.

The hardest lesson which the other taught.
 Then ARISTIDES lifts his honest front ;
 Spotless of heart, to whom th' unflattering voice 460
 Of freedom gave the noblest name of Just ;
 In pure majestic poverty rever'd ;
 Who, even his glory to his country's weal
 Submitting, swell'd a haughty * Rival's fame.
 Rear'd by his care, of softer ray appears 465
 CIMON sweet-soul'd ; whose genius, rising strong,
 Shook off the load of young debauch ; abroad,
 The scourge of Persian pride ; at home, the friend
 Of every worth and every splendid art ;
 Modest, and simple, in the pomp of wealth. 470
 Then the last worthies of declining Greece,
 Late call'd to glory, in unequal times,
 Pensive, appear. The fair Corinthian boast,
 TIMOLEON, happy temper ! mild, and firm,
 Who wept the Brother while the Tyrant bled. 475
 And, equal to the best, the * Theban Pair,
 Whose virtues, in heroic concord join'd,
 Their country rais'd to freedom, empire, fame.
 He too, with whom Athenian honour sunk,
 And left a mass of sordid lees behind, 480
 PHOCION the Good ; in public life severe,
 To virtue still inexorably firm ;
 But when, beneath his low illustrious roof,

* Themistocles.

† Pelopidas and Epaminondas.

Sweet peace and happy wisdom smooth'd his brow,
 Not friendship softer was, nor love more kind. 485

And he, the last of old Lycurgus' sons,
 The generous victim to that vain attempt
 To save a rotten State, **Agis**, who saw
 Even Sparta's self to servile avarice sunk.

The two Achaian heroes close the train. 490

Aratus, who a while relum'd the soul
 Of fondly lingering liberty in Greece :
 And he her darling as her latest hope,
 The gallant **Philopæmen**, who to arms
 Turn'd the luxurious pomp he could not cure ; 495

Or, toiling in his farm, a simple swain ;
 Or, bold and skilful, thundering in the field.

Of rougher front, a mighty people come !
 A race of heroes ! in those virtuous times
 Which knew no stain, save that with partial flame 500
 Their dearest country they too fondly lov'd :
 Her better founder first, the light of Rome,
Numa, who softened her rapacious sons :
Servius the king, who laid the solid base
 On which o'er earth the vast republic spread. 505
 Then the great consuls venerable rise.
 The * Public Father who the Private quell'd,
 As on the dread tribunal sternly sad.

* Marcus Junius Brutus.

He, whom his thankless country could not lose,
CAMILLUS, only vengeful to her foes.

510

FABRICIUS, scioner of all-conquering gold ;
And **CINCINNATUS**, awful from the plough.
Thy * willing victim, Carthage, bursting loose
From all that pleading Nature could oppose,
From a whole city's tears, by rigid faith

515

Imperious call'd, and honour's dire command.
SCIPIO, the gentle chief, humanely brave,
Who soon the race of spotless glory ran,
And, warm in youth, to the Poetic shade
With friendship and philosophy retir'd.

520

TULLY, whose powerful eloquence a while
Restrain'd the rapid fate of rushing Rome.
Unconquer'd CATO, virtuous in extreme.
And thou, unhappy **BRUTUS**, kind of heart,
Whose steady arm, by awful virtue urg'd,

525

Lifted the Roman steel against thy Friend.

Thousands besides the tribute of a verse
Demand: but who can count the stars of heaven ;
Who sing their influence on this lower world ?

BEHOLD ! who yonder comes ? in sober state, 530
Fair, mild, and strong, as is a vernal sun :
"Tis Phœbus' self, or else the Mantuan Swain !
Great **HOMER** too appears, of daring wing,

* *Regulus.*

Parent of song ! and equal by his side,
 The British Muse ; join'd hand in hand they walk, 535
 Darkling, full up the middle steep to fame.
 Nor absent are those shades, whose skilful touch
 Pathetic drew th' impassion'd heart, and charm'd
 Transported Athens with the moral scene :
 Nor those who, tuneful, wak'd th' enchanting lyre. 540

FIRST of your kind ! society divine !
 Still visit thus my nights, for you reserv'd,
 And mount my soaring soul to thoughts like yours.
 Silence, thou lonely power ! the door be thine ;
 See on the hallow'd hour that none intrude, 545
 Save a few chosen friends, who sometimes deign
 To bless my humble roof, with sense refin'd,
 Learning digested well, exalted faith,
 Unstudy'd wit, and humour ever gay.
 Or from the Muses' hill will POPE descend, 550
 To raise the sacred hour, to bid it smile,
 And with the social spirit warm the heart :
 For tho' not sweeter his own HOMER sings,
 Yet is his life the more endearing song.

Where art thou, HAMMOND ? thou the darling pride,
 The friend and lover of the tuneful throng ! 556
 Ah why, dear youth, in all the blooming prime
 Of vernal genius, where disclosing fast

Each active worth, each manly virtue lay,
Why wert thou ravish'd from our hope so soon? 560
What now avails that noble thirst of fame,
Which stung thy fervent breast? that treasur'd store
Of knowledge, early gain'd? that eager zeal
To serve thy country, glowing in the band
Of youthful Patriots who sustain her name? 565
What now, alas! that life-diffusing charm
Of sprightly wit? that rapture for the Muse,
That heart of friendship, and that soul of joy,
Which bade with softest light thy virtues smile;
Ah! only shew'd, to check our fond pursuits, 570
And teach our humbled hopes that life is vain!

THUS in some deep retirement would I pass
The winter-glooms, with friends of pliant soul,
Or blithe, or solemn, as the theme inspir'd:
With them would search, if Nature's boundless frame
Was call'd, late-rising from the void of night, 576
Or sprung eternal from th' eternal Mind,
. Its life, its laws, its progress, and its end.
Hence larger prospects of the beauteous whole
Would, gradual, open on our opening minds; 580
And each diffusive harmony unite
In full perfection, to th' astonish'd eye.
Then would we try to scan the moral world,
Which, tho' to us it seems embroil'd, moves on

In higher order; fitted, and impell'd, 585
 By Wisdom's finest hand, and issuing all
 In general good. 'The sage historic Muse
 Should next conduct us thro' the deeps of time :
 Shew us how empire grew, declin'd, and fell,
 In scatter'd states; what makes the nations smile, 590
 Improves their soil, and gives them double suns;
 And why they pine beneath the brightest skies,
 In Nature's richest lap. As thus we talk'd,
 Our hearts would burn within us, would inhale
 That portion of divinity, that ray 595
 Of purest heaven, which lights the public soul
 Of patriots, and of heroes. But if doom'd,
 In powerless humble fortune, to repress
 These ardent risings of the kindling soul;
 Then, even superior to ambition, we 600
 Would learn the private virtues; how to glide
 Thro' shades and plains, along the smoothest stream
 Of rural life: or, snatch'd away by hope,
 Thro' the dim spaces of futurity,
 With earnest eye anticipate those scenes 605
 Of happiness, and wonder; where the mind,
 In endless growth and infinite ascent,
 Rises from state to state, and world to world.
 But when with these the serious thought is foil'd,
 We, shifting for relief, would play the shapes 610
 Of frolic fancy; and incessant form

Those rapid pictures, that assembled train
 Of fleet ideas, never join'd before,
 Whence lively Wit excites to gay surprise ;
 Or folly-painting Humour, grave himself,
 Calls Laughter forth, deep-shaking every nerve. 615

MEANTIME the village rouses up the fire ;
 While well attested, and as well believ'd,
 Heard solemn, goes the goblin-story round,
 Till superstitious horror creeps o'er all. 620
 Or, frequent in the sounding hall, they wake
 The rural gambol. Rustic mirth goes round ;
 The simple joke that takes the shepherd's heart,
 Easily pleas'd ; the long loud laugh, sincere ;
 The kiss, snatch'd hasty from the side-long maid, 625
 On purpose guardless, or pretending sleep :
 The leap, the slap, the haul ; and, shook to notes
 Of native music, the respondent dance.
 Thus jocund fleets with them the winter-night.

THE city swarms intense. The public haunt, 630
 Full of each theme, and warm with mixt discourse,
 Hums indistinct. The sons of riot flow
 Down the loose stream of false enchanted joy
 To swift destruction. On the rankled soul
 The gaming fury falls ; and in one gulph 635
 Of total ruin, honour, virtue, peace,

Friends, families, and fortunes, headlong sink.
Up-springs the dance along the lighted dome,
Mix'd, and evolv'd, a thousand sprightly ways.
The glittering court effuses every pomp ;
The circle deepens ; beam'd from gaudy robes,
Tapers, and sparkling gems, and radiant eyes,
A soft effulgence o'er the palace waves :
While, a gay insect in his summer-shine,
The fop, light-fluttering, spreads his mealy wings. 645

DREAD o'er the scene, the ghost of HAMLET stalks ;
OTHELLO rages ; poor MONIMIA mourns ;
And BELVIDERA pours her soul in love.
Terror alarms the breast ; the comely tear
Steals o'er the cheek : or else the Comic Muse 650
Holds to the world a picture of itself,
And raises sly the fair impartial laugh.
Sometimes she lifts her strain, and paints the scenes
Of beauteous life ; whate'er can deck mankind,
Or charm the heart, in generous * BEVIL shew'd. 655

O Thou, whose wisdom, solid yet refin'd,
Whose patriot virtues, and consummate skill
To touch the finer springs that move the world,
Join'd to whate'er the Graces can bestow,
And all Apollo's animating fire,

* A character in the *Conscious Lovers*, written by Sir Richard Steele.

Give thee, with pleasing dignity, to shine
At once the guardian, ornament, and joy
Of polish'd life ; permit the Rural Muse,
O CHESTERFIELD, to grace with thee her song !

Ere to the shades again she humbly flies, 665

Indulge her fond ambition, in thy train

(For every Muse has in thy train a place),

To mark thy various full-accomplish'd mind :

To mark that spirit, which, with British scorn,

Rejects th' allurements of corrupted power ; 670

That elegant politeness, which excels,

Even in the judgment of presumptuous France,

The boasted manners of her shining court ;

That wit, the vivid energy of sense,

The truth of Nature, which, with Attic point, 675

And kind well-temper'd satire, smoothly keen,

Steals thro' the soul, and without pain corrects,

Or, rising thence with yet a brighter flame,

O let me hail thee on some glorious day,

When to the listening senate, ardent, crowd 680

Britannia's sons to hear her pleaded cause.

Then drest by thee, more amiably fair,

Truth the soft robe of mild persuasion wears :

Thou to assenting reason giv'ft again

Her own enlighten'd thoughts ; call'd from the heart,

Th' obedient passions on thy voice attend ; 686

And even reluctant party feels a while

Thy gracious power : as thro' the varied maze
 Of eloquence, now smooth, now quick, now strong,
 Profound and clear, you roll the copious flood. 690

To thy lov'd haunt return, my happy Muse !
 For now, behold, the joyous winter-days,
 Frosty, succeed ; and thro' the blue serene,
 For sight too fine, th' ethereal nitre flies ;
 Killing infectious damps, and the spent air 695
 Storing afresh with elemental life.
 Close crowds the shining atmosphere ; and binds
 Our strengthen'd bodies in its cold embrace,
 Constringent ; feeds, and animates our blood ;
 Refines our spirits, thro' the new-strung nerves, 700
 In swifter sallies darting to the brain ;
 Where sits the soul, intense, collected, cool,
 Bright as the skies, and as the season keen.
 All Nature feels the renovating force
 Of Winter, only to the thoughtless eye 705
 In ruin seen. The frost-concocted glebe
 Draws in abundant vegetable soul,
 And gathers vigour for the coming year.
 A stronger glow sits on the lively cheek
 Of ruby fire : and luculent along 710
 The purer rivers flow ; their sullen deeps,
 Transparent, open to the shepherd's gaze,
 And murmur hoarser at the fixing frost.

WHAT art thou, frost ? and whence are thy keen stores
Deriv'd, thou secret all-invading power, 715
Whom even th' illusive fluid cannot fly ?
Is not thy potent energy, unseen,
Myriads of little salts, or hook'd, or shap'd
Like double wedges, and diffus'd immense
Thro' water, earth, and ether ? Hence at eve, 720
Steam'd eager from the red horizon round,
With the fierce rage of Winter deep suffus'd,
An icy gale, oft shifting, o'er the pool
Breathes a blue film, and in its mid career
Arrests the bickering stream. The loosen'd ice, 725
Let down the flood, and half dissolv'd by day,
Rustles no more ; but to the sedgy bank
Fast grows, or gathers round the pointed stone,
A crystal pavement, by the breath of heaven
Cemented firm ; till, seiz'd from shore to shore, 730
The whole imprison'd river growls below.
Loud rings the frozen earth, and, hard, reflects
A double noise ; while, at his evening watch,
• The village dog deters the nightly thief ;
The heifer lows ; the distant water-fall 735
Swells in the breeze ; and, with the hasty tread
Of traveller, the hollow-sounding plain
Shakes from afar. The full ethereal round,
Infinite worlds disclosing to the view,
Shines out intensely keen, and, all one cope 740

Of starry glitter, glows from pole to pole.
 From pole to pole the rigid influence falls,
 Thro' the still night, incessant, heavy, strong,
 And seizes Nature fast. It freezes on ;
 Till morn, late rising o'er the drooping world, 745
 Lifts her pale eye unjoyous. Then appears
 The various labour of the silent night :
 Prone from the dripping cave, and dumb cascade,
 Whose idle torrents only seem to roar,
 The pendant icicle ; the frost-work fair, 750
 Where transient hues, and fancy'd figures rise ;
 Wide-spouted o'er the hill, the frozen brook,
 A livid tract, cold-gleaming on the morn ;
 The forest bent beneath the plumpy wave ;
 And by the frost refin'd the whiter snow, 755
 Incrusted hard, and sounding to the tread
 Of early shepherd, as he pensive seeks
 His pining flock, or from the mountain top,
 Pleas'd with the slippery surface, swift descends.

ON blithsome frolics bent, the youthful swains, 760
 While every work of man is laid at rest,
 Fond o'er the river crowd, in various sport
 And revelry dissolv'd ; where mixing glad,
 Happiest of all the train ! the raptur'd boy
 Lashes the whirling top. Or, where the Rhine 765
 Branch'd out in many a long canal extends,





Ansell del^t

Birrell sculp^t

*Nor less the northern courts, wide o'er the snow,
Pour a new pomp.*

L. 772

From every province swarming, void of care,
Batavia rushes forth ; and as they sweep,
On sounding skates, a thousand different ways,
In circling poise, swift as the winds, along, 770
The then gay land is madden'd all to joy.
Nor less the northern courts, wide o'er the snow,
Pour a new pomp. Eager, on rapid sleds,
Their vigorous youth in bold contention wheel
The long-resounding course. Meantime, to raise 775
The manly strife, with highly blooming charms,
Flush'd by the season, Scandinavia's dames,
Or Russia's buxom daughters, glow around.

PURE, quick, and sportful, is the wholesome day ;
But soon elaps'd. The horizontal sun, 780
Broad o'er the south, hangs at his utmost noon :
And, ineffectual, strikes the gelid cliff :
His azure gloss the mountain still maintains,
Nor feels the feeble touch. Perhaps the vale
Relents a while to the reflected ray ; 785
Or from the forest falls the cluster'd snow,
Myriads of gems, that in the waving gleam
Gay-twinkle as they scatter. Thick around
Thunders the sport of those, who with the gun,
And dog impatient bounding at the shot, 790
Worse than the season, desolate the fields ;

And, adding to the ruins of the year,
Distress the footed or the feathered game.

BUT what is this ? Our infant Winter sinks,
Divested of his grandeur, should our eye 795
Astonish'd shoot into the Frigid Zone ;
Where, for relentless months, continual night
Holds o'er the glittering waste her starry reign.

THERE, thro' the prison of unbounded wilds,
Barr'd by the hand of Nature from escape, 800
Wide-roams the Russian exile. Nought around
Strikes his sad eye, but deserts lost in snow ;
And heavy-loaded groves ; and solid floods,
That stretch, athwart the solitary vast,
Their icy horrors to the frozen main ; 805
And cheerless towns far distant, never bless'd,
Save when its annual course the caravan
Bends to the golden coast of rich Cathay * ,
With news of human-kind. Yet there life glows ;
Yet cherish'd there, beneath the shining waste, 810
The fury nations harbour : tipt with jet,
Fair ermines, spotless as the snows they press ;
Sables, of glossy black ; and dark embrown'd,
Or beauteous freakt with many a mingled hue,
Thousands besides, the costly pride of courts. 815

* The old name for China.

There, warm together press'd, the trooping deer
 Sleep on the new-fallen snows ; and, scarce his head
 Rais'd o'er the heapy wreath, the branching elk
 Lies slumbering sullen in the white abyss:

The ruthless hunter wants nor dogs nor toils, 820

Nor with the dread of sounding bows he drives

The fearful flying race ; with ponderous clubs,

As weak against the mountain-heaps they push

Their beating breast in vain, and piteous bray,

He lays them quivering on th' ensanguin'd snows, 825

And with loud shouts rejoicing bears them home.

There, thro' the piny forest half-absorpt,

Rough tenant of these shades, the shapeless bear,

With dangling ice all horrid, stalks forlorn ;

Slow-pac'd, and sourer as the storms increase, 830

He makes his bed beneath th' inclement drift,

And, with stern patience, scorning weak complaint,

Hardens his heart against assailing want.

WIDE o'er the spacious regions of the north,
 That see Boötes urge his tardy wain, 835
 A boisterous race, by frosty * Caurus pierc'd,
 Who little pleasure know, and fear no pain,
 Prolific swarm. They once relum'd the flame
 Of lost mankind in polish'd slavery sunk,

* The north-west wind.

Drove martial * horde on horde, with dreadful sweep
 Resistless rushing o'er th' enfeebled south, 841
 And gave the vanquish'd world another form.
 Not such the sons of Lapland : wisely they
 Despise th' insensate barbarous trade of war ;
 They ask no more than simple Nature gives, 845
 They love their mountains, and enjoy their storms.
 No false desires, no pride-created wants,
 Disturb the peaceful current of their time ;
 And thro' the restless ever-tortur'd maze
 Of pleasure, or ambition, bid it rage. 850
 Their rein-deer form their riches. These their tents,
 Their robes, their beds, and all their homely wealth
 Supply, their wholesome fare, and cheerful cups .
 Obsequious at their call, the docile tribe
 Yield to the sled their necks, and whirl them swift 855
 O'er hill and dale, heap'd into one expanse
 Of marbled snow, as far as eye can sweep
 With a blue crust of ice unbounded glaz'd.
 By dancing meteors then, that ceaseless shake
 A waving blaze refracted o'er the heavens, 860
 And vivid moons, and stars that keener play
 With doubled lustre from the glossy waste,
 Even in the depth of Polar Night, they find
 A wondrous day : enough to light the chase,

* The wandering Scythian clans.

Or guide their daring steps to Finland-fairs. 865

Wish'd Spring returns ; and from the hazy south,
While dim Aurora slowly moves before,
The welcome sun, just verging up at first,
By small degrees extends the swelling curve !

Till seen at last for gay rejoicing months, 870
Still round and round, his spiral course he winds,
And as he nearly dips his flaming orb,
Wheels up again, and re-ascends the sky.

In that glad season, from the lakes and floods,
Where pure * Niemi's fairy mountains rise, 875
And fring'd with roses † Tenglio rolls his stream,
They draw the copious fry. With these, at eve,
They cheerful-loaded to their tents repair ;
Where all day long in useful cares employ'd,
The kind unblemish'd wives the fire prepare. 880
Thrice happy race ! by poverty secur'd
From legal plunder and rapacious power :

* M. de Maupertuis, in his book on the Figure of the Earth, after having described the beautiful lake and mountain of Niemi in Lapland, says--" From this height we had opportunity several times to see those vapours rise from the lake which the people of the country call Haltios, and which they deem to be the guardian spirits of the mountains. We had been frightened with stories of bears that haunted this place, but saw none. It seemed rather a place of resort for fairies and genii, than bears."

† The same Author observes----" I was surprised to see upon the banks of this river (the Tenglio) roses of as lively a red as any that are in our gardens."

In whom fell Interest never yet has sown
The seeds of vice : whose spotless swains ne'er knew
Injurious deed, nor, blasted by the breath 885
Of faithless love, their blooming daughters woe.

STILL pressing on, beyond Tornea's lake,
And Hecla flaming thro' a waste of snow,
And farthest Greenland, to the pole itself,
Where, failing gradual, life at length goes out, 890
The Muse expands her solitary flight ;
And, hovering o'er the wild stupendous scene,
Beholds new seas beneath * another sky.
Thron'd in his palace of cerulean ice,
Here Winter holds his unrejoicing court ; 895
And thro' his airy hall the loud misrule
Of driving tempest is for ever heard :
Here the grim tyrant meditates his wrath ;
Here arms his winds with all-subduing frost ;
Moulds his fierce hail, and treasures up his snows, 900
With which he now oppresses half the globe.

THENCE winding eastward to the Tartar's coast,
She sweeps the howling margin of the main ;
Where undissolving, from the first of time,
Snows swell on snows amazing to the sky ; 905

* The other Hemisphere.

And icy mountains high on mountains pil'd,
Seem to the shivering sailor from afar,
Shapeless and white, an atmosphere of clouds.

Projected huge, and horrid, o'er the surge,
Alps frown on Alps ; or, rushing hideous down, 910
As if old Chaos was again return'd,
Wide-rend the deep, and shake the solid pole.

Ocean itself no longer can resist
The binding fury ; but, in all its rage
Of tempest taken by the boundless frost, 915
Is many a fathom to the bottom chain'd,
And bid to roar no more : a bleak expanse,
Shagg'd o'er with wavy rocks, cheerless, and void
Of every life, that from the dreary months
Flies conscious southward. Miserable they ! 920

Who, here entangled in the gathering ice,
Take their last look of the descending sun ;
While, full of death, and fierce with tenfold frost,
The long, long night, incumbent o'er their heads,
Falls horrible. Such was the Briton's * fate, 925

As with first prow (what have not Britons dar'd !)
He for the passage sought, attempted since
So much in vain, and seeming to be shut
By jealous Nature with eternal bars.
In these fell regions, in Arzina caught, 930

* Sir Hugh Willoughby, sent by Queen Elizabeth to discover the North-East passage.

And to the stony deep his idle ship
 Immediate seal'd, he with his hapless crew,
 Each full exerted at his several task,
 Froze into statues ; to the cordage glued
 The sailor, and the pilot to the helm.

935

HARD by these shores, where scarce his freezing stream
 Rolls the wild Oby, live the last of men ;
 And half enlivened by the distant sun,
 That rears and ripens man, as well as plants,
 Here human Nature wears its rudest form. 940
 Deep from the piercing season sunk in caves,
 Here by dull fires, and with unjoyous cheer,
 They waste the tedious gloom. Immers'd in furs,
 Doze the gross race. Nor sprightly jest, nor song,
 Nor tenderness they know ; nor aught of life, 945
 Beyond the kindred bears that stalk without.
 Till morn at length, her roses drooping all,
 Sheds a long twilight bright'ning o'er their fields,
 And calls the quiver'd savage to the chase.

WHAT cannot active government perform, 950
 New-moulding man ? Wide-stretching from these shores,
 A people savage from remotest time,
 A huge neglected empire, one vast mind,
 By Heaven inspir'd, from Gothic darkness call'd.
 Immortal PETER ! first of monarchs ! He 955

His stubborn country tam'd, her rocks, her fens,
Her floods, her seas, her ill-submitting sons ;
And while the fierce Barbarian he subdu'd,
To more exalted soul he rais'd the Man.

Ye shades of ancient heroes, ye who toil'd 960

Thro' long successive ages to build up
A labouring plan of state, behold at once
The wonder done ! behold the matchless prince !
Who left his native throne, where reign'd till then
A mighty shadow of unreal power ; 965

Who greatly spurn'd the slothful pomp of courts ;
And, roaming every land, in every port
His sceptre laid aside, with glorious hand
Unwearied plying the mechanic tool,
Gather'd the seeds of trade, of useful arts, 970
Of civil wisdom, and of martial skill.

Charg'd with the stores of Europe home he goes !

Then cities rise amid th' illumin'd waste ;

O'er joyless deserts smiles the rural reign ;

Far-distant flood to flood is social join'd ; 975

Th' astonish'd Euxine hears the Baltic roar ;

Proud navies ride on seas that never foam'd

With daring keel before ; and armies stretch

Each way their dazzling files, repressing here

The frantic Alexander of the north, 980

And awing there stern Othman's shrinking sons.

Sloth flies the land, and ignorance, and vice,

Of old dishonour proud : it glows around,
 Taught by the Royal Hand that rous'd the whole,
 One scene of arts, of arms, of rising trade : 985
 For what is wisdom plann'd, and power enforc'd,
 More potent still, his great example shew'd.

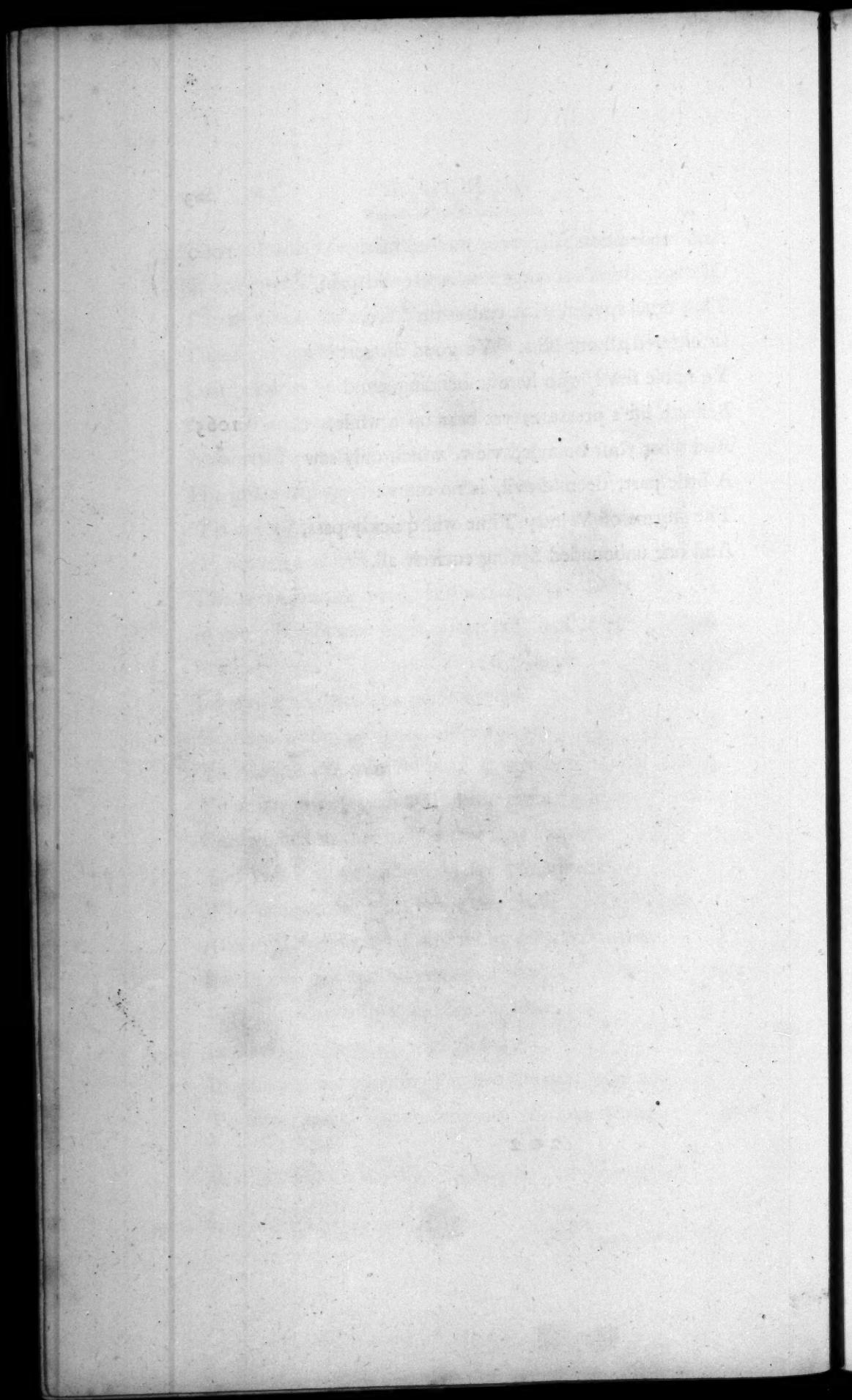
MUTTERING, the winds at eve, with blunted point,
 Blow hollow-blustering from the south. Subdu'd,
 The frost resolves into a trickling thaw. 990
 Spotted the mountains shine ; loose sleet descends,
 And floods the country round. The rivers swell,
 Of bonds impatient. Sudden from the hills,
 O'er rocks and woods, in broad brown cataracts,
 A thousand snow-fed torrents shoot at once ; 995
 And, where they rush, the wide-resounding plain
 Is left one slimy waste. Those sullen seas,
 That wash'd th' ungenial pole, will rest no more
 Beneath the shackles of the mighty north ;
 But, rousing all their waves, resistless heave. 1000
 And, hark ! the lengthening roar continuous runs
 Athwart the rifted deep : at once it bursts,
 And piles a thousand mountains to the clouds.
 Ill fares the bark with trembling wretches charg'd,
 That, toss'd amid the floating fragments, moors 1005
 Beneath the shelter of an icy isle,
 While night o'erwhelms the sea, and horror looks
 More horrible. Can human force endure

Th' assembled mischiefs that besiege them round ?
Heart-gnawing hunger, fainting weariness, 1010
The roar of winds and waves, the crush of ice,
Now ceasing, now renew'd with louder rage,
And in dire echoes bellowing round the main.
More to embroil the deep, Leviathan
And his unwieldy train, in dreadful sport, 1015
Tempest the loosen'd brine, while thro' the gloom,
Far from the bleak inhospitable shore,
Loading the winds, is heard the hungry howl
Of famish'd monsters, there awaiting wrecks.
Yet Providence, that ever-waking eye, 1020
Looks down with pity on the feeble toil
Of mortals lost to hope, and lights them safe
Thro' all this dreary labyrinth of fate.

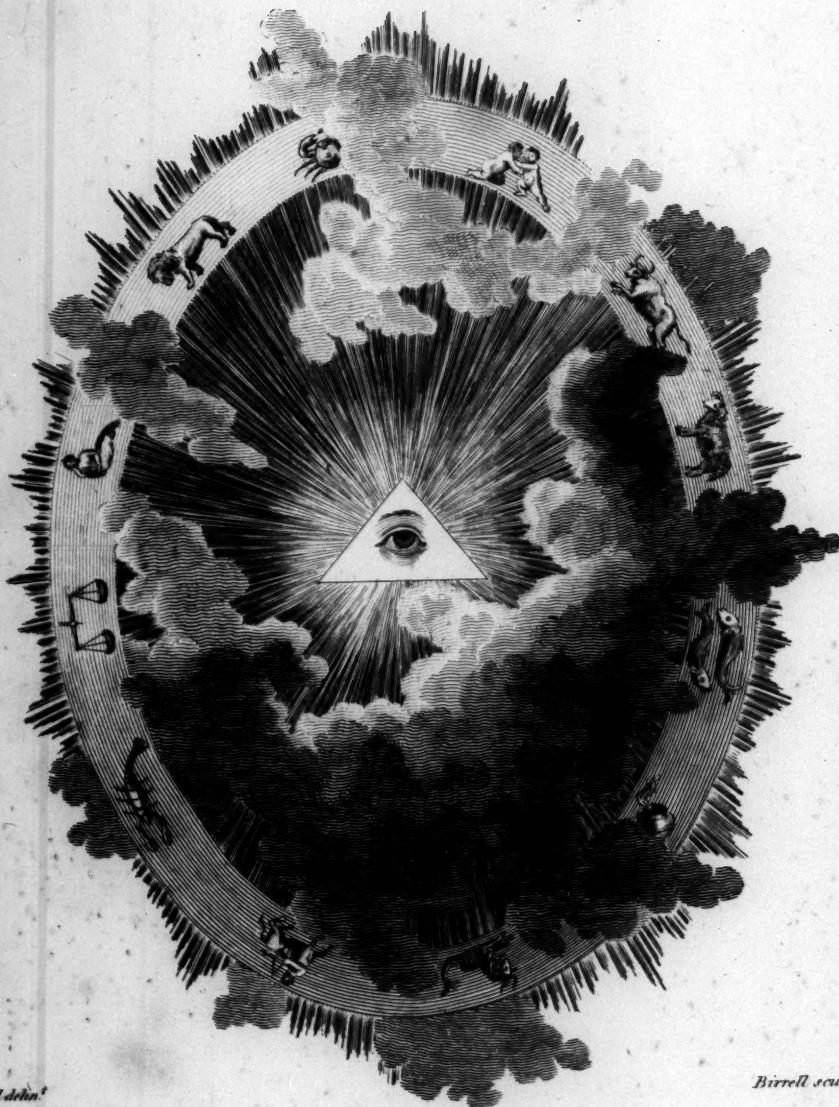
'Tis done ! dread WINTER spreads his latest glooms,
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd year. 1025
How dead the vegetable kingdom lies !
How dumb the tuneful ! Horror wide extends
His desolate domain. Behold, fond Man !
See here thy pictur'd life ; pass some few years,
Thy flowering Spring, thy Summer's ardent strength,
Thy sober Autumn fading into age, 1031
And pale concluding Winter comes at last,
And shuts the scene. Ah ! whither now are fled

Those dreams of greatness? those unsolid hopes
Of happiness? those longings after fame? 1035
Those restless cares? those busy bustling days?
Those gay-spent, festive nights? those veering thoughts
Lost between good and ill, that shar'd thy life?
All now are vanish'd! Virtue sole survives,
Immortal never-failing friend of man, 1040
His guide to happiness on high. And see!
'Tis come, the glorious morn! the second birth
Of heaven and earth! awakening Nature hears
The new-creating word, and starts to life
In every heightened form, from pain and death 1045
For ever free. The great eternal scheme,
Involving all, and in a perfect whole
Uniting, as the prospect wider spreads
To reason's eye refin'd clears up apace.
Ye vainly wise! ye blind presumptuous! now, 1050
Confounded in the dust, adore that Power,
And Wisdom oft arraign'd; see now the cause,
Why unassuming worth in secret liv'd,
And dy'd, neglected: why the good man's share
In life was gall and bitterness of soul: 1055
Why the lone widow and her orphans pin'd
In starving solitude; while luxury,
In palaces, lay straining her low thought
To form unreal wants: why heaven-born truth,

And moderation fair, wore the red marks 1060
Of superstition's scourge : why licens'd pain,
That cruel spoiler, that embosom'd foe,
Imbittered all our bliss. Ye good distrest !
Ye noble few ! who here unbending stand
Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up a while, 1065
And what your bounded view, which only saw
A little part, deem'd evil, is no more :
The storms of Wintry Time will quickly pass,
And one unbounded Spring encircle all.







Birrell delin'

Birrell sculp'

*These as they change, ALMIGHTY FATHER! these
Are but the varied GOD.*

Hymn Line 1.

H Y M N.

THESE, as they change, ALMIGHTY FATHER ! these,
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.
Wide flush the fields ; the soft'ning air is balm ; 5
Echo the mountains round ; the forest smiles ;
And every sense, and every heart is joy.
Then comes thy glory in the Summer months,
With light and heat resplendent. Then thy sun
Shoots full perfection thro' the swelling year : 10
And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks ;
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales.
Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfin'd,
And spreads a common feast for all that live. 15
In Winter awful Thou ! with clouds and storms

Around Thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd,
 Majestic darkness ! on the whirlwind's wing,
 Riding sublime, Thou bidst the world adore,
 And humblest Nature with thy northern blast.

20

MYSTERIOUS round ! what skill, what force divine,
 Deep felt, in these appear ! a simple train,
 Yet so delightful mix'd, with such kind art,
 Such beauty and beneficence combin'd ;
 Shade, unperceiv'd, so softening into shade ;
 And all so forming an harmonious whole ;
 That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.
 But wandering oft, with brute unconscious gaze,
 Man marks not Thee, marks not the mighty hand,
 That, ever-busy, "wheels the silent spheres ;
 Works in the secret deep ; shoots, steaming, thence
 The fair profusion that o'erspreads the Spring :
 Flings from the sun direct the flaming day ;
 Feeds every creature ; hurls the tempest forth ;
 And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,
 With transport touches all the springs of life.

NATURE, attend ! join every living soul,
 Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
 In adoration join ; and, ardent, raise
 One general song ! To Him, ye vocal gales,
 Breathe soft, whose Spirit in your freshness breathes :

40

Oh talk of Him in solitary glooms :
Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely waving pine
Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.

And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar, 45
Who shake th' astonish'd world, lift high to heaven
Th' impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.
His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills ;
And let me catch it as I muse along.

Ye headlong torrents, rapid, and profound ; 50
Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze
Along the vale ; and thou, majestic main,
A secret world of wonders in thyself,
Sound His stupendous praise ; whose greater voice
Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall. 55
Soft-roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
In mingled clouds to Him ; whose sun exalts,
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.
Ye forests bend, ye harvests wave, to Him ;
Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart, 60
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.

Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep
Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,
Ye constellations, while your angels strike,
Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre. 65
Great source of day ! best image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
From world to world, the vital ocean round,

On Nature write with every beam His praise.
 The thunder rolls : be hush'd the prostrate world ;
 While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.
 Bleat out afresh, ye hills : ye mossy rocks,
 Retain the sound : the broad responsive low,
 Ye valleys, raise ; for the Great Shepherd reigns ;
 And his unsuffering kingdom yet will come. 75

Ye woodlands all, awake ; a boundless song
 Burst from the groves : and when the restless day,
 Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
 Sweetest of birds ! sweet Philomela, charm
 The listening shades, and teach the night His praise. 80

Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles,
 At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,
 Crown the great hymn ! in swarming cities vast,
 Assembled men, to the deep organ join
 The long-resounding voice, oft-breaking clear, 85

At solemn pauses, through the swelling base ;
 And, as each mingling flame increases each,
 In one united ardour rise to heaven.
 Or if you rather choose the rural shade,
 And find a fane in every sacred grove ; 90

There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
 The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
 Still sing the God of Seasons, as they roll.
 For me, when I forget the darling theme,
 Whether the blossom blows, the Summer ray 95

Russets the plain, inspiring Autumn gleams ;
Or Winter rises in the blackening east ;
Be my tongue mute, my fancy paint no more,
And dead to joy, forget my heart to beat !

SHOULD fate command me to the farthest verge 100
Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to song ; where first the sun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
Flames on th' Atlantic isles ; 'tis nought to me :
Since GOD is ever present, ever felt, 105
In the void waste as in the city full ;
And where HE vital breathes, there must be joy.
When even at last the solemn hour shall come,
And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
I cheerful will obey ; there, with new powers, 110
Will rising wonders sing : I cannot go
Where UNIVERSAL LOVE not smiles around,
Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their sons ;
From seeming evil still deducing good,
And better thence again, and better still, 115
In infinite progression. But I lose
Myself in Him, in LIGHT INEFFABLE !
Come then, expressive silence, muse His praise.

F I N I S.

2 H

7 JA 69

NOTES.

THE use of Notes is either to explain the sense of passages that are obscure, or to ascertain the meaning of words, which, from being used in a new or peculiar sense, are not generally understood. To do more is superfluous. In the Seasons, few such passages will be found; but, from the nature of the Poem which treats principally of rural affairs, and from the Author's education in the country, which must early have familiarized to his mind the technical terms used in agricultural occupations, many words and phrases occur, unintelligible to the inhabitants of cities: Such we shall try to explain; or, when a subject slightly mentioned in the Poem requires illustration, we shall endeavour to throw every light upon it in our power. But we shall not attempt to point out the beauties, or criticise the defects, of particular passages: the perusal of the Seasons cannot fail to gratify every person possessed of a real taste for poetry, or a relish for elegant descriptions of the beauties of Nature.

N O T E S.

S P R I N G.

THE Countess of Hertford, to whom the Author, with great propriety, dedicates this Poem, in gratitude for favors received, was, at that time, a patroness of the followers of the Muses, as well as a writer of poetry herself.

Line 22.] Bittern is the stellaris species of the ardea or crane kind; it flies principally about the dusk of the evening, a circumstance alluded to in this passage. It makes a very uncommon noise among the reeds; from whence, in some countries, it has got the name of the moss-drummer. Its sound, when on the wing, is very different.

Line 24. Plovers.] The more common name of this bird is the Lapwing.

Line 25, Aries.] Ancient astrohomers divided the circle, which the sun describes in his apparent annual motion round the earth, into twelve parts, equivalent to the twelve months of the year; and to certain congeries of stars occurring in the course which that line called the Zodiac is supposed to occupy in the heavens, they gave names, alluding to some great operation of Nature occurring at these periods. Aries, the Ram, points out the season, March, when, in warm climates, the sheep kind are inclined to copulate. Gemini, the Twins, the season when the young are brought forth, &c.

Formerly the year, and the astronomical year still, commences in March, when the day and night is of equal length; so the Poet figures the Sun to set out, or *roll* forth, from the sign, or, as it is called by astrologers, the House of Aries, in order to begin the year. It is impossible not to suppose that this idea was suggested to the mind of the Poet by the following verse of an old ballad, written, and very commonly sung, in the part of the country where he was born:

When Aries the day and night
In equal length divideth,
Auld frosty Saturn takes his flight,
Nae langer he abideth:
Then Flora, Queen, with mantle green,
Casts aff her former sorrow,
And vows to dwell with Ceres fell,
In Leader-haughs and Yarrow.

N O T E S .

Line 55.] Here the Author alludes to the Georgics, or poems relative to rural affairs, the first as well as the most perfect work of the immortal Virgil. From these exquisite poems, as we shall have future occasion to point out more particularly, Thomson has borrowed often and liberally. But the remains of antiquity are a stock, from which both artists and poets have never hesitated to take whatever they found suitable to their purpose.

Line 59.] Every one knows, that Cincinnatus returned from leading a victorious army, to plough his little farm; And the Emperor of China, we are told, once a year holds a solemn festival, during which he opens a furrow with his own hand. The ancients, who regarded every thing that was useful with veneration, almost adored the plough, which is indeed the only real source of wealth to any country.

Line 101.] The similarity between this passage and that of Milton, Paradise Lost, Book xi. line 445, is too obvious to be overlooked:

As one who long in populous city pent,
Where houses thick and fewers annoy the air,
Forth issuing on a summer's morn to breath
Among the pleasant villages and farms
Adjoin'd, from each thing met conceives delight,
The smell of grain, or tedded grafs, or thyme,
Or daisy, each rural sight, each rural sound.

Line 108.] Augusta is the classical name of London, and is here used as being more poetical than its common appellation.

Line 125.] Providence sometimes employs apparently the most feeble instruments to produce the most important purposes. In the sacred writings, we often find that, when a nation has become obnoxious to the divine wrath, the fly is threatened to be sent among them. Bruce, in his travels, has explained these passages, by telling us of whole tracts of country which, at certain seasons of the year, are extremely fertile and covered with flocks, and, at other times, are rendered perfectly desert by the periodical return of immense multitudes of these insects, whose sting is so terrible that even the Elephant and the Rhinoceros flee with signs of terror on their approach.

Line 208.] The Poet has here well applied the epithet *awful* to the greatest of philosophers. His discoveries were indeed sublime, compared with the trifling pursuits of those who at present assume

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that appellation. He discovered, by the intuitive force of his own mind, laws of Nature, and their results, which it has since been reckoned highly honorable to confirm by experiment. He first explained with accuracy the real cause of that beautiful phenomenon the rain-bow, and dissected the solar ray.

Nature, and Nature's works, lay hid in night:
God said....LET NEWTON BE....and all was light.

Line 220.] In the early or golden age of the world, the seasons were supposed to recur with undeviating regularity, or rather one continued spring to be for ever present.

The account of the change given by Milton is beautifully poetical and sublime;

Some say, he bid his angels turn a-scanfe
The poles of earth twice ten degrees and more
From the sun's axle; they with labour push'd
Oblique the centric globe.---

Line 273.] The Author here alludes to the doctrines of Pythagoras; one of whose first precepts was abstinence from all animal food. However absurd we may reckon the principle on which the doctrine is founded, we cannot with-hold our assent from the humanity of the practice. A vegetable diet certainly tends to calm the passions, to preserve uninterrupted health, and to elevate the mental faculties. It may not be unintertaining to mention the following example in support of what has been asserted, which occurred not far from the place of our Poet's birth. Near Moffat, there lived a man of the name of John Williamson, commonly called Pythagoras; he was well skilled in natural philosophy, and was a moral philosopher, not only in theory, but in strict and uniform practice. The murder of the smallest animal, except in self-defence, he considered as a crime against the laws of Nature. During the last forty or fifty years of his life, he abstained wholly from animal food. He insisted, that it served but to cloud the understanding, to blunt the feelings, and to inflame every bad passion; that those nations who ate little or no flesh, as the poor among the Scots and Irish, were not inferior in strength, size, or courage, to other men. His vegetable and milk diet afforded him in particular very sufficient nourishment; for, when upwards of fourscore,

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he was a tall, robust, and rather corpulent man, and died in the year 1768 or 1769, upwards of ninety.

Line 380.] Because, during the season of Spring, people who find amusement in it, follow this sport, as it is termed, the Poet judged it necessary to introduce the subject in order to complete his description of the season. But it is easy to perceive that his gentle and humane heart equally abhorred the cruelty, and contemned the filliness of the practice. Dr. Franklin relates, that passing one day on horseback, at fix o'clock in the morning, an angler, he enquired if he had met with any sport: he was answered, that he had but just come out. Returning about the same hour in the evening, he met the man in the same place and attitude. Again he enquired if he had caught any fish? the answer was, not any. Have you had many bites? No---but I have had *one* glorious nibble.

Line 453.] The culver is a species of wild pigeon.

Line 550.] Narcissus was a beautiful youth, who, after slighting the love of the nymph Echo, died enamoured of himself, and was changed into a flower that still bears his name.

Line 601.] Philomela, the Nightingale:

Les Philomel will deign a song
In her sweetest, saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of night,
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke
Gently o'er the accustom'd oak;
Sweet bird, that shunnest the noise of folly,
Most musical---most melancholy.

IL PENSOROSO.

Line 650.] In no part of the economy of animals is there a greater display of the power and variety of instinct, than in the construction of bird nests. Their forms are infinitely and most artificially varied, but every species constantly builds the same. Some, as the Cuckoo, make no nest of their own, but lay their eggs in the nests of others, and leave their young to the education of a stepmother.

Line 705.] Every feeling mind will join the Author in deprecating the caging of birds. It is a vile attempt to increase our happiness at the expence of another's misery; and, like all such attempts, generally defeats its own intention. Children, in particular, should never be permitted to lay the foundations of a tyrannical disposition, by enslaving animals of any kind.

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Line 757. Kilda.] The most northern of what are commonly named the Western Islands of Scotland.

Line 808.] This description of the effects of the passion of love on the Bull and the Horse, is nearly a literal translation of Virgil, Georgic III. v. 220, &c.

Line 841.] The tops of many hills in this country shew evident marks of having been formerly fortified camps, by the remains of the ditch or vallum surrounding them some little way from the summit.

Line 906.] Thomson is well known to have enjoyed the esteem and friendship of that excellent man, and elegant scholar, Lord Lyttelton, who, when Secretary to the Prince of Wales, procured him a pension of 200l. a-year. The Monody written by his Lordship on the death of his amiable Lady, mentioned in line 934, is read and admired by every body.

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S U M M E R.

Line 29.] We are informed by Johnson, that Summer was at first intended to have been dedicated to Lord Binning, from whose family Thomson had received much attention. But the same kindness which had first disposed Lord Binning to encourage him, determined him to refuse the dedication, which, by his advice, was addressed to George Bub Doddington, Baron of Melcombe Regis, well known to the world by his posthumous memoirs, which have had much tendency to unveil the secrets of Court intrigue, and inform mankind with respect to the private manners of the Great.

Line 40.] It is the obliquity of the axis of the earth, with respect to the plane in which it moves round the sun, that produces the grateful alteration of the seasons.

Line 44. Cancer, the Crab.] The sign of the Zodiac in which the sun is said to be at the beginning of the Summer.

Line 100.] The Poet here mentions Saturn as the utmost planet, that is, farthest distant from the Sun. But, in our day, Mr. Herschel has discovered another planet, whose orbit is as far beyond that of Saturn as Saturn is from the Sun. He has termed it the Georgium Sidus, in gratitude for the well bestowed munificence of his Sovereign; but other nations denominate it, from its discoverer, the Herschel.

Line 245.] The Author here alludes to a very curious and wonderful piece of the economy of Nature, the transformation of insects. A great variety of insects pass the first part of their lives in form of a worm or caterpillar: at the end of which they form or procure for themselves some sort of envelope, in which they remain till they have acquired wing; when all at once, from the state of a disgusting worm crawling on the surface of the earth, they burst forth, clad in splendid plumage, and mingle with the gay inhabitants of the air. But this state of triumph is of short duration: they exist only till they have propagated their species, or deposited their eggs, and then die; some, as the Ephemerion, completing their short life in the course of a single day.

Line 290.] Some philosophers have compared Nature to a bent spring, ever ready to start into existence when favored by circumstances.

NOTES.

We find the plants of Britain, and even of Lapland, on the Alps, at heights where the temperature of the air is nearly similar.

Line 420.] Britons owe much gratitude to Sir John Sinclair, for the pains he has of late bestowed in endeavouring to improve this staple commodity of the country. The mere farmer, or shepherd, never can generalise his ideas sufficiently to embrace the great lines of national improvement. But much is to be expected from a man who unites the characters of a philosopher, a good man, and a *real* patriot.

Line 632.] The Torrid Zone extends twenty-three degrees and a half on each side the Equator. The ancients thought that this part of the world must be uninhabitable, on account of its insupportable heat. But we now know, that it abounds with men, and other animals, fitted for its temperature, in equal proportion with the rest of the world.

Line 635.] Within the Tropics the sun rises above the horizon instantly, and sets in the same manner. The transition from light to darkness is immediate, without the intervention of twilight.

Line 663.] Pomona, the goddess of orchards.

Line 725.] Although mankind have contrived to catch, and even to render the elephant subservient to their wants, they have not been able to make him entail slavery on his posterity. The domesticated elephant never propagates.

Line 750.] Even to those who have perused the celebrated travels of Bruce, little seems here deficient as a general description of Abyssinia. If nobody prior to Mr. Bruce ever reached the sources of the Nile, the Bard must have been inspired when he describes its *two* springs rising in the vale of Gojam, and its passage through the lake of Dambea, the precise account given by the great traveller!

Line 854. Pan.] By this name the ancients understood the general Deity, or what is now expressed by the word NATURE.

Line 905.] The Poet here touches on what has been described as the most awful and terrific scene in Nature, the concourse of animals at a drinking place in the Torrid Zone; all-compelling thirst necessitates them to congregate in these situations, where the more savage species are waiting for their prey. The forest resounds with the cries of the Lion and of the Tiger contending for their victims. Nor is the water less hostile than the land: sometimes, it is said, when a tiger stoops to drink, the dreadful Alligator raises his head, and tries to drag him into the water; the Tiger instantly darts his claws into the eyes, the only

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vulnerable part of his antagonist; and thus the contest continues till either the one is drowned, or the other, from excess of pain, obliged to quit his hold.

Line 955.] It is well known that Cato, after retiring before the conquering arms of Cæsar to Utica, in Africa, deprived himself of life, rather than yield to a master.

Line 966.] The only way to avoid these lethiferous blasts, which often cut off whole caravans, and which Bruce compares to streams of shooting fire, is to lay the head close to the ground: even the camel knows this by instinct, and immediately on their approach claps his nose to the ground, and retains it there till they are passed.

Line 1040. Vernon.] The expedition here alluded to failed, as too many others have done, from disagreement between the leaders. In order that the commander of the sea forces might mortify and disgrace the leader of the land forces, or, *vice versa*, by imputing to each other the fault of want of success; the unfortunate troops and seamen were detained inactive in those pestilential regions, till many fell by the sword of the enemy, and a far greater number became the victims of disease and famine.

Line 1060.] The Poet here attributes the plague to man's intemperance. We certainly know that the abstemious Socrates lived in Athens during the great plague without being affected by it. And the Bishop of Marfeilles continued to aid the dying, while the town was ravaged by pestilence; but, from his singular temperance, escaped contagion. He is celebrated by Pope for this circumstance:

Why drew Marfeilles' good Bishop purer breath
When Nature ficken'd, and each gale was death,

Line 1110.] Thomson here details the philosophy of the day. It was reserved for the genius of a Franklin to discover, by irrefragable experiments, that all the phenomena of thunder and lightning were to be attributed to the effects of the electric fluid. Of him it has been elegantly said:

Fulmen eripuit cœlo, sceptrumque tyrannis.

Line 1393 and 1394.] Lyceum and Portico were particular places in Athens, where the most celebrated philosophers held their schools.

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and taught their doctrines, the names of which the Poet here applies to some of the grand scenes of Nature.

Line 1470.] The Author, who had, with much attention, considered the subject of liberty, and well understood the nature of government, here bestows the highest panegyric on the British Constitution. May it long continue to be the admiration of the world, and to deserve the praises here given to it! And may no rash innovating hand occasion the present race of men, or their posterity, to lament, or to envy, the freedom, the peace, and the glory of their ancestors!

Line 1660.] Many seeds are furnished with a kind of downy appendage, which answers the purpose of wings, enabling the vagrant winds to disseminate them over the surface of the earth. The common dandelion is a beautiful example of this provision.

Line 1696.] By Venus is here meant one of the planets so called, and commonly known by the name of the Evening or Morning Star; for it is both, according to its position, with regard to the sun.

N O T E S.

A U T U M N.

Onslow.] A celebrated speaker of the House of Commons for many successive years; and no less celebrated for his pugilistic abilities. It was no uncommon thing for him to get out of his carriage, and thrash a carman for obstructing the way.

Line 50.] The Poet here gives a view of the progress of society, and wisely determines that the social man is happier than the savage, in opposition to the fantastical reveries of some paradoxical writers.

Line 65.] The word *Home* is said to be peculiar to the English language; that is, there is no word in any other language expressive of the same idea. And, perhaps, in no country is domestic comfort so much attended to as in England; and it is the aggregate idea of this, joined to that of the place where it is to be found, that is expressed by the word home. People generally find words to explain their sensations.

Line 177.] The story of Lavinia is an amplification of the book of Ruth, in the Old Testament. Whatever accession of ornament, or splendor of diction, it may have acquired in passing through the hands of the Poet, it certainly is inferior in pathetic simplicity to the original. Upon the whole, indeed, the tales introduced by Thomson in the different Seasons are the most exceptionable parts of the Poem.

Line 457.] The Poet, after describing the sports of the season, reprobates that cruelty of disposition, and baseness of mind, that can take delight in the wanton destruction of feeble and defenceless animals.

Line 555.] Phillips wrote a didactic poem of considerable length in blank verse on the production and use of cyder; but he is, perhaps, more generally known to the world by his burlesque imitation of the style of Milton, intitled the *Splendid Shilling*.

Line 636.] All subjects seen through a medium more dense than common, appear enlarged. During a thick fog, at a small distance, a crow may be mistaken for a man.

Line 745.] In the preceding account of springs, the Author has detailed the two most generally received opinions concerning their origin: either that the capillary attraction through the small interstices

NOTE S.

spaces, interposed between the particles of which the general mass of the earth is composed; or, that the whole of the water is raised by evaporation, and deposited by clouds, mists, &c. on the tops of mountains, through whose pores it percolates downwards. Perhaps he has too hastily rejected the former hypothesis.

Line 750.] Whether Swallows emigrate, or sleep, during the winter, still remains undetermined.

Line 786.] The mode in which the inhabitants of these northern regions obtain the eggs of the birds, which build in immense numbers on their rocky coasts, is truly tremendous, and evinces what efforts men will make to procure a livelihood. A man is seated on a piece of wood, appended to the end of a long rope, by means of which he is lowered down, over the face of perpendicular rocks, many hundred feet high, and whose basis is continually washed by the roaring sea. In this situation, suspended between the heavens and the ocean, he continues till he has procured a certain quantity of eggs, with which he is again raised to the top. The most difficult part of the business consists in moving himself from one place to another, which is effected by jerking himself outwards by means of his feet, with the aid of a long pole, and lighting on another spot. In doing this their dexterity is wonderful.

Line 808.] The island of Iona, or Icolmkill, was very early a monastery, and a seat of learning; it was also the burial-place of the first Scottish Kings.

Line 835.] Manufactures and agriculture have been greatly improved in Scotland since the time of Thomson. This, however, is more to be attributed to the reviving spirit of the people, which continued long depressed after the Union, than to the patronage of individuals, or the fostering hand of Government. The fishery, a great source of wealth, is still much discouraged by the injudicious duty on imported salt.

Line 855.] Duncan Forbes, President of the Court of Session in Scotland, in the year 1737, a real patriot, to whom his country is indebted for many privileges and improvements. In the service of Government, in the year forty-five, he materially injured his private fortune, for which he never received an adequate recompence. His more grateful native country erected to his memory an elegant statue, in the principal court of justice at Edinburgh.

Line 1000.] The Aurora Borealis, of which this is a beautiful description, is now generally supposed to be a phenomenon depending

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on electricity. The Poet calls it new, because it is a common idea with many people that it never appeared before the year 1715. It is more probable, however, that it was not previously noticed by writers, as being a common appearance. The same causes must have previously existed, and certainly produced the same effects.

Line 1065.] The flame here alluded to is, what is commonly termed Will with the Wisp. It is generally discerned flashing about in marshy places; but it will sometimes remain fixed on some part of a horse or carriage. It is accounted for by supposing that it is some of the inflammable air, naturally produced by putridity in such places, which has taken fire. The vulgar attribute it, as they do every unusual appearance which they cannot explain, to the agency of supernatural beings.

Line 1237.] The Poet here informs us, that the muse was most favorable, or, in other words, that he composed with the greatest facility and excellence in Autumn. We are told the same thing of Milton. Unquestionably, the serene, temperate, equable weather of autumn, may be supposed to give rise to a state of mind somewhat analogous. Of this every man of genius, fancy, and delicate organization, must at times have been more or less sensible.

Line 1146.] This description of the happy man is nearly a literal translation of Virgil, *Georgic* ii. line 458 :

O fortunatos nimium, si sua bona norint
Agricolas, &c.

Line 1262.] The invocation to Nature comes still nearer, if possible, to the original, which is here added :

Me vero primum dulces ante omnia musæ
Quarum sacra fero ingenti percussus amore,
Accipiant; cœlique vias, et fidera monstrent;
Defectus solis varios, lunæque labores:
Unde tremor terris; qua ivi maria alta tumescant
Objicibus ruptis, rursumque in se ipsa residant:
Quid tantum oceano properent se tinguere soles
Hiberni, vel quæ tardis mora noctibus obstet.
Sin, has ne possim naturæ accedere partes,
Frigidus obſtiterit circum præcordia sanguis;
Rura mihi et rigui placeant in vallibus amnes;
Flumina amem silvasque inglorius.

Georgic, lib. II. lin. 476.

N O T E S.

W I N T E R.

This was the first poem published by Thomson, and all he had to depend upon on his arrival in London. But, for a time, we are informed by Johnson, he could find no purchaser, till at last Mr. Millar was persuaded to buy it at a low price; and this low price he had for some time reason to regret. But at last it became known, by degrees gained upon the public, and one edition was very speedily succeeded by another. It was dedicated to Sir Spencer Compton, from whom the Author received a gratuity of twenty guineas.

Line 42.] The Sun enters the sign of Capricorn in December.

Line 70.] The Author here alludes to the increased noise of waterfalls, and roaring of the wind, signs well known to the inhabitants of the country to presage a storm.

Line 144. Cormorant.] A species of the Pelican: it lives on sea-fish, and is very voracious; on the approach of foul weather, it leaves the sea-coast, and comes upon the land.

Line 169.] The Author here uses the name of the Baltic, a sea well known for its tremendous storms, and dangerous coasts, to signify the ocean in general.

Line 274.] During the winter great numbers of sheep are often buried under the snow; and, in that situation, will sometimes survive a long while.

Line 385.] Here the Author mentions two of the greatest evils under which this country labours---the tyranny of the law, and perpetual imprisonment for debt.

Line 415.] The Grisons are a people inhabiting a district of the Alps. Frequently the snow will accumulate on some of the projecting summits of these mountains, till, unable longer to sustain its own weight, it rolls down with dreadful fury, overwhelming every thing in its course, and often buries not only houses, but whole villages in its ruins. There have been instances of people, dug out alive after remaining thirty days and upwards thus buried, supported all the time by the milk of a goat, accidentally in the same situation. These masses of snow are, by the natives, termed *avalanches*.

N O T E S.

Line 440.] The Author has selected the most celebrated men of Greece and Rome, and appropriated to each a short and just character, with great judgment. The review presents a strong proof of the effects of freedom: the countries that gave birth to these heroes still exist; but, alas! how changed are their inhabitants! May Britons long continue tenaciously to preserve that liberty, of whose happy influence we have here so strong an illustration.

Line 555.] Hammond's beautiful elegies are well known to every reader of poetry.

Line 664.] Considering how easily the good word of a Poet is attained, and how lasting the reputation bestowed by it, it is rather surprising that a greater number of rich, or of noble men, have not affected the character of patrons of the Muses.

Line 694.] The absurdity of this expression shews how careful a poet ought to be how he gives a place in a permanent work to the transient opinions of the day. It is now well known, that there is no more *nitre* in the air in winter than in summer.

Line 713.] The reason why rivers roar on the approach of frost is, that the water condensed by the cold runs with increased velocity.

Line 775.] In climates colder than ours, a more beautiful phenomenon than this, but of the same kind, takes place: a shower of rain often freezes on the trees as fast as it falls: the rays of the sun, reflected in ten thousand directions from these, forms a most beautiful appearance; but, on the slightest breeze of wind, this thin crust falls to the ground in small particles, and presents the appearance of a shower of glittering gems.

Line 835.] Bootes is the name of one of the northern constellations, vertical to some parts of Tartary.

Line 865.] The Aurora Borealis is so vivid and so constant in these northern regions, that it affords a sufficiency of light to travel by. During some time of the year in Lapland, the Sun never sets, but is visible at midnight.

Line 955.] It is well known, that the Czar Peter, who found the nation over which he reigned sunk in the deepest ignorance and barbarity, and left it instructed in useful arts, polished, and refined, worked as a common journeyman in ship-yards in this country and in Holland.

Line 980.] The Alexander of the North here means Charles XII. of Sweden, who, in his wild projects of conquest, and in undaunted personal courage, emulated the character of the Grecian hero.

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